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AN ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

By A. F. Jaccaci.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

TRAVELLING away from Paris in the late autumn days there passes gradually out of my vision the gray landscape of France, filled with melancholy signs of the decline and decay of nature. As the train leaves the Alps behind and descends toward Turin, the charm of the South begins to make itself felt. With each succeeding hour it grows in witchery; a brightness, a warm radiance that rejuvenates mind and body and sets one's whole being on the alert to enjoy every feature of the new scenes.

The trip from Paris to Sicily in this season, from fields strewn with sere leaves, powdered with hoar-frost, and lined by desolate trees stretching their naked branches in dumb entreaty, to the breathing, expansive nature of Italy, acts on the senses as a powerful stimulant. One drinks pleasure with each look cast at sky and sea of such deep, iridescent color; at landscapes garbed in abundant vegetation and spotted with villages set in the shadows of ancient castles; at chains of hills looking in the distance like trembling veils of light. The fatigue and tedium of a sixty hours' trip are easily forgotten in the succession of fresh sensations.

Taormina, midway between Messina and Catania, is my first resting-place; and after a night's sleep in a bed 'tis good to wake breathing the sweet scented mountain air that vibrates with echoing guttural cries of street-venders and tinkling of church-bells. Bright sunlight floods my room, and through the open window little houses, all white amid the foliage, look like an alighting of doves in a garden. Beyond are rows of mountains, some near all rugged, the farthest suggestions more than realities.

Women of Nicolosi.

From a terrace I look down a precipitous incline four hundred feet deep on the scattered huts of a fishing village. An immense stretch of coast juts out its promontories and curves its bays from that village to the far distant horizon, and between the blue and the green of

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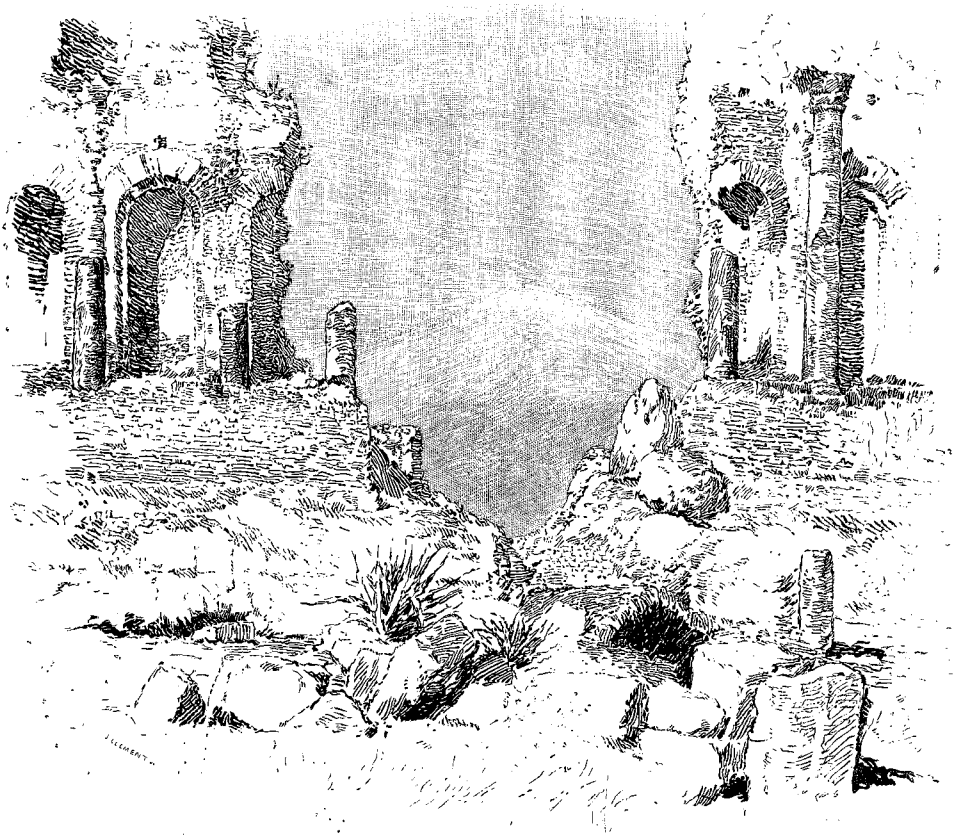
sea and land the sandy shore seems a golden ribbon growing narrow till it is lost in haze.

Fitly crowning the tableau is the goal of my trip, Ætna, rising gently from the sea until its head towers above all else. I had first seen, from a car window as the train crawled along the southern coast of Calabria, this giant guardian of the flock of hills which constitute the island of Sicily, and from near as from far it brings to one's mind the striking epithets bestowed on it by Pindar, "Father of the Clouds," "Pillar of Heaven." Ever covered with clouds, so that its immutable mass of rock and the airy, fanciful shapes, uniting in endless combinations their dual natures, appear as a composite whole, Ætna is indeed of earth and heaven. The shining sun glorifies it, the moving shadows of its crown of cloud-banks give to it an always changing aspect, and through the clear atmosphere appears distinctly its furrowed garment of craters and valleys, lava torrents and forests.

In this marvellous panorama, facing which the ancient Greeks with their passionate feeling for beauty had placed the theatre of Taormina, one does not realize the colossal bulk of the volcano. The range of vision is such that the component parts, simple details in a grandiose *ensemble*, lose their individual value. Yet from eastern to western spur Ætna covers forty miles, and more than forty towns and villages are strung in rosaries of bright beads over its flanks and feet.



A View of Mount Ætna from the Greek Theatre at Taormina.

From the highest rows of seats in the Greek theatre, with the ruined stage as foreground, there unfolds that pano-

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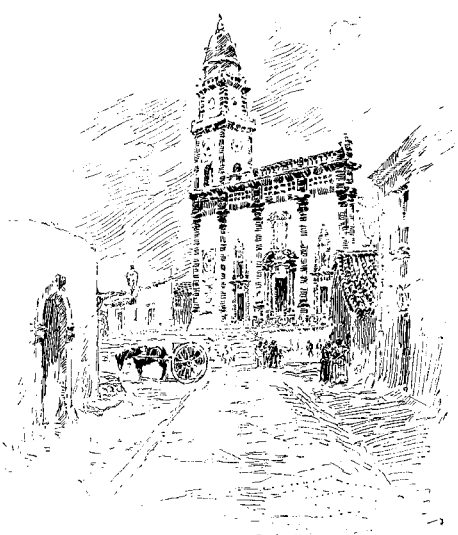
Ætna from the Harbor of Catania.

rama like the most sublime of backgrounds. From down the stage, framed in superbly by broken columns and fragments of brick walls, Ætna's solitary cone, set against the southern sky, is a symphony of snow and azure, of mother-of-pearl whites and transparent blues—an ineffably soft and vaporous vision.

On the way to Catania, shortly after leaving Taormina the train passes through several tunnels cut in ranges of lava. The first savage marks of the volcano are these torrents of solid matter that from the central mass twenty miles away have run into the sea, forming continuous ridges. A few miles beyond them one enters fully into Ætna's kingdom. There against an uniformly purplish background, the purple of lava, springs forth the brilliant leafage of orange, lemon, and fig trees, and of vines chastened by the silvery sheen of the classical olive. White splashes in this bubbling color, where all the gamuts of greens and purples mix and melt, are the walls of tiny houses quaintly built, and to the hurried passer-by mysteriously suggestive of the character of their unseen inmates.

It is a sight of singular beauty, this earth, which is but lava ground to dust, so enveloped in the tenderness of growing vegetation. The patience and industry of generations of men have changed the once grim wastes into things of loveliness. Yet now and again the nether monster reveals his power. Like marks of the lion's paw are seen lonely cairns of the frothing, seething matter stopped in mid rush and turned to stone. How strange and uncanny a



The Church of Trasecca, with Lava-stone Decoration.

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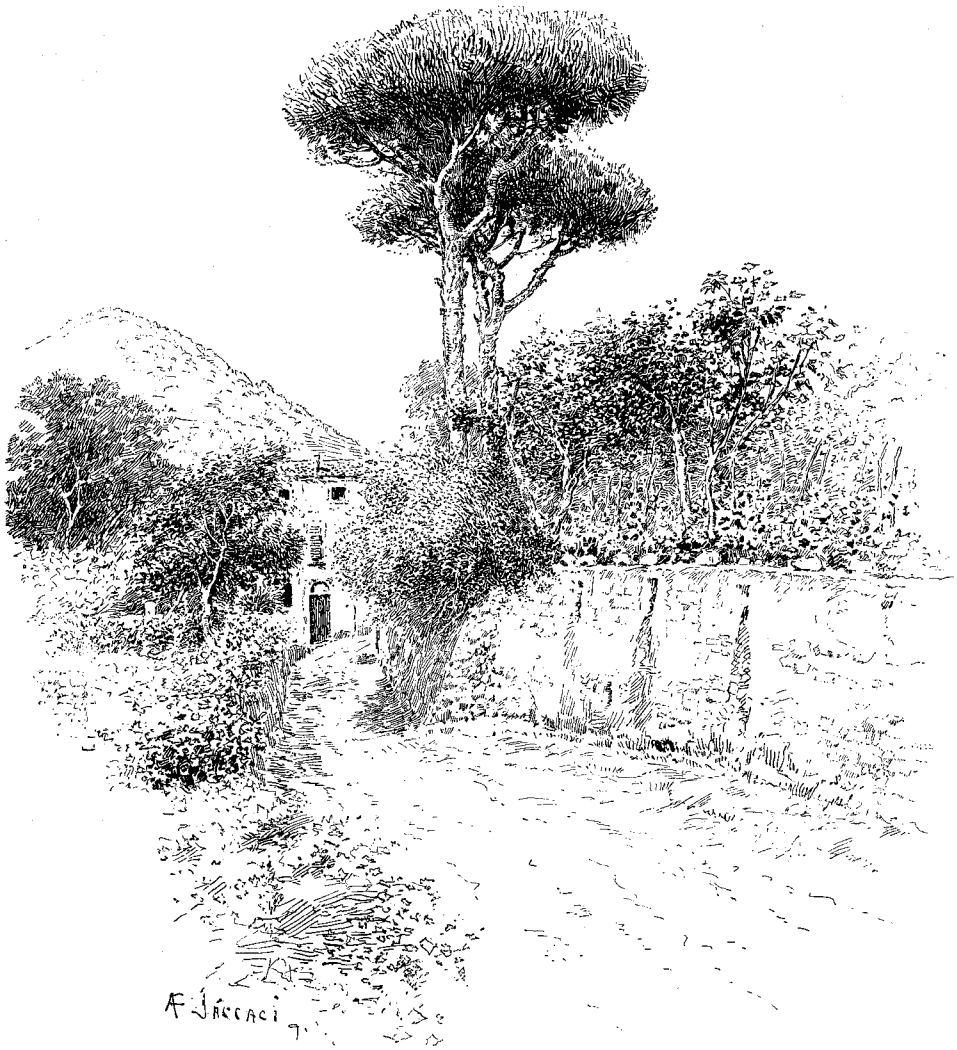

On the Road to Nicolosi.

substance is this lava belched forth in lightnings and thunder from a mountain in labor—a sooty mineral calcinated to the core; all good substance in it destroyed, leaving but a skeleton embryo scorched and shapeless, that gives an awful impression of the agonies of its birth and death.

The train in skirting but the western side of the volcano rambles incessantly through tunnels and by embankments of lava. From the fact that the other sides bear no less testimony to frequent devastations, one gathers an idea of the extent of those eruptions whose unbroken record is carried down from prehistoric times to our day.

The average of eruptions in this century alone is one every four or five years. Fortunately Ætna has had long periods of rest following its active moods. Noticing that these periods alternate with those of Vesuvius, scientists have inferred that there is a subterranean connection between the two, and that they belong to a group of which the Lipari Islands are a minor part and the little island of Pantelleria the last outlying summit.

All poets of antiquity were familiar

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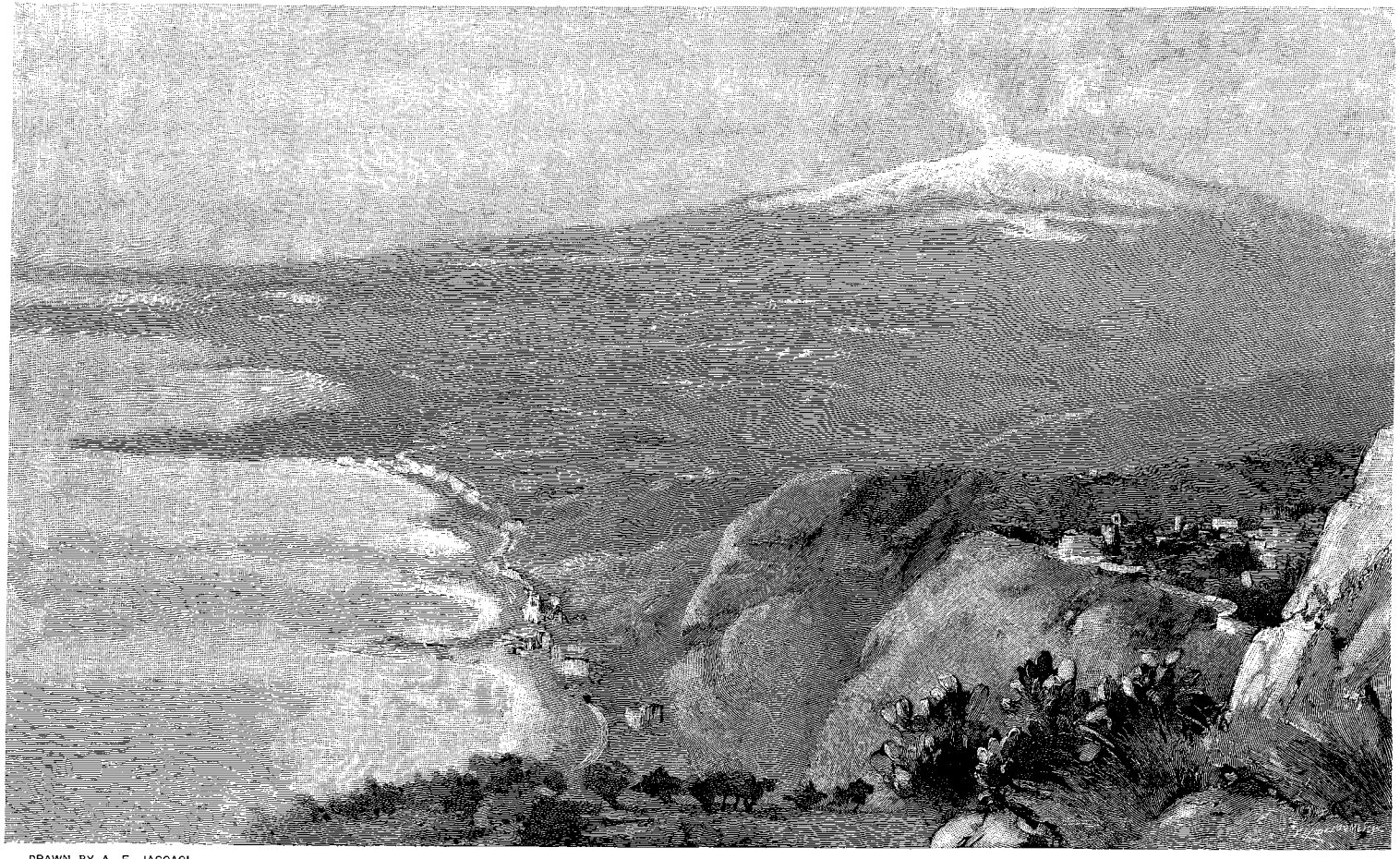

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

Mount Ætna.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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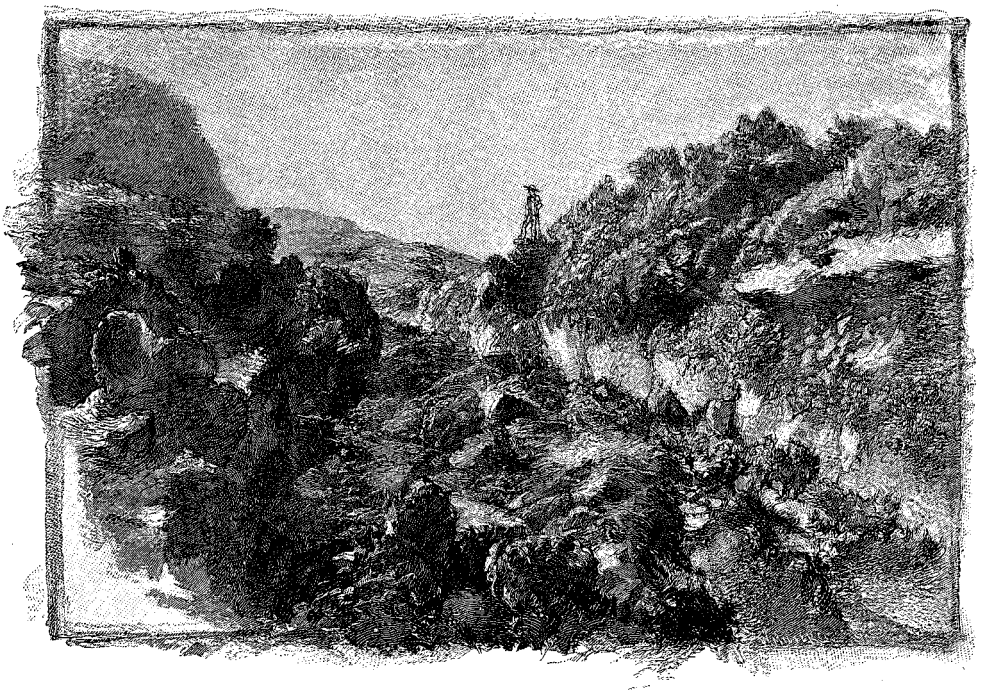

In the Lava of 1886.

with Ætna. Curiously enough, Homer does not allude to its volcanic character except in his episode of the blinded Cyclops Polyphemus hurling rocks after Ulysses, which is but a transparent myth of the molten lava rolling down the mountain with such impetus as to leap from the high cliffs far out into the sea, forming those islets still known to the Sicilians as the seven "*Scoglie dei Ciclopi*." The war of the Titans against Jupiter, the forge of Vulcan, allude no doubt to eruptive phenomena utterly inexplicable, that by their very suddenness and magnitude, seemed not less than supernatural, to the pantheistic imagination of the Greeks.

Ætna, placed in Magna Grecia, the oldest historical ground of Europe, and at the doors of Athens and Rome, has been visited and described by many eminent personages of classic antiquity: Pindar, who narrates the eruption of B.C. 476; Aristotle that of B.C. 340; Pythagoras, Sappho, Thucidides; Empedocles, who found a voluntary death in its crater; Cicero, Catullus, Virgil, Ovid, Diodorus, Strabo, Suetonius, etc., and through them even the memory of a violent outbreak in prehistoric times, that made the Sicanians abandon the district, has come down to us.

To look from a speeding train, the embodiment of the tendencies and achievements of our epoch, at that landscape teeming with souvenirs of generations whose ashes are mingled with the ashes of the volcano, stirs the mind to a train of philosophic thought. How can we help feeling the pathos of that history of the life and death struggles of twenty-five hundred years, come home to each of us, when we are so forcibly reminded of the fragility of human effort and life before that nature ever living, ever young, ever cruelly indifferent to the passing human herd?

From its huge neighbor Catania borrows the chief objects of its adornment. Blocks of volcanic material are used for the pavement of streets, the construction of houses, and often also in the exterior decoration of important buildings. The idea of relieving the white stone façades with ornamental details wrought in dark lava, when judiciously carried out, is well adapted

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to the curious style of architecture known as Sicilian, a composite of three distinct styles—the Byzantine, Arab, and Norman.

Despite its originality, its cleanliness, the city to me has a stinted, formal look, unpicturesque in the extreme, but it may be that the far from good name Catania bears in Italy, a name synonymous with unfair dealing, prejudices me. It is a fact that reckless speculation, characterized by a deluge of worthless promissory notes, has within a few years plunged the once flourishing Catania into a most miserable condition. Not having visited it since the days of its boom, I was struck by one pleasant evidence of the usefulness of worldly misfortune, which had transformed the boom-period dummies attired in ultra gaudy finery into sensible folk, oblivious to the etiquette of Italian city manners, and who wore their old clothes and had worn them so long that shiny seams and scrupulous patches bespoke a poverty sincere as it was self-respecting.

I had to journey toward Nicolosi, my starting-point for the ascent of Ætna, behind one of those thin, unfortunate brutes, a Catanian horse, not, however, without making an express bargain that under no condition should the whip be used. "Ma, signor," the driver had exclaimed in amazement, "he won't go!" Well, he did go, but very gently, for the drive is a hard twelve miles of steady up-hill grade.

The road winds and clambers pleasantly between vine-hung walls and peeping villas. The little retaining stone walls incasing each field on the rapid slopes are almost buried in verdure; umbrella pines look down from their loftiness, and once in a while some dead crater protrudes its burnt head above the sea of living things.

It is vine harvest; files of burdened donkeys pass us, prodded on by the peasants following with swift and swinging

The Little Path Threading the Vineyards on the Slopes of Ætna.

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strides. These *contadini* stare at us intently, yet with faces immobile and so brown and furrowed, so sharp of contour, that they might have been cut from the dark soil beneath. Miserable beyond belief, submissive in suffering, they have the dull gaze of ruminants, the soul asleep, the mind alert only for food and shelter; and their types, bearing the stamp of their great ancestors, the Greeks, somewhat mixed with traits of former alien oppressors—Arabs, Normans, Spaniards—are the living witnesses in our day of the glory and vicissitudes of their race through the ages.

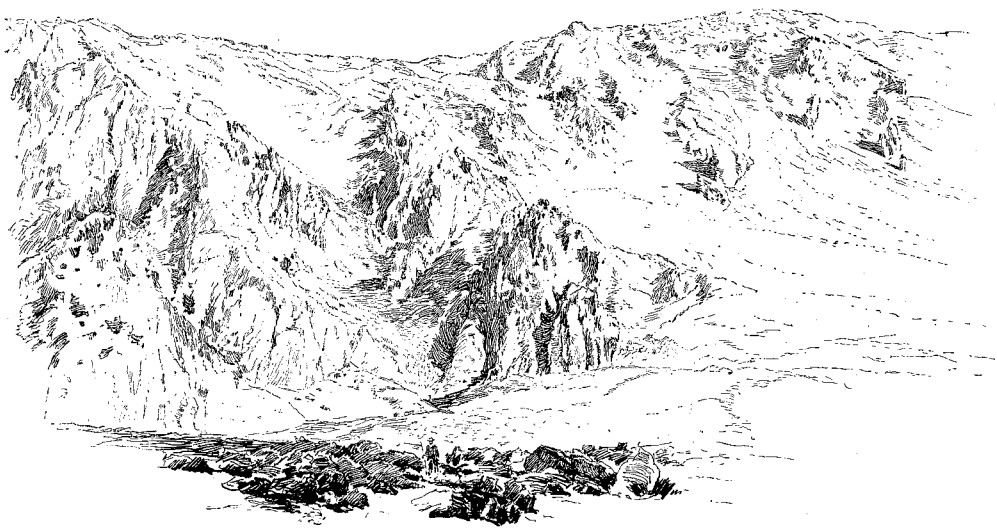
Night falls as I reach Nicolosi and its primitive inn, deserted now, as it is past the season for climbing the mountain.

The chief of the Guides of Ætna, a corporation established by the Catania branch of the Alpine Club, comes to make the necessary arrangements for my trip. At six the next morning the guide arrives, straps the provisions on his back, and we are off.

The road, threading vineyards, is flanked a few hundred feet to our left by a serrated fin, standing a defiant barricade before two big reddish cones, the Monte Rossi, upheaved in 1669 by an eruption which almost destroyed Catania. Scarcely a mile from the village we came to the limit of the lava of 1886, which, pouring in a vast flood down the slopes, seemed about to sweep away the Altarelli, an open chapel dedicated to the three patron saints of Nicolosi. The priests, with a piety no doubt strengthened by terror, displayed the veil of Santa Agata, a holy relic which in Catania has performed miracles innumerable, and the destructive lava, respecting the sanctuary, divided in two branches, leaving it untouched.

It would have been a personal insult to my guide, who proudly related this story, to notice that the Altarelli is built on an eminence, and that there is present evidence that when the fiery stream reached this point it must have been in its last spasms, for a few feet beyond it stopped altogether. Besides, it would have been a useless task, as every good Nicolosian considers a natural explanation of the miraculous event an invention of the devils, enemies of his patron saints.

Anyway, I was soon too busy to think of miracles. A mule-path skirts the lava-bed of 1886, but the quickest route lies straight across it. We took this short cut, and it gave me a full taste of volcano climbing, to the understanding of which a few words of explanation are necessary.



The Serra del Solfizio, from the Valle del Bove.

Liquid lava has two distinct forms: the first, when, issuing in a bubbling mass,

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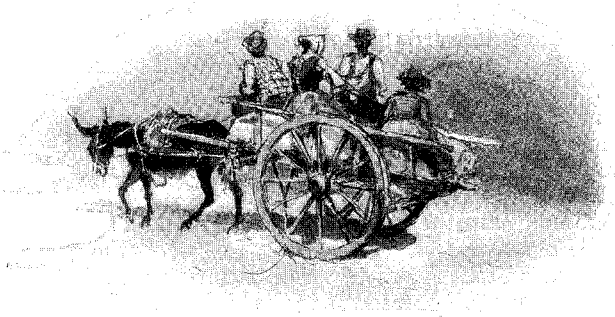
On the Brink of the Great Crater of Ætna.

it flows like compact gruel; the second, when in the subterranean depths water coming in temporary contact with burning liquids, the two elements issue pell-mell. The imprisoned steam, tearing and bellowing within the molten lava, whose temperature often exceeds 2,000° Fahrenheit, bursts forth, hurling to the heavens fiery, chaotic masses. Continuous explosions upheave the masses again and again into air, pounding and grinding them against one another. Thus they leap and fall, battering and battered, in Titanic, vertiginous dance, scattering, as from a monstrous engine of destruction, a storm rain of rocks, sand, and ashes. Now, imagine this inferno caught in its maddest, wildest activity and held fast, the knife-edge excrescences bristling all over it like savage teeth gnawing the air, the awful piling up on its heaving sides of the very vitals of the volcano, and you will have an idea of this lava which for seventeen days of the spring of 1886 furrowed and desolated a thousand acres of fair country into semblance of hell.*

We descend into valleys and pits, silent and dusky as the portals to the world of the dead, whose monochrome dark purplish tone makes their aspect the more sinister. The forbidding stones rise in ragged walls piled into fantastic shapes, and rivers of rigid lava writhe serpent-like about this Laocoon of Ætna.



Peasants by the Way.

It is a severe test of endurance to force our way for a long hour and a

* The new crater of the Monte Gemellari, situated four and a half miles above Nicolosi at an altitude of four thousand six hundred and fifty feet, was formed May 19, 1886, after a violent earthquake. Lava flowed until June 3d, reaching within half a mile of Nicolosi.

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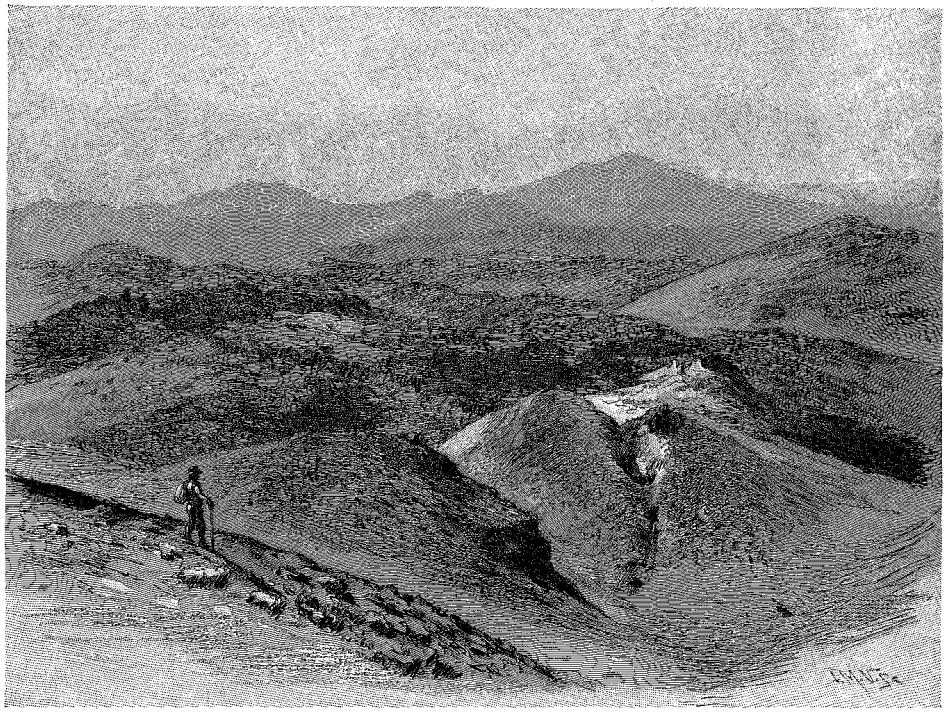

View from Monte Gemellari, showing some of the Mouths of the Eruption of 1886.

half across these diabolical wastes, every instant looking down to find the next foothold, jumping from stone to stone, tottering, falling, our shoes cut by sharp edges, until we reach a territory redeemed from some more ancient lava-bed, as this desert will also be redeemed in a century or two.

Amid the vineyards along a little path hemmed in by stone walls *contadini* meet and pass us. Here asperities have been somewhat smoothed down by constant travel, the rougher, larger stones removed, the gaping holes filled. Time and nature have spread a surface soil where flourish wild plants starred with fragile blossoms.

We pass near craters of which a continuous array will precede us to the highest cone, yet we see but a very small part of the mountain whose craters extend on every side within a radius of twenty miles. Thinking of what terrible conflagrations, loss of life and property these are proof of, the power within appears extraordinarily formidable.

Now the stately mountain seems to rise in its might above and over our heads, though its crest is hidden in cloud. The vegetation about lacks the orange and lemon trees ; we have passed their altitude. Sturdy vines continue the fight longer, but we leave them also behind. Big oaks and chestnuts, copper beeches, birches, and the tall Laricio pines keep us company till we arrive, four hours from Nicolosi, at the way house in the woods—*Casa del Bosco*, 4,215 feet above the sea-level. We are higher than the summit of Vesuvius, the air has grown perceptibly sharper, and is now quite cold.

After lunch and a rest, having taken in a supply of water for the remainder of the journey, we resume climbing through a narrow and crooked valley, along a zigzag path barely discernible in the chaotic confusion. The higher we reach the more pleasant it is to turn and look back on the constantly growing panorama of bleak volcanic stretches dotted with woods and gaping cavities ; further below floating in the green are villages—Catania, then the turquoise sea, and far out the hilly coast terminated by Cape Augusta, behind which Syracusa

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hides. Here and there isolated clusters of birches and pines, set in an undergrowth of gigantic ferns, mark all that remains of the dense forests which as late as the last century entirely covered Ætna's flanks. These trees no longer soften the stern impression of our surroundings. In a rarified atmosphere that dwarfs and stunts them, they lose all beauty and simply vegetate between life and death. Becoming rare, they disappear entirely as we enter the "*Regione Deserta*," the region of cold and death, where the nakedness of rock is absolutely unrelieved. A bright sun imparts neither cheer nor warmth, but striking the velvety darkness of the lava gives it a steely, glittering aspect, as though the mountain were clad in chain-armor.

The wind rises and falls; blustering gusts in the *couloirs* and on the plateaux are succeeded by delightful lulls. Mists, thin as veils, and threatening storm-clouds, drift slowly and softly, rolling, lifting, and revealing vistas of bleak mounds piled high. This quiet, delicate life, playing in goblin-like fashion about these rigid and desolate scenes, is inexpressibly lovely. Such sights and sensations charm the long hours of an ascent, arduous and intensely fatiguing, though devoid of the worse dangers and consequent excitement of Alpine climbing.

The trail becomes steeper and steeper as we catch a first glimpse of the deservedly called "*Serra del Solfizio*," a saw-shaped ridge whose feet are sunk in enormous hollows filled with eternal snow. This is our first sign of the neighborhood of the magnificent Valle del Bove, reached after crossing a table-land—the Piano del Lago. We skirt the edge of the cliffs, three thousand feet deep, which form a border on all its sides, except for an open gap toward the east.

Geologically this basin, three miles in width, is the most interesting part of Ætna, as competent authorities unite in considering it the original crater. On its brink stands the Tower of the Philosopher, presumably the ruin of an observatory built for the emperor Hadrian on the occasion of his visit to the volcano.

I am too thoroughly exhausted to do justice to any more sights, and it is with the yearning of the flesh that at last I see at the base of the central cone two white buildings—the Observatory and a refuge, both unoccupied at present. We have the key to the latter, the Casa Inglesi, so called because it was built by English officers during the English occupation of Sicily in Napoleonic times. Though rebuilt and enlarged by the Alpine Club of Catania, it remains a primitive affair, its walls lined with bunks, one above another, as in a ship's steerage, yet it affords welcome shelter against a cold so intense that our beards and coats are united in a covering of ice.

Too tired to talk we sup hastily and fall asleep in utter weariness, our bodies sunk in yielding straw, our feet to the fire, which warms, soothes, relaxes the strained muscles, and sets the blood to buzzing the most effective of lullabys.

Awakening at midnight I leave the guide to gather up himself and our traps while I go outside. The door closes behind me and I stand alone in the night. Lo! what a strange stillness there is in this outer world. The wind blowing fitfully is charged with unearthly smells and faint echoes of subterranean seethings and rumblings. From invisible holes snaky vapors rise and quiver in spiral contortions. Monstrous shapes of lava like Titanic dead upon a battle-field lie on the plateau, their icy profiles brought out by the oblique rays of a waning moon, shine weirdly among inky shadows, until these threatening rocks seem the gathering of a silent demoniac host to overwhelm and engulf us. But the guide opens the refuge door and at the light of his lantern the phantasmagoria vanishes.

I take my axe and we start to pick our way, among treacherous crevices, yawning and bottomless, toward the crater that lifts above us its twelve hundred feet of immaculate whiteness.

In August an ascent of the last cone, whose perfectly smooth sides slide down at a gradient of thirty-five degrees, is comparatively easy because of the absence of snow; but thus late in the autumn the thick snow, hardened into ice, and nightly covered with fresh coats, compels the frequent cutting of steps.

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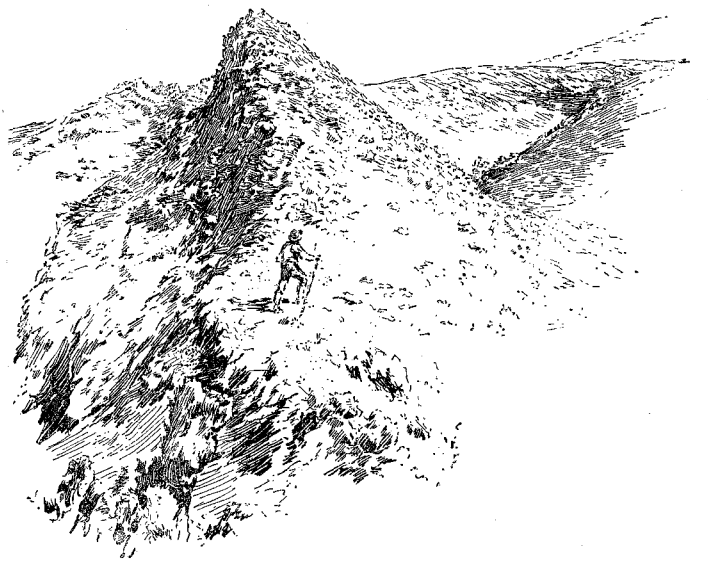
That means hard work and dangerous. It takes two hours to reach the brink of the crater, a single abyss two or three miles in circumference, from whose depths emerge countless wreaths of thin, damp smoke. The impression of that silent gulf with its vitality expressed only by the sulphurous, nauseating vapors incessantly rising, curling, and disappearing, is supremely grand. Beside Ætna one remembers Vesuvius's sputterings as the efforts of an infant.

It was three o'clock when I stood, eleven thousand feet above the sea-level, on a small pyramid of ashes which keeps guard over the crater and the whole of Ætna. The north wind having cleared the atmosphere, brushing away clouds and haze, all circumstances were favorable to my watching the sun rise.

The moon has now disappeared, leaving no trace of her passage. Sky, sea, and land are of the same color, an immensity of indistinct blue, clearer somewhat overhead, darker around and below. The only sensation of being at a great height is the piercing cold that keeps us moving about, stamping our feet on the ice, that resounds sonorously, as if it were but a thin covering over cavernous depths. A change of color, so gradual that it is more felt than seen, begins. A subdued radiance, opal, dissolving into a suggestion of pink, tinges the east. The details of the crater become more distinct as night recedes to the lowlands. Impalpable grayish light creeps up, invading the heavens, and Aurora's rosy refulgence increases every moment—a veiled splendor, a symphony *en sourdine* of exquisitely delicate tints, restful and lovely. A like scene must have suggested the poet's descriptions of the Elysian Fields.

Banks of billowy clouds wall up that part of the horizon where the sun is to appear. Their fleecy bosoms rise and swell, yield and part, before the oncoming dawn.



An Old Crater.

Above them the glory of light continues to grow. I keep my eyes anxiously strained on the most luminous spot, whence of a sudden a dart of light crosses space, fleeting over the sea. That dart increases into a golden streak, clearly cut, for a perceptible moment, on the purplish water. It changes to a flood of light while the disk of the sun emerges slowly from under the horizon. The shadows palpitate, dissolve about the crest of Ætna, transfiguring her into an island of gold and rose. Passionately now the day advances, flinging wide her magic skirts. The lower valleys awake, the colors of their vegetation glow and dance. The trees lift up their heads; it seems as if in that profound stillness one could hear the murmur of the reanimation of things. The sun touches every corner

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of his vast kingdom; day—full day—is with us.

Beautiful with the beauty of dreams is the spectacle.

To the north the archipelago of the Lipari Islands, with their smoky lighthouse of Stromboli, floats on the iridescent sea. To the south, on the border of the vast horizon, hover two ghosts, Malta and Pantelleria; while the purple shadows of the Calabrian Mountains on the mainland bridge the Straits of Messina, hiding Charybdis and Scylla. Cameo-cut against the sea Sicily lies at our feet, displaying her fifty towns, her countless villages, the silver ribbons of her rivers, the thousand varied details of her uneven soil; and across her whole length, as a tangible sign of his dominion, lord Ætna stretches his enormous triangular shadow.

THE RETURN OF THE YEAR.

By Archibald Lampman.

Again the warm bare earth, the noon
That hangs upon her healing scars,
The midnight round, the great red moon,
The mother with her brood of stars.

The mist-rack and the wakening rain
Blown soft in many a forest way,
The yellowing elm-trees, and again
The blood-root in its sheath of gray.

The vesper-sparrow's song, the stress
Of yearning notes that gush and stream,
The lyric joy, the tenderness,
And once again the dream! the dream!

A touch of far-off joy and power,
A something it is life to learn,
Comes back to earth, and one short hour
The glamours of the gods return.

This life's old mood and cult of care
Falls smitten by an older truth,
And the gray world wins back to her
The rapture of her vanished youth.

Dead thoughts revive, and he that heeds
Shall hear, as by a spirit led,
A song among the golden reeds:
"The gods are vanished but not dead!"

For one short hour, unseen yet near,
They haunt us, a forgotten mood,
A glory upon mead and mere,
A magic in the leafless wood.

At morning we shall catch the glow
Of Dian's quiver on the hill,
And somewhere in the glades I know
That Pan is at his piping still.

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THE DRURY LANE BOYS' CLUB.

WHAT IT GREW FROM. WHAT IT IS. WHAT WE HOPE IT WILL BE.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

TO all English children—to all London children especially—the words Drury Lane represent Fairyland. The happy well-to-do ones, on hearing them, recall nights in glorious Christmas holidays when, attired in all their festive best of gauzy white frocks and big sashes, and floating waved hair, or in trim Eton jackets and broad, spotless white Eton collars, with gentlemanly little beaver hats on their smooth-cropped, shining heads, they descended from their carriages, attended by mammas and papas, or governesses, or tutors, and mounting certain broad stone steps were ushered into a land of rapture and light with which ordinary, every-day London seemed to have nothing whatever to do. Little boys at boarding-school, little girls in the school-room at home, had talked all through the year of last year's pantomime at Drury Lane, and delighted themselves with imaginings of what this year's pantomime might be. As the Christmas holidays approached anticipation and conjecture became breathless, and when some morning the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph* all announced the exciting fact that Cinderella, or the White Cat, or Humpty Dumpty were to be produced with unusual splendor at Drury Lane, a rapturous sigh of relief and bliss was breathed through every nursery in the land.

The very building itself was enchanted. It did not betray itself by its exterior, as a weaker-minded structure might have done. It was sufficiently secure in its own resources not to endeavor to allure in any trivial manner. It had artfully placed itself in an ugly, dingy-looking street, and had allowed itself to be built in a dingy, plain, uncompromising way, scorning outward adornments, deigning no external hints of joy; but certain enslaving bills confessing—almost, as it were, with magnificent reluctance—that kings and queens, princes and princesses, fairies and goblins, clowns, harlequins and pantaloons—caverns of delight and palaces of fairy dream, *might* be beheld inside on payment of certain sordid coin at the box-office. There must be imaginative children who privately compare it to a good ogre. (Which is a very rare thing, ogres being by nature most unpleasant as a rule, having a habit of roaring, and legs a mile long with which they chase people, devouring them when caught—besides frequently putting them into caves to fatten before they are served up, which is really a most irritating idea.)

But Drury Lane might be compared to a good ogre, who looks gruff and plain of exterior, but who, when he takes you into his care, does *not* eat you or annoyingly suggest you must be kept till plump enough, but surprises you by showing you all the ecstasies of Fairyland.

No one can adequately describe what there really is inside the cave. It is a kaleidoscopic dream of brilliant light and changing color, of glittering rainbow, troops of fairies with wings, and draperies which make them floating flowers, or bees, or birds, or snowflakes. But no one ever dreamed such things, though perhaps in a dream one sometimes might laugh as one laughs at the jokes—at the mischievous goblins, at the clown and his unfading feud with the dignified policeman, or the irascible old gentleman, or the easily gulled landlady, or shop-keeper. No one ever laughs so heartily when he is awake, and perhaps even at Drury Lane, after the passage of a certain number of years, the point of a joke founded on an innocent old gentleman with a hatful of stolen sausages craftily secreted by a clown, modifies its power to produce ecstasy of mirth.

But this is Drury Lane as it ap-

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pears inside. The outside is different. The Good Ogre's Cave, which is such a power that it speaks of itself and is spoken of oftenest merely as "Drury Lane," without any one's feeling the necessity of the addition of the word "Theatre"—just as a queen writes her name "Victoria," or "Adelaide," or a duke "Marlborough," or "Norfolk"—the Good Ogre's cave is not *all* of Drury Lane—and the rest of it is very different. Most of its surroundings are ruled by ogres of a race less kind—who do not show their captives Fairyland—ogres of Hard Life, of Poverty, of Misfortune, of Lack of Opportunity, of Ignorance, often of Hopelessness, and Hunger, and Disease; always of want in one form or another, whether it is want of comforts or want of rest, or sustenance for body or mind.

If one drives by the theatre one nearly always sees a few dirty, more or less ragged children staring with eager, longing eyes at the wonderful bills and talking to each other, evidently about the goblins or fairies not-too-lavishly pictured on some of them.

They belong to the outside. They never go inside, and it is only the one of them who has the good luck to have a brother who is a printer's "devil," or a newsboy or a crossing sweeper capitalist enough to indulge in a seat in the gallery, who knows anything definite about the inside's glittering splendors.

And it is not permitted to look too long even at the bills and the outside, or it is quite likely a big policeman may walk by and tell you to "move on."

Drury Lane means so much. It means street after street branching out of it, narrower and poorer streets, where there are poor shops, and poor people, and poor courts; streets where one sees slatternly women and unkempt men, and always swarms of children playing, squabbling, darting among carts and under horses' heads in a way to excite marvel and terror; little ones staggering under the weight of babies who seem bigger than themselves, some of them with nice little faces, some of them with wretched ones, some with hungry eyes, some with quite merry ones, but all dirty—dirty—dirty. Poor little things—God help and love them! The poor in London *cannot* be clean. It is not only poverty they must contend with, but smoke and grime and fog which stick and smear all in the West End as well as in the East, and which cannot be ignored and evaded even by ladies with luxurious baths and deft attendant maids—ladies who are not touched by the sordid details of every-day existence.

In passing through these streets, in looking at these children, one cannot help but think of what possibilities they might represent and what life holds for them. It is such a thing of chance that one man or woman is born with some great gift not given to the rest. Who knows when it is born into the world—in what baby brain the germ of it lies? It is such a thing to ponder of—the chance that sometimes the seed, for want of the right soil, the right air, the warmth of the sun, may wither away and never be a flower at all. Take the root of the rarest and most splendid bloom on earth, plant it in hard, dry earth, in a cellar, shut it from air and light and dew; and what common weed will not grow to a lovelier thing, if it has an open field where the rain falls and the sun shines? And among the little men playing or sauntering in the unsavory streets, with dirty hands in their ragged pockets; among the little child-women, staggering under burdens of unwholesome babies—who knows what splendid fruit or flower may be waiting to spring to life or die without a blossom?

I have often asked myself what germ of what gift lay in the mind of the boy who was the originator of what is now called the Drury Lane Boys' Club. It must have been some gift of executive ability, and for organization.

He was a little fellow, small for his age, and I do not know what that was. His name was Andrew Buckingham, and his mother had a kitchen in a cellar where she kept a mangle.

This is what he told me—as nearly as I can remember—and he told it to me the night I opened the Lionel Reading-room in the new premises of the Club, in Kemble Street, Drury Lane.

"You see, ma'am," he said, "there seemed to be no place for us boys anywhere. If two or three of us stopped a bit to talk in the street, the policemen

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came and told us to 'move on.' Wherever we went, or stood about, or met each other, we was moved on. Seemed as if there was nothing for us anywhere but to 'move on.' So it come into my mind one Sunday, when there'd been some trouble, that if mother'd let us meet some nights in her cellar, we might make some rules and call it a club, and we couldn't be moved on from there. So mother let us meet in her cellar, and I made some rules—and that was the beginning of it. And I can tell you, ma'am, little did I think we'd ever have such a night as this, or such a place to meet in."

This is what his mother told me. I made her acquaintance in a room up a court near Covent Garden, where a simple, substantial dinner is given to about forty hungry children three times a week during the winter, by a young lady who is a daughter of the rector of the very poor parish, and who is the good angel of all the courts and back-streets in it. It is a very simple organization—the work of this one lady—a matter of two long tables in a small room, some homely, savory combination of meat and potatoes, and a homely, simple pudding; but it means warmth and comfort to forty hungry children three times a week.

Andrew's mother was presiding over the big dishes of "shepherd's pie," and while I helped the Good Angel to cut up the food for the youngest ones, we talked together.

"It was Andrew who founded the club," said the Good Angel. "Tell Mrs. Burnett about it, Mrs. Buckingham."

She was a stout, motherly, most respectable woman, with a round, kindly face which beamed with delight when her boy was mentioned. (He is not a little boy now, but a little young man.)

"Well, ma'am," she said, "Andrew always was a good boy. And when the others got in trouble it bothered him. And the police wouldn't let them have no meeting-place. And one Sunday a policeman wanted to take a little fellow up, and I got him away from him. I nearly got into trouble myself. I never told you about that, miss. (Beamingly, to the Good Angel.) And Andrew got to thinking about it. An' he says to me, 'Mother, let us meet in your cellar. There's four of us, and I've heard something about clubs, and I believe I could draw up some rules, and we should be all right.' And I says, 'I dare say, Andrew, but there's the mangle. There wouldn't be room. What could I do with the mangle?' And he says, 'You could sell the mangle, mother. That wouldn't ruin you.' Just think of that now!" with maternal pride at the enterprise and daring of the suggestion. "But I always did want to please him. And I did sell the mangle. I sold it for fifteen shillings. And they began to meet in my cellar, the four of them. And Andrew drew up some rules. And that was the way it started, with Andrew and three other boys in that cellar, and me selling my mangle."

I myself have never seen these first rules, but I believe that they still exist somewhere, and to my mind they are most interesting because, in a quite primitive and rudimentary way, they indicate that these four boys in the cellar were moved by a sort of embryo impulse toward making the best of themselves, in as far as they knew how to do it.

I argue this because of one rule which was prominent among those drawn up.

To educated boys, to cared-for boys whose homes surround them with an atmosphere of good taste and refined feeling, a rule which suggested that in a club to which they belonged "No bad language should be used," would be a rather singular addition to the regulations. But to little London lads, living their sharp young lives in a hard-driven, realistic world, brought up in the streets and lanes and courts, in the midst of the struggle for life, hearing every hour the wrangling or chaff of costermongers and hawkers who have a vocabulary of their own, of great scope and richness of vigorous epithet—to boys such as these a choice or moderation of language positively amounts to an indication of an actual *genius* for morals and good manners. Why should a boy of that class decide *not* to use certain words and phrases current in the world he knows? How should he be aware that blasphemy and worse are not desirable elements of conversation? It

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is in the vicinities of Park Lane and Grosvenor and Berkeley Squares they are not used, and he does not visit in Mayfair. In Slum Street and Fragrance Alley the ladies and gentlemen adorn argument, expostulation, and even *persiflage* and sprightly repartee with flowers of speech which Mayfair most probably never heard of. We of the fortunate world place our children in the care of French or German nurses that they may become "familiar with the language;" the children in the London streets become "familiar with the language" in something the same way, though not through nurses or governesses, and "the language" is neither German, Italian, nor French. There are, of course—there must be, even among the poorest—some fathers and mothers who, even amid their limitations, try to weed "the language" in some degree, but it is not in the nature of things that there should be very many.

So, that four lads should make for themselves a sort of refuge from the streets, and that they should resolve that there should be "No bad language," denotes an ingenuous desire for improvement quite as strong and as much to be respected as the impulse which leads more fortunate, educated boys to decide that their clubs shall speak French or German and debate the questions of the day. I am not even sure that the gathering in the cellar had any name when it was first decided that its members should "use no bad language." Perhaps the boys called it "The Club," and nothing else, but whether it had a name or not, it was the beginning of a good thing. And when one thinks how much is meant by those words, "the *beginning* of a good thing," one respects very much the four boys in their cellar and their primitive resolutions.

The Club met for some time in this small way, but, as was to be expected, other boys hearing of it thought it must be more comfortable to meet and talk where they were not liable to be "moved on," and where even a cellar protected them from wet, and cold, and mud, and fog. They wanted to "join," and one after another was taken in. What the subscription fee was in those early days I have not inquired, but to suit the incomes of the members it must have been small, and as to this day, it is only sixpence a month (about twelve cents) moderation must have marked its bounds modestly.

But the cellar was not large and even the sale of the mangle did not provide much space, and in time necessity demanded that something should be done.

What *could* be done by boys who possessed nothing, and who were regarded by the general public merely as an element to be "moved on" when seen by a policeman. Here I must again take the liberty of mentioning the "Good Angel." I feel it *is* rather a liberty to make her a part of a published sketch, because she is such a very quiet and modest little young lady and lives her life of daily and hourly good and kind deeds in such a simple, gentle way—as if what she does were the only natural thing to do and could not possibly be left undone. I am sure she does not even know she is a "Good Angel," but I know it, and what is more, so many—oh, so many poor, hungry, cold, and unhappy ones in wretched back streets and alleys and courts, know it a thousand times better. In her quiet way she is part of that "beginning of a good thing" as much as Andrew was.

The little room in Russell Court—the one where the poor children's dinners are given them—is known as the Parish Room. How primitive it seems in connection with such a dignified parochial name would not be easily conveyed. But it has space enough to allow of its being used for small gatherings, such as charity dinners or teas.

To Andrew there occurred the courageous idea that as the Good Angel (suppose I call her "Miss Gracie" which is *not* her name)—as Miss Gracie had been kind to them and given them encouragement, she might be able to aid them in their extremity. So he went to her and explained the situation, and asked if she would intercede with her father, the Rector, to give them permission to meet in the little Parish Room a few nights each week, when it was not being used for any other purpose.

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Being interceded with, the Rector told Miss Gracie that if she could find among her friends some young man who was willing to take charge of the Club, by spending with it the evenings it met and making sure that it did not reduce the little Parish Room to ashes or minute fragments, he would give his permission. His views on the subject of the London street "boy" were not tinged with any romantic, roseate glow, and it would not have been a trifling matter if anything had happened to the Parish Room.

Miss Gracie, having been a Good Angel so long, had naturally some friends who had some of the same qualities as herself. I do not know whether it is that a Good Angel draws goodness and kindness within her radius by some subtle natural power, or whether by merely existing herself she creates such things in those around her, but it is certainly true that no Good Angel—man or woman, girl or boy—ever existed without, somehow, seeming to bring to light kind and gentle things. There can be no more doubt of this than there can be doubt of the simple fact that if the sun shines constantly enough the very stones themselves will be warmed a little, and the poorest bit of common earth will find itself trying to put forth some tiny green thing, if it is only a blade of grass.

So Miss Gracie found a young man who was willing to aid her and her boys. I believe he was a very young man indeed at that time—not very much more than a boy himself. He was a Mr. Carlos Wilson, and if regarded from the story standpoint, Miss Gracie is the heroine and Andrew Buckingham the first hero. Mr. Carlos Wilson is another one.

I did not know him then, and I cannot tell at all definitely what his methods and plans were when he began first to go down to the Parish Room two or three nights a week and take charge of the embryo Drury Lane Boys' Club. But I do know that he meant to be the Club's friend, and, whatever his methods, he won the boys' confidence and liking, than which there could be no better beginning.

I think his first plan was quite a simple one, and I am sure its very simpleness was its strength. He wanted to help them to establish a small corner for themselves in which they could spend their evenings better—more comfortably—more healthily, and more safely than they could spend them wandering about in all sorts of weather in the streets, or lounging in the flare of the gas-lit corners of them. It seems a modest undertaking, perhaps, but one has to remember that London streets have their attractions. An active, curious, sharp-minded lad does not rush naturally and readily away from the deceptively bright-looking world of street life at night, unless he has something interesting and attractive offered to him in exchange. People who have plenty of amusements, people who drive comfortably to the theatres, almost inevitably, I think, find themselves looking out of their brougham windows with interest. For myself, I know that on cold nights, when the warmth inside the carriage formed a clouded dimness on the glass, I always found myself involuntarily rubbing off a clear place with my handkerchief, so that I could look through when we passed certain places, particularly that big crossing where Piccadilly seems to divide itself into various tributaries pouring into the great city sea, and where the Criterion and the Pavilion dazzle and glow, and there are so many lights and people and carriages and majestic policemen. I liked it myself, and often wanted to get out of my brougham and stand on the corners, or near the theatre or music-hall entrances, and watch the people as they walked past, or left their hansoms or carriages and turned in to be amused. If a lady from the West End found it attractive, why should not a lad neither well clad nor well housed, whose only theatre was the streets, and to whom walking about was a perfectly unfatiguing matter. If I had unlimited space I could write many pages giving color to the delights of that night life of the gas-lighted London streets, and the farce and comedy one can see and hear in the chaff of hansom-cab drivers, in the witticisms of coster ladies and gentlemen, in the casual banter of young

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swells as they stand at theatre entrances. Any sharp street lad knows where the best entertainment is to be found, and that there are certain brightly lighted places where he can seem, for the moment, almost to belong to the world of the fortunate ones as he stands and watches the carriages draw up, and the powdered footmen descend to open their doors for pretty women in lovely frocks, who seem only to set foot on common pavement to pass from luxurious carriages to the theatre's brightness.

By night the gas-light and the specious suggestions of festivities serve to cast a glamour over the hard things dull daylight reveals, and so it is but natural that one must have some counter-attraction to offer to boys who know the street fascinations in all their variety.

And without any other capital or resources than a kind heart, good sense, and a sympathetic knowledge of boyish nature, the very young man who went down to Russell Court to be the friend of the Club managed to provide the counter-attractions. To provide them, if one had at command a number of well-fitted rooms, a gymnasium, a collection of games, a library and a number of people ready to represent something in the way of entertainment might not be so difficult, but for one extremely young man to provide them, in one unattractive room, without anything but his own wits and energy to draw upon, was to do a thing which fills me, at least, with a combination of amazement and intense respect

One thing which has also caused me amazement on this matter is, that I have found, in speaking of it, that neither the young man nor his friends regard his undertaking as in the least remarkable or heroic. They refer to it, as the Good Angel and her friends refer to her unending good deeds, as if it was the most casual and natural thing in the world. And yet thinking people know that a young man has usually many things to do more exciting than spending evenings in an unavoidably stuffy room, entertaining miscellaneous street boys. But in the English nature there is much moderation of view, and the tendency to poetize a situation and see color in it is not strong. And, after all, one cannot help liking immensely the many of them who in doing fine things never think of calling them fine, in fact never think of calling them anything at all, but simply do them in their practical steady-going fashion and never expect that they will even be commented upon.

To my mind the most interesting feature of the Club is its growth from such a small beginning, and the good to be gained by writing about it is that its simple history may hold suggestion.

In its one room its efforts were unavoidably the most economical and primitive. Their success must have arisen absolutely from the amount of energy and good feeling put into them.

The young fellow who had befriended it in course of time enlisted the interest of two or three other young men like himself. A few cheap games were bought, a few old books were given them, the young men, having formed themselves into a committee, evidently were possessed of both ingenuity and invention, and exercised them to the fullest extent. More boys and still more boys heard of the Club and wanted to join it. Boy nature talks about itself and its doings, and boy curiosity and interest are easily excited.

It became necessary to get a room which could be used every night instead of three nights a week. Additional sixpenny fees from added members made this possible, though, of course, the room was a poor one, in a poor house, in a poor street. The young committee, feeling that as much out-of-door exercise as possible would be a gain in the months when the weather allowed of it, organized a cricket club, a hare and hounds club, and managed occasional simple outings where fresh air, at least, could be breathed.

There came a time when a drum-and-fife band became a possibility. A kindly fellow, who had, I think, been bandmaster in some regiment, gave a lesson or two a week with excellent results. The opportunity to thump on a drum or play on a fife without calling forth violent opposition and bitter reproach is one no normally constituted boy could regard lightly. The fife-and-drum band made gigantic strides and became

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the most inspiring institution. The cricketers and harriers flourished and grew strong, the few old books were read and re-read until they almost dropped to pieces, the games of draughts and chess saw active service, and when, somehow, a second- or third-hand bagatelle-table appeared in the room, and a venerable but still audible piano lent the inspiration of its tones to the gatherings, the Club felt itself rich indeed.

The point one remembers with interest is that the organization was, as it were, a private undertaking. It was not "under the distinguished patronage" of any one, it would not have been mentioned in any list of charities. Nobody made it donations; except for the young committee and the street boys who belonged to it, and, perhaps, an occasional friend outside, it was not heard of. As far as the big world was concerned it had no entity, and yet it was doing its work—work the world would feel the effect of, though it would not know where it was done. No handful of young, growing human beings, however small it is, can be given even the simplest chances for mental and physical development without the world's being the better for it. The young committee had work enough to do, and difficulties and annoyances enough to combat against, but they had their encouragements. Gradually, though they were not preached to or lectured—boys who came to the Club seemed to get a nicer mental and moral tone, a less rough manner, and a more manly and well-meaning outlook on things in general. London street lads are not dull as a rule, their very lives make them sharp and quick to see and comprehend what is honestly and practically presented to them.

To the generality of them texts and sermons would not be a safe method of appeal, they can always hear those, and they regard them with frank distrust, but honest friendliness and helpful, intelligent good feeling are not lost on them.

When I first heard of the Club, nearly three years ago, I had two boys of my own. To my mind, the Boy has long been the most interesting object in nature. He is an unworked mine, whose wealth of resources we cannot even guess at; he is an unclimbed mountain, the view from whose summit may be of such expanse and beauty that we might stand breathless with love and awe before it; he is an untrodden forest, whose labyrinths may reveal such wonders of rare growth as the world has never seen; he is an unsailed sea from whose depths the diver, Life, may bring forth strange treasures; he is the dawning of a day whose sunset may illumine a whole world. He may not be a romantic object to-day, he may have—probably has—a stalwart appetite, a habit of reducing order to chaos—a tendency to break into whoops and uncouth sounds, he may exhibit a distinct antipathy to correctness of demeanor, and to study, but—who knows? There is a lovely story of a celebrated man, who, when he saw in a garden a beautiful rose growing, took off his hat to it as to a beautiful lady. The Boy suggests to me a parallel mental attitude. Figuratively, I make a little reverence, saying — even to an unprepossessing one:

"Far be it from me, your Highness, my lord Bishop, your Statesmanship, my lord Judge, your Honor, the Maker of Pictures, of Books, of Laws, of great Benevolences, whichsoever it is to be, in forty years from now, far be it from me to treat you with unbelief and disrespect. I have lived long enough to know all that I may do, but you—who knows how low I should feel called upon to bow before what you may be—if I lived long enough to see your ripeness." It may be politic to be amiable to a boy, certainly it is doing wise and good work for the world to give him all the chances that belong to him.

The two I knew the best had been denied no "chance," nor had they been stinted in any. They had had books, pleasures, travels, clever friends who were men and women, and the love which makes such things worth having. All given to them had been capital well invested. They were fine, young, human things.

When, one evening in London, the young man who had first been the friend of the Club told me its story, it occurred to me that two fortunate boys with

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nice natures and tremendous boyish experiences would be a good element to introduce into the club-room in the back street in Drury Lane. They would have so much to say and could say it in the way boys could best understand. I was just on the point of leaving London, but I suggested to the Club's Friend that, when I returned the next season, my two should be introduced to the Club and interest themselves in it. I knew they would regard the experience as delightful, and gather material which might form a stratum of their very varied education.

To the members of the Club, themselves, I knew they would represent as much novelty and entertainment as the bagatelle-board and piano had done.

My visitor found the idea excellent. We discussed the plan with much pleasure and interest and finally parted with the understanding that the next summer it should be carried out. I introduce this personal detail because it was the reason for my becoming later more intimate with the Club.

The next summer we were not in England. One of the two who were to have visited the room near Drury Lane was being taken from one Continental health resort to another. His brother was travelling with him. The next time I returned to London, the following year, one had been sent home to America, the short life of the other was ended.

It was then that, among other work which brought interest, the Boys' Club presented itself to my mind. The boy, as an object to appeal to one's heart and touch it, to appeal to one's mind and fill it with thought and the wish to help him to all his chances, was even more powerful than he had been before. To be human is to be personal—to be personal is to be human.

I asked the Club's Friend to call on me again. He came and told me how they stood. The membership had grown so that the place they occupied would not hold it. If they could find something which would give them more room it would be of advantage to them in every way. Boys were applying for admission whom they could not take in, and a young man, who was rich and generous, had said he would fit up a room as a gymnasium if they had such a room to spare. I had a plan also which required a room.

The few old books they possessed had been read until their contents were known by heart. In memory of a boy whose brief life had been spent among books he revelled in, I thought I should like to give them a comfortable reading-room and at least the nucleus of a library, forming itself on the books he had been fond of.

The committee had found a building in Kemble Street, Drury Lane. It was very plain and rough, having been merely used as a small printing establishment, but there was a room in the basement which could be used as a gymnasium, there was a good-sized room above which could be used as a general meeting-place, and one above that which could be used as a reading-room if they had one.

But the trouble was to secure the place. Rough and bare as it was, with its dingy, whitewashed brick walls and apparently unplaned flooring, the owner, on being applied to, and hearing that the premises were to be used by a boys' club, whereof the members were not gathered from the West End, refused to let it to them. His ideas of the London street lad were not poetized in any greater degree than most people's.

"So there we are," the Club's Friend said to me. "And I assure you we are quite in despair. They won't hear of us."

Then it occurred to me that perhaps if a person who was known to be responsible should intercede for them with the owner of the property, and guarantee that it would really be in safe hands, he might be induced to reconsider his decision.

"The truth is," said the Club's Friend, laughing, "that when I went to him and he saw that I was a young fellow, myself, I suppose he thought we should only be a lot of lads all together, and he would not trust us to behave ourselves."

The end of our discussion of the subject was that I went to call on the owner of the building, myself, and finding him out of town wrote to him. I told him what I knew of the Club and what I thought of its character, and, feeling

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that such an intention must bear some conviction with it, I explained that I sufficiently respected it and its object to be on the point of giving it a reading-room and library in the name of my own son. The result finally was that the adverse decision was reconsidered and, certain forms being gone through, the triumphant Boys' Club entered into possession of No. 30 Kemble Street, Drury Lane, on whose one entrance-door was painted the words "Drury Lane Boys' Club."

But there were many things to be done before the premises were in good working order, and it is the details of what was done with the rough, bare rooms, which may be useful to readers who wish to do a practical thing, having only unpromising material and space to make use of.

The basement room was not a large one. It was, in fact, an ordinary sized cellar, but the floor was cemented, and as many vaulting-bars and poles, and ropes and pulleys as could be used in it, were put up substantially, by order of the donor of the gymnasium. When finished it was a most practicable and valuable addition to the Club's resources. On the entrance floor two small rooms were partitioned off, one to be used at night by the man who was care-taker, the other to be used by the boys as a place in which to put on the clothes in which they played cricket, and ran with the harriers. The floor from the entrance was covered with very thick and substantial linoleum cloth, which looked clean and could be easily washed off each morning. The room on the floor above was a large one. It made no pretence at beauty or decoration. It was furnished with the articles which had seen hard and honorable service in the first room the club had owned. Its floor was covered with what I think is called cocoanut matting; it contained some strong small tables to play games on, some veteran chairs, the bagatelle-board and the venerable piano, which at the time was suffering from the temporary loss of a leg. The little Drury Lane Boys' Club had none of the sumptuousness of the People's Palace.

From this apartment one mounted a sort of ladder to the rooms on the third floor. This had contained the printing-presses used by the previous occupiers. The walls were brick, the rough wood rafters formed the ceiling, the floor was covered with accumulations of printer's ink.

I looked about me with some slight dismay when I first saw it. I had a fancy that I should like to make the Lionel Reading-room a place as far comfortable and pleasant to look at as was compatible with a back street and a working-boys' club. In fact, I had had a dream of being able to combine the practical and the simply decorative in such a manner that the boy whose portrait was to look down from the walls might himself have found it a place cheerful and pleasant to sit in and turn over books.

But there were several points to be considered in the effort to produce this combination. There is nothing so difficult as to combine the ornamental with the sternly practical.

"I do not want a room which openly proclaims itself a poor boys' library the moment one enters it," I said. "I should like it to have an atmosphere of its own, which would put a boy—even a rough boy—into the mood for sitting down quietly to read and let others read about him. They can make as much noise as they like in the Gymnasium, they can talk and chaff each other in the General Room over their games; but here I should like them to come when they want to enjoy themselves in a restful sort of way. If it looks bright and rather pretty, I am sure it will be good for them."

The young committee thought I was right, though I don't think, as they surveyed the room, they quite saw how it was to be accomplished. In fact, I did not myself.

"I can plaster the walls and ceiling, and have paper put on," I said, "but what am I to do with all these windows, and what is to be done with the floor?"

"With the floor?" repeated the committee, with a slight air of trepidation.

"Look at it," I said. "Nothing looks more desolate than a bare floor; and yet you tell me anything like upholstery is out of the question."

The committee laughed.

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"Stuffed chairs and carpets are," they said. "The stuffing would get knocked out of the chairs, and as the members naturally run to hob-nailed shoes a carpet would not have much chance. It would be worn out in a week."

"Staining and polishing——" I began, with a timorous sense of unpracticalness.

"Just as bad," they said. "They would unstain and unpolish it for you in no time. They could not help it."

"Linoleum," I said, rather discouraged; "though I can't say I like it very much."

"That would do first-rate," was the decision. "It could be easily washed off, couldn't it?"

So I made up my mind that I must confine myself to linoleum, and console myself by choosing the pattern with care and discrimination. A man was given the work of plastering the walls and ceiling, and giving the ladder-like approach something more of the air of a staircase; and while the work was being done I made some visits to the furnishing departments at Shoolbred's. My feeling about linoleum had been that its oilcloth look always suggested a bath-room in restricted circumstances, but I found at Shoolbred's such clever and new designs that I was pleased beyond measure. The one I chose was a preparation about a quarter of an inch thick, as solid and substantial as a board, and a wonderfully perfect representation of a neatly inlaid wood floor. It was really so good in its taste and effect that it might well have been used in rooms of much more pretension than the one I bought it for.

The difficulty of the floor covering being disposed of, there was still the difficulty of the windows.

The peculiarity of the room was that it was all windows—broad low windows, one nearly the full length of the end of the room, two nearly as long taking up the greater part of one side, two long ones and a small one on the other. It is supposable that they had been put in for the convenience of the printers, who needed all the light they could get on the many dull days.

The windows were a problem for more reasons than one. A vast expanse of bare window, giving view on all sides of a dreary narrow street and dingy houses, is not cheerful, and one cannot indulge in art muslins and lace draperies with impunity even in the West End of London. In the vicinity of Drury Lane they are worse than out of the question.

A most clever invention, known as the Glacier Window Decoration, came to the rescue here. Sheets of a preparation of isinglass made in artistic stained glass designs, were used to cover the panes. The designs and colors are so excellent and correct, that, treated in this manner and hung with warm-tinted, substantial curtains, the barren waste of windows became quite a decorative addition. Color was one's only resource. Nothing was practicable which could be pulled down by a chance movement, knocked over, or trodden on. Upholstered chairs were out of the question, so, comfortably-shaped, stained and varnished ones were used. An ordinary table-cloth, the most unconscious boy movement might push out of place; an uncovered table presents an expanse of chilly barrenness; so the rather long and broad and very solid reading-table was covered with thick crimson baize, secured all round with brass-headed tacks. A smaller square table, meant to be used when large volumes were being looked over, was covered in the same way. This had its first *raison d'être* in the fact that the brother of the Good Angel had given to the club a set of the bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, than which, it seemed to me, few things could be more instructive and interesting. It represented, as it were, an illustrated history of the events of the times, placing itself before young minds and eyes in the manner most likely to arrest attention and rouse contemplation.

The walls were covered with a paper of good color — one of the terra-cotta shades, avoiding heaviness or dulness; the ceiling was tinted in the same tone; a line of stained book-shelves surrounded the room from the floor to the sills of the all-pervading windows. There was only one comparatively small space which would permit of the shelves being built from floor to ceiling.

The windows filling so much space,

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there was not much wall-surface to be used in decoration, and the idea also suggested itself to one's mind that the few inexpensive pictures hung might be subject to choice also. The ordinary pretty or romantic thing, whatever its sentiment or grace, might be more fitted to other places. To the boy mind something more definite may better appeal.

Over the corner fireplace hung the portrait of the boy whose gift to these unknown boy friends of his the room was. One space between the windows was given up to a lovely little picture with a sad and sweet story. I had found it in the General Room downstairs—the sole decoration of the white-washed walls except a brilliantly-colored picture of Her Majesty in full regalia, and I had taken the liberty of bringing it myself to this memorial room, because it seemed the atmosphere for it.

It is the most sweet photograph of a lovely down-gazing-faced girl of eighteen or nineteen. When the Club was a poor little embryo, as it were, when it had few acquaintances but the Good Angel and the fellow I call "the Club's Friend," this young girl was kind to it also. There are early members who remember the summer day when she entertained them in the gardens of the country house which was her home. Perhaps they remember it all the more tenderly because before another summer's coming the blossom of her beautiful girlhood had faded out of life. It seemed fitting that her lovely drooping face should have a space of its own in the room which was the quietest, and where the boys would be most likely to spend their most thoughtful moments. The picture is not a large one, but there is nothing else hung on the panel of wall between the window draperies—nothing, at least, but a small hanging receptacle for flowers placed beneath it. I dare say that, as he passes by the hawkers' baskets in the street, it will occur now and then to more than one boy to spend a copper on a simple little nosegay, that it may bloom under the gentle girl face.

The largest picture in the room is an engraving of a painting, the story of which is the touching one of old Argus's death. Ulysses, in tattered, travel-worn garment, stands on the marble terrace by the sea, his arms behind him, his face tender and pitiful as he looks down at his one faithful and unforgetting servant—the old dog who, after all the years of exile, lifts his fading eyes to his master's face, knowing him again, and dies.

The story suggesting itself in the picture might cause an imaginative boy to ask questions, and the answers to them might lead him to wish to read the rest. That was why it was chosen. The few other pictures are merely framed and well-tinted photographs of Venetian scenes. A city whose streets are the sea must suggest inquiry and interest. There is one picture of an ideal young head, thoughtful and beautiful; there are some blue pots with palms, in safe places, a few simple bits of color on the crimson-covered mantel and the only hanging cabinet the walls give room to, and there the decoration begins and ends. Nothing could be more simple and inexpensive. Any description of it would be totally superfluous, but that it does look bright and comfortable, notwitstanding that it was necessary that the practical view of the situation should be so continually kept in view; and so the detail may have a use to other furnishers of utilitarian rooms.

The books which fill the shelves I was aided in my choice of by more than one person. One list of titles was founded on favorite books of the original of the portrait over the mantel; another was made for me by a boy of seventeen whom I had never seen, and who at the time was lying ill under the care of a doctor in Harley Street, and who had beguiled some of his easier moments by making it for me; another was made for me—a most intelligent and interesting little catalogue—written in a small account book by a dear little fellow of thirteen who had never been strong enough to be sent to boarding-school, but whose bright, thoughtful mind reflected itself and its tastes clearly in the books he chose for other boys to read. One list was made by Mr. Harold Warne, of the publishing firm of Warne

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& Co., and was founded on books he had found popular and useful in a boys' club of something the same kind as the one in Kemble Street, which he had been interested in at Hampstead. Besides kindly procuring for me the books on my lists, Mr. Warne supplemented them with a gift of their own publications. Mr. Passmore Edwards also presented two hundred beautiful volumes of standard works, such as might have been a most valuable addition to any library. And when, on the afternoon of February 27th, I turned to look back at the room before leaving it, I did so with the feeling that I left the pictured eyes over the mantel to look down at pleasant things, and that no Drury Lane Club boy could enter without finding a comfortable corner, and without finding on the low shelves some book which would suit his tastes, whatsoever they might be.

I had never seen the Club's members until the evening of that day when the new premises were formally opened. With the magic assistance of the Good Angel a substantial evening meal was prepared in the General Room. When I arrived, at eight o'clock, two or three long tables had tea and coffee, bread and butter, cake and sandwiches adorning them, and numberless boys—as it seemed to me—filled the benches on each side of them.

The impression I gained, when I could look round at them after the applause with which they greet a friend subsided, was an agreeable and encouraging one. I was struck by the good-natured intelligence of their faces, and by the smart cleanliness of their appearance. The faces did not look as if the life and hard work of Drury Lane and its vicinity had dulled the brightness of their faculties, or discouraged them.

I think I had been imagining that the limitations of poverty and the lack of advantages might have had a depressing and repressing effect which would stamp itself even on young faces. We know it does that sometimes. But I was glad, as I looked up and down the tea-tables, to see that they all looked more or less quick-witted and alert; in fact, it seemed to me that there was not a boy there on whom a reading-room would be wasted. There might be boys who would prefer the gymnasium and the clubs of cricket and harriers, and the fife and drum band; and why should they not? Exercise, and fresh air, and inspiriting music are boons to any boys. But even the gymnasium patrons looked as if they might now and then mount to the reading-room to turn over the bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, or forget the vaulting-bars for a while in the marvels of Jules Verne, or Du Chaillu, or the romancings of Harrison Ainsworth in the "Tower of London," or "Old London Bridge," or "Windsor Castle." I had been asked to present myself this evening to "open" the Library. The prospect had rather frightened me. I had been very happy in preparing the room and choosing the books, but I had never "opened" anything, and I did not know how. I timidly asked the young committee if they could instruct me. They said that if I would "say a few words to the boys" it would be all right. I had never "said a few words" to boys in public in my life. I had said a good many words to two boys in private, and they had always understood and liked them, but they were my own two, who were my most intimate friends. If I had had time to become intimate with the seventy-five members of the Club, I could have talked to them, but this was my first meeting with them. I knew I could write some simple and direct things which might suggest thoughts to them, so I asked the young committee if I might write a little letter which would be equally personal to each boy, and, being printed, might be given to them to read for themselves—a copy for each boy, as if it were a private epistle. They thought the boys would like this, so it was done.

After the tea we all adjourned to the Lionel Room together. There were several guests who were interested, and the young Member of Parliament for the district (almost everything connected with the Club seems young) had kindly come to preside. The room looked very bright and full, and the ceremonies were very simple.

The Club's Friend read a brief history of the Club's origin and growth. The

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young Member of Parliament was the son of a man whose name all England knows and honors for many reasons. His father was W. H. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons, and the king of the book trade of the railway-station stalls throughout the land. He himself was a man whose intellect, energy, and uprightness had made his own rank and fortune; his charities and generosities are as well known as his name, and it seemed a fitting thing that the son, whose ambition might well be to follow his footsteps, should preside over the simple ceremony whose results might mean much to this roomful of boys.

He read to them the letter I had written and made a brief speech himself. One of the young committee said a few friendly words, and then the founder of the Club, the boy who had gathered the four in the cellar, and disposed of the mangle—Andrew Buckingham—spoke to them too. I knew his mother had assisted to prepare the tea in the room below, and I could not help hoping that she had stayed and could hear what he said.

There was no pretension in it. His little modest speech was simply a few words of pleasure and congratulation from a good-hearted, manly fellow who was glad to have been the means of beginning a good thing. Then I wished them good fortune and good results, and declared the new premises open; and the small ceremony was over.

I stood behind the crimson-covered table, and the boys passed by me in single file as I shook hands with them, one by one, and gave them their copies of the letter. I saw their faces more closely than I had done at the tea-tables, and I was glad to think that when these seventy-five thought of me, it would be as of a friend.

This was the letter each of them has a copy of:

MY DEAR BOYS: I am told there are 75 members of your Club. I wish that I could say some words to you that would be helpful to each one of the number. To have said even a few words that 75 boys would remember, and gain some good thoughts from as they grew to manhood, would be to have done a good service to the country they live in. 75 boys represent a great deal. They represent the whole lives of 75 *men*, who will be an influence for good or evil every day they live. It is the boys of to-day who have the progress of the future in their young hands. I want you to feel that, and *never* to forget it. There may be boys in this Drury Lane Boys' Club who have in them the power and gifts which will produce some of the finest things the next century will be benefited by. Remember that. Who can say what any boy may do in the life which lies all before him? Only time will tell. Who can guess in what group of lads to-day stands the great scientist, artist, politician, or inventor whose name will be a household word in thirty or forty years from now? There might be one of them in this very room, and he might form his mind by reading some of the books on the shelves. What each boy himself must make up his mind to is, that he—*he himself*—will make the very best of himself that he can, and that he will do all he can to make the very best of others. When I say that—I mean the best of his heart, the best of his mind, and the best of his body. I think I put the heart first. The boy or man whose heart is full of kind, brave, generous thoughts will find his intellect developed by them, and an intelligent man will realize that his body must be respected and kept strong and fine and fresh, or it will not help him to do his work.

I used to say to my own two boys, "You are like the block of marble which is to be made into a statue. You yourselves are the sculptors. It depends upon *you* whether you chisel it into a figure which is beautiful and noble, or one that is distorted and base. Every ungenerous act, every hurtful word, every unmanly thought is a false stroke of the chisel and mars the statue."

There is another simile I have thought of, and which I wish you would reflect on. You have seen a pebble thrown into a pond and have watched the movements it sets up in the water—the ripples which widen and widen until their circles reach the shore. It is so with each human being's existence. There is no human life cast into the great ocean of Time which does not set circling ripples moving, which in the end widen to the shore of Eternity itself. Each one of us—you, I, your friend, every creature who lives—sets the great sea of humanity astir. Is there one among us who would not wish that the waves his life makes might help to bear to safety some boat that needed aid. This reading-room, given to you to-night by a boy like yourselves, is one of the ripples made by his life, which ended so early. He had a warm heart and a generous nature, and he liked to share his pleasures and luxuries with other boys who had not so many. Now that he is not with me on earth it is my comfort to try to do for such boys the things which may help them to make that "best of themselves" I have spoken of. I like to think of this room in Drury Lane, where his portrait looks down on you while you read books he was himself fond of. If those books help you and prompt you to fine thoughts, then, you see, the ripples *his* life made will have helped *your* boats onward. It was a very short life, but it was not lived in vain if it was the means of

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giving even *one* boy a better chance to develop into a man who will help the world he lives in instead of harming it. He was only a boy, as you are boys; but he would have felt that, I know. Keep always before your minds this great fact—that whether a man's world is at the West End of London or the East, in Drury Lane or Grosvenor Square, Nature gives him at his birth a capital of his own—a brain to think and plan, a heart to feel, two hands to work. It is for the man himself to put this capital out at the best interest, and prove what it will yield. Invest yours well, not only for yourselves but for your fellow-man.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

February 27, 1892.

After they all had received their letters a pretty thing happened. Remembering that they are boys to whom spare coppers are a positively unknown quantity, it seemed to me a very pretty thing indeed, as it was an idea originating solely among themselves and carried out without any consulting of other people.

As I was talking to some of the committee by the crimson table, a boy with a nice, rather shy face appeared by my side bearing a beautiful bouquet of flowers. It was a lovely nosegay, with long, pale, pink streamers and bow.

The bearer was the spokesman of the Club, who had presented this pretty thing to me as a token of their gratitude and pleasure.

I went down afterward to the entertainment they gave us in the general room below, behind a perfect screen of flowers. The young committee had given me a lovely, airily arranged thing of violets and lilies-of-the-valley, and I sat as it were in a bower.

The entertainment was infinitely interesting to me. The enthusiasm of the boys when some ladies sang them some pretty, tender songs—not sentimental, but *tender* little songs—was a nice thing to see. It was such a genuine thing. A member of the Club recited wonderfully well a dramatic little poetic story of an old groom, an affectionate, faithful servitor of a noble family whose young heir had ruined his fortunes by racing and play, and whom the old groom rescues from utter despair by his clever management of a young filly known as "Kissingcup," who wins a great race. It was very spirited and horsey and emotional, and the fact that the boy not only evidently *felt* all the emotion of it, but had taught himself to enunciate marvellously well, was very interesting.

His audience, both the Club and the visitors, were as appreciative as he could have wished. The comedian of the Club (there is always a comedian in everything—I believe he is a supply which is the result of natural demand, and he is always the best beloved of all), the comedian was one of the old members who, after many vicissitudes, had enlisted and become a smart, well-behaved soldier. He was greeted with rapture the moment he rose from his seat. He sang some of Chevalier's inimitable costermonger songs with an appreciative sense of humor which was quite delightful. The coster dialect naturally was easy enough for him, and his expression and gestures could scarcely have been better.

He sang the song beloved of the music-halls and street boys at the present moment—one of a number as individual and clever in their representations of the costermonger cockney world as the stories and songs of Uncle Remus are in their pictures of the negro.

This particular one is called "Wot cher?" (which is a sort of coster salutation meaning "What cheer?"),-or sometimes "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road." "Knocked 'em," I believe signifies, being freely translated, something like "overpowered the public by the splendor of my appearance and appointments." The coster in the song relates "'ow a most respectable party came to our court," with the astonishing and brilliant news that they had "come into" property—the property being a coster's cart and "moke." (I think almost everyone knows that a "moke" is a donkey.)

Then the song describes how the court was electrified and filled with awe and burning jealousy by seeing the patrician manner in which he and "the Missus" drove away in state on Sunday "arfternoon" to dazzle the less aristocratic and "knock 'em in the Old Kent Road." Of course, he observes, the neighbors

"Ses nahsty things about the moke.
But 'taint nothin' but their envy, cos *they* ain't carriage folk."

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And the chorus (there *must* be a chorus to a music-hall song) is the derisive chaff of these envious ones, and the coster's observation upon it.

"'Wot cher?' all the neighbors cry.
'Who'r yer goin' to meet, Bill?'
''Ave yer bort the street, Bill?'
Lor' me—thort I should hev died
When I knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road."

I dare say my quotation is by no means exact, but it may give the flavor.

The singer gave all of it, and it seemed to me that there might have been circumstances under which his talents might have developed into something which would have been quite marked in its line.

Finally we were favored by the Drum-and-Fife Band. It was a credit to its teacher and to itself. I had really had no idea of finding it so proficient, though I had been sure I should find it energetic and spirited.

When I went down to my brougham the boy who had been the presenter of the bouquet carried it before me triumphantly. His nice face looked nicer than ever.

The street was dark and a little crowd of people stood on the pavement near the door, some women stood in the street on the other side of the carriage, and looked at me through the window. They were as interested as they are when they watch people going to a Drawing-room or a grand party. The modest festivity of the Club had been like a party to Kemble Street, and here was one of its guests getting into a carriage with her arms full of splendid bouquets with ribbon streamers.

The lights were still burning in that upper room where the pictured boy-face looked down from over the mantel. The stained glass effect of the windows made a rich bit of color in the gloom surrounding it. It looked quite foreign to the narrow, sordid street, but it wore an air of warmth and promise. I watched it until the brougham turned the corner and it was out of sight, wondering what work the ripples set up by that pebble dropped into the ocean of life might do—hoping that it might be permitted to it to help, at least, some boats to a wider shore.

THE PRICELESS PEARL.*

By John White Chadwick.

"Death, the Egyptian, melts and drinks the pearl:"
And straight a rapture through his being runs,
A fire that seems the essence of all the suns
That ever made the summer's pomp unfurl
Its banners, and the green leaves softly curl
Back from the fruit; a sense of shining ones
Engirding round, until his vision shuns
The awful splendor of that radiant whorl.
And then a voice: These things wouldst thou explore?
Who drinks the pearl of life compounded so
Of love, and joy, and hope, and peace, and pain—
All sweetest, saddest things that mortals know—
Drinks to his own salvation: he shall gain
Life beyond life, and Death shall be no more.

* Written after reading Mr. T. W. Higginson's Sonnet in the April number of Scribner's Magazine.

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HISTORIC MOMENTS:
A MEMORY OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

By David Swing.

IF to us, who were wandering homeless in front of the great conflagration of 1871, anyone had whispered the words of Acestes: "It will be a pleasure some day to remember these things," he would have seemed to be trifling with the sufferers and the event. But twenty years have sufficed to justify the words of the Latin. With a great pleasure I shall pass again along the path which once was so beset with smoke and fire. Emerson once wrote in the blank leaf of a book these words:

> "A score of piny miles will smooth
> The rough Monadnoc to a gem."

With his usual spirituality he thus declared that twenty years would transform a painful experience into a rather pleasing dream.

The Chicago fire began on Sunday evening, October 8, 1871, at a quarter before nine o'clock. It raged until half-past ten the next evening, pausing suddenly in a large isolated dwelling-house, which fell into ruins at that time. The work of destruction thus, under the impulse of a driving wind, lasted only about twenty-six hours. The houses destroyed were about fourteen thousand; the people rendered homeless ninety-eight thousand; the value of property destroyed two hundred millions of dollars.

The rain of cinders upon the waterworks soon made the roof-timbers fall in upon the pumping-engines and block their working-beams. In three or four hours from the outset of the conflagration, the whole city was without water. It lay helpless. Had the wind changed at any time within two days, no part of Chicago would have remained. The historian would have recorded the total erasure of everything above ground. But the wind, which caused the destruction, intervened to limit its extent. It never veered for three days, and thus it held the destroyer to a definite channel widening out to the northwest. The gale blew until it sank down under the smitings of rain.

It was never learned how the rumor originated that a cow had kicked over a lamp and had burned a city. The fire started at a quarter before nine. The O'Learys had milked their cow at five o'clock, and had had no lamp lighted that Sunday in either cottage or barn. The air was so much like summer that the inside of both stable and house was deserted. It is probable the cow-story sprang up out of the inventive power of some man or woman who was hungry for a small cause for a great disaster. Men love the aphorism of Mother Goose, that "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

It was never learned how many lives were lost in the burning and falling of so many buildings. The coroner was

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called upon to make report on one hundred and seventeen bodies. But against such a report one fact must be kept in mind, that the wind and blaze, acting together, created a form of blast-heat before which window-glass dropped like rain, and in which iron columns melted as though made of lead. Many bodies may have been obliterated so completely as to leave no trace of a life or a death.

It was about ten o'clock at night before any person a half-mile from the place where the great flame started knew that the situation was unusual and alarming. The dryness of every roof, the high wind, the exhausted condition of the fire department, combined to make the red sky a painful spectacle. It has many times happened, in the lives of most men, that an alarm of fire has awakened a sudden desire to walk rapidly to the doomed building and, boy-like, enjoy the battle between engine and blaze; but there was something in this October night that depressed the spirits and made the foot fall as though made of lead. Already in the sky overhead there was a great line of sparks moving slowly toward the northwest. It was a fiery belt, having a breadth of perhaps two hundred feet, and composed of millions of sparks and bits of material on fire. This hot upper river added to the seriousness of the scene, and raised the question: What is to be the end?

My own domestic group soon went to the roof of our house to battle if need be with falling coals. But as we watched and worked the stream in the sky grew wider and the sparks grew in size, until not a few of the burning objects seemed as large as a plate or as long and wide as a shingle. Our home was in the exact line of the wind and the fire, and all this red volume was rolling along directly over our heads. It was, perhaps, four hundred feet above the level of the streets.

So unusual was the scene that the thought came into my mind: the city will burn up to-night. I determined to go at once toward the field of battle, and soon I was nearing the place and source of the destruction. Men hurrying back paused long enough to tell me that the trouble had begun in a stable a mile to the southwest of the city's heart; that the conflagration had spread out fan-like; that it was raging in more than a hundred houses; had crossed the river, and was coming along on the wings of the wind. The reports were terrible, but I walked on, not in the least sceptical, but wishing to make a survey and an estimate for myself. I walked slowly and looked back often to see if the rainbow of fire in the sky were not assailing the city in some other places—far away from the point of first attack. Soon before me were streets arched over with flame, and massive buildings, the pride of each citizen, were smoking, blazing, falling.

There was not much clamor of men, women, or children. It is probable that the awfulness of the situation made the mind silent rather than noisy. Personal friends said to me: "The city is gone," or "No power can save us," or "All is lost;" but beyond such ejaculations few were the words to be heard. Quite a stream of vehicles and persons was moving northward, but the movement did not seem that of a panic, but rather that of an orderly retreat. The guests were issuing from the Tremont and Sherman hotels. The banging of trunks was only a little more violent than usual, and the vehicles into which trunks were going showed that the exodus of guests was informal; and yet not much was said by the man with the team or the man with the trunk. The fire was raging in the business district, and its population at midnight was not great. The scene was not that of families fleeing for life, with mother calling to child and child crying for parent. The ruin was advancing in the great commercial blocks, whose clerks and business heads were perhaps miles distant from their counters and desks. It was a common event to see one or two men come down from a bank or office and unload their arms or a basket into either an express-wagon or a well-equipped carriage, and then hasten away. Where there was distrust of a vault, the valuable contents were extracted and headed for some place not yet doomed.

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One banker hailed a colored man who was moving along slowly with an express-wagon. Whether the two persons had ever met before I do not now remember, but the banker had dragged as far as down to the sidewalk a large trunk full of bills and bonds. The African and his wagon assumed the form of a special providence. A bargain was soon made. Its terms seemed liberal to Sambo. The banker simply said, "If you will see that my trunk and I are safe and secure, I will give you a thousand dollars." The two moved toward the lake, and there the acute negro drove into the water to a depth which enabled him to fight well, with all kinds of splashing, the rain of hot coals which smote wagon and trunk, driver and horse. He triumphed, and in a few hours had in his possession, in place of the usual fifty cents for carrying a trunk, the more satisfactory fee of a thousand dollars.

My advance ended at the Court House. All beyond was a furnace. Here, and a little after midnight, the fact that the city was doomed, that my home was doomed, and that tens of thousands of persons would be homeless and penniless in a few hours, was fully realized. Before me lay in one mass of fire a district nearly a mile long and fully four squares wide; and, under a wind which was almost a hurricane, this red army was advancing. At intervals, like minute-guns, came the boom of some falling wall. I turned to go home. The tumbling buildings made a solemn sound like the pulsations of a volcano, or the heavy artillery of some field of battle.

Many of those moving in the same direction were acquaintances, but few were the words from our lips. My own memory was full of all the doleful phrases and sentences which had long before come into it from classic and modern sources. Terms which had been long forgotten came back and were saying to me with Croly: "Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads." St. John came with his deep bass: "Babylon the great is fallen, fallen," while mingling with the Bible and Croly, came all those precious tears from Virgil, such as: "Once Troy stood," and "Time too great for grief," and "The end of all fortune," that "*finis fatorum*" of Anchises.

The way homeward was beset with fire. The rain of sparks had set going little groups of autumn leaves and bunches of dried grass. The bridge on which we were crossing was on fire. Here a wooden fence, there a stable, or a wooden porch was blazing. Fire and ivy were both seen winding around the same columns of a veranda. Far in advance a large building was burning, thus revealing the fact that the enemy was holding a line two and a half miles in length, and was reaching out right and left for more churches, hotels, palaces, and cottages.

From one family learn the motions of thousands of households. Trunks were packed hastily. Servants and mistress and children were one in mutual helpfulness. Each attempted to put the house into a trunk. Some were absent-minded for a moment and locked an empty drawer as though to keep the fire from getting in; one put a gold watch and money into a trunk, and then prepared to carry in hand a two-dollar clock; one turned down the gas through habits of economy; one neighbor, routed at half-past one, put on a dressing-gown and began to shave himself. It was difficult for each one to do the best thing for the occasion, but all made an earnest effort to be sensible.

In a few minutes three or four large trunks were down on the sidewalk. But why were they there? No promises, threats, or money could bring a wagon. My wife, two little daughters, and I made up a specimen group—prepared for exile. The wife carried a favorite little marble clock, one daughter carried the cat, the other daughter a canary-bird in its cage, while I held on to a hand-trunk in which were all my manuscripts up to date. There was no weeping. All who joined us or passed us seemed satisfied with the re-

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mark: "It is awful." We were dumb rather than tearful. A theological student relieved me of my box of sermons and lectures, and told me to trust those things implicitly to him. It was well that I did; for he soon found a pretty girl who was carrying a bundle of fine dresses. He threw the box of manuscripts down and enlisted in the service of attractive womanhood. Those documents never again were spread out to weary a metropolitan or rural audience. And after all the girl married a lawyer.

Few historians of the fire have done justice to the velocity of the wind. After midnight, at least, it was so violent that it was difficult to walk in its face. The tall spire of the Church of the Holy Name had just been blown down. It lay in the street as we passed, but no fire had yet kindled in the spire or the building. It was a perfect riot of wind and fire. At intervals the wind would seem to dip down from above and roll around us a hot volume of smoke, fire, and dust, such as often rolls out from the rear of an express train. For one instant only in that night did our group seem on the margin of death. When we had walked a few squares the fire seemed continuous upon three sides of us, and the open space in front seemed narrow. Suddenly a tidal wave of red flame rolled across that open place, and it rolled so long and hot that the thought came quickly: Perhaps this is death. No one of us spoke. We stood still. My own heart seemed to follow that habit hearts have of "coming up to the throat." The wind bounded up again and revealed once more an open street. We all walked rapidly or ran until we had gotten through that narrow gate.

To recall this part of the great event, the reader must remember that this was not a poor man's fire. It smote the rich and the middle class. After destroying six hundred great business houses, great churches, hotels, and theatres, it crossed the river and attacked the most fashionable homes in the North Division. The scene at four o'clock in the morning was most wonderful in this, that fine residences were open to anybody. The inmates had left them. Pictures, books, pianos, clothing, table-ware, ornaments, were alone, waiting for fire or some one to take them. It was not just to call by the name of thief the man or the woman who ran up a front step and looked around the parlor rapidly for something to transfer to basket or pocket. There were not thieves enough in the North Division to meet the demand of the night. If any there were, it was the most honest night any of them had ever lived. One citizen, having run back to his home, found a plain man coming out with his arms full of the gentleman's clothing. If the loaded man was a thief he must have been amazed at the greeting from the owner of the goods: "That is all right, my man, take anything you want, it is all yours."

The houses were full of varied articles, and the sidewalks and streets were rich in choice objects for which the owners had expected to find a wagon or a cart; great baskets full of dishes and plated ware, bookcases and books, trunks, costly pictures in rich frames, pianos, carpets, and rugs. And yet the crowd moved along among these things as it would move among stones or stumps. In many instances a costly piano, with its lid off, had caught sparks enough to be already on fire. Trunks were burning and letting silk dresses loose to cut high antics in the wind.

In the business blocks there was stealing of the meanest form. Where merchants were loading-up into trucks valuable packages of silks, laces, and velvets, there the professional criminals were active, and merchants were robbed before their own eyes, and in return for any word of remonstrance got a threat or an oath. But in the residence portion of the burning district there were not criminals enough to ransack the houses, or appropriate even the goods in the street. Many a domestic had a furnished house given her by the retreating mistress, and Bridget was queen for an hour.

The flames cut their first channel through to the lake in a few hours. This channel was then widened on both sides with more of deliberation on the part of the enemy. The houses

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which escaped the first wave had only to wait for the second rush. Coming to La Salle Avenue we found the houses still inhabited, but the inmates were debating whether they would have to retreat at nine o'clock or ten or at noon.

It was about four in the morning when our little group dropped out of the motley procession and went into the luxurious home of a near friend. Quite a number of neighbors had assembled, and the consumption of coffee and biscuit and butter was very great. The heat of the night had brought to the hands and face perspiration enough to serve as a fluid for mixing soot and dust into a paste for the complexion. The nearest friends were recognized with difficulty. Ladies thought beautiful now held a teacup in hands that were black as those of a coal-heaver, and polite "thank yous" and "if you please" came from faces which looked as though dirt had been flung into them with a shovel. And yet the coffee and biscuits were delightful. All the houses of these residence-streets were thus open to passing people, and each dining-room was transformed into a restaurant.

It must have been ten o'clock Monday morning when the flames had come so near as to make it necessary for us to move on, and for the La Salle Avenue people to join the exodus. It was not necessary to run, or even to walk rapidly. It was necessary only to work toward the open fields outside the limits of the city. At no point was there a crowd or a panic, for the fire being in the centre of the city the victims could at many points pass into the long circumference. In our line of retreat there were not more than ten thousand persons; and these were spread out through many squares, reaching out toward the west. Each wagon, each wheelbarrow, each family on foot had plenty of room. My little family impressed an abandoned hand-cart into service, and with our living and inanimate plunder placed in this little two-wheeled affair we moved along in a manner more comfortable, even if not more elegant. A man driving a fine team and having a great truck-load of valuable goods, looked down upon us with not a little air of a better consciousness, but when we informed him that his load was all ablaze in the rear of the big mountain his vanity passed away, and he hastily unhitched his horses, and left all else to become a bonfire in the street. The dresses of many women and children took fire, but there were many eyes watching, and many hands ready, so that personal injuries were rare. Late in the afternoon our group reached an open field. It had been recently plowed. It contained nothing which could be burned. It offered us the one thing most needed — rest and security. Here we encamped and sat down with faces toward a mass of smoke and fire now four or five miles in breadth.

No memory returns in more of charm than the fact that few of these homeless ones were loud in any lamentings. Families which had in a single day been reduced to poverty were glad that no child or member was missing. Many a father or mother said, "We have lost all our property, but we are all here." That eventful time was evidence complete that no educated person compares the ashes of a dwelling-house with the silent face of a dead child or a dead father or mother. In those open fields, where so many of us were to pass the night, there was one sentence which made the distant column of smoke powerless, and which would make the midnight stars seem kind, the words: *We are all here.* Great as the love of money is, civilization has built up home ties which are tenfold stronger than the chains which bind humanity to gold; and the same civilization forbids us to compare this burning of a city with those convulsions of nature which have made the living bow in grief over those loved forms hurried by death away from each household.

And yet this fire of 1871 was, to many excellent men, a financial blow from which they never recovered. To many homes where the father had passed his fiftieth or sixtieth year, the loss came too late to be retrievable. The family accepted the complete ruin, and soon dropped out of public sight.

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The city went forward, but many noble men could go forward no more. The time, the means, and the hope were gone.

In the night of Monday, on ground which had been dried by a sun that had been unrelenting in summer and autumn, on a field where no grass remained to attract a blaze, under a sky as balmy as June, we all lay or reclined and fell into a deep sleep. This sleep had been made the more possible by the news that the fire had been checked on the south and west, and had only one or two houses more to consume at the north. The great enemy was dying out at the edge of Lake Michigan. Peace came over us and we slept. At some time in the night a slight shower beat us all gently in the face. The children did not so much as wake, and the old hearts wakened only far enough to rejoice that water was coming from heaven.

When we awoke we were in a new world. The line of Byron was reversed, and we marvelled, not "that on a night so sweet such awful morn could rise," but that on a night of such ashes and poverty there could come a dawn so roseate with the world's charity. The tens of thousands of sleepers sunk away in weariness and grief, but when they awoke they saw around them a Nation full of kindness, and a great circle of states and empires all colored deeply by an undreamed of civilization.

AFTER SUNSET.

By Graham R. Tomson.

The black Downs tower to westward
A tomb for the buried sun,
The flats of the water-meadows
Are fading from green to dun.

Dark spreads the vast arena,
Swart on the yellow light,
And out of the gloom and the silence
A strange voice cries to the night.

Cries—and a strange voice answers,
Sudden, and hoarse, and slow,
Heavy with pain past telling,
The weight of a monstrous woe.

Still, as I wait and hearken,
I know not which they may be;
Voices of down and marshland,
Or the voice of my heart in me.

But I know that the cry they echo
Was old when the world was young,
The plaint of a nameless sorrow
Whose speech is an unknown tongue.

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The Home of a Thousand People.

LIFE IN NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSES

AS SEEN BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

By William T. Elsing.

FOR nearly nine years I have spent much of my time in the homes of the working people, on the East Side, in the lower part of New York City. I have been with the people in their days of joy and hours of sorrow. I have been present at their marriage, baptismal, and funeral services. I have visited the sick and dying in cold, dark cellars in midwinter, and sat by the bedside of sufferers in midsummer in the low attic room, where the heat was so intense and the perspiration flowed so abundantly that it reminded me of a Turkish bath. I have been a frequent guest in the homes of the humble. I have become the confidant of many in days of trouble and anxiety.

I shall in this article tell simply what I have heard, seen, and know. I shall endeavor to avoid giving a one-sided statement. I have noticed that nearly all those who work among the poor of our great cities fall into the natural habit of drawing too dark a picture of the real state of things. The outside world has always been more inclined to listen to weird, startling, and thrilling statements than to the more ordinary and commonplace facts. If I were to crowd into the space of one magazine article all the remarkable things which

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The Bright Side of Life in a Tenement-house.

I have heard and seen during the past nine years, I might give an absolutely truthful account and produce a sensation, and yet, after all, I should give a most misleading idea of the actual condition of the homes and the people with whom I have been so intimately associated. We must not crowd all the sad and gloomy experiences of a lifetime into a history which can be read in an hour.

What I have said applies especially to the homes of the people in the tenement-houses. An ordinary tenement-house contains five stories and a basement, four families usually occupying a floor. The halls in nearly all the houses are more or less dark, even during the brightest part of the day. In the winter, just before the gas is lighted, dungeon darkness reigns. When groping my way in the passages I usually

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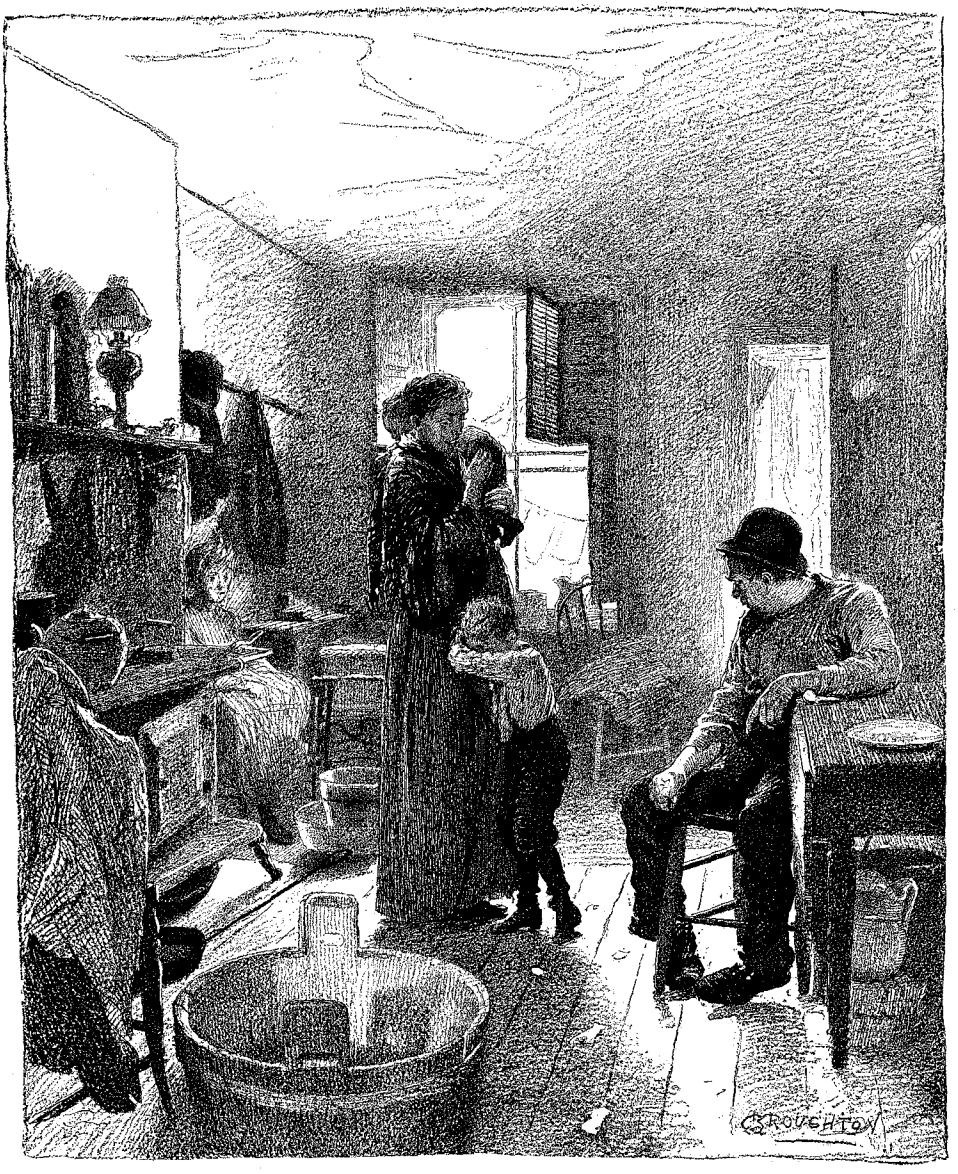

The Dark Side—under the Same Roof.

imitate the steam crafts in a thick fog and give a danger-signal when I hear someone else approaching; but even when all is silent I proceed with caution, for more than once I have stumbled against a baby who was quietly sitting in the dark hall or on the stairs. In the old-style halls there is no way of getting light and air, except from the skylight in the roof, or from the glass transoms in the doors of the apartments. In the newer houses a good supply of air comes directly from the air-shafts at the side of the hall. The new houses are not much better lighted than the old ones. The air-shafts are too narrow to convey much light to the lower floors. In the older houses the sink is frequently found in the hall, where the four tenants living on the same floor get their water. These sinks in the dark halls are a source of

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great inconvenience. A person is liable to stumble against them, and they are frequently filthy and a menace to health. In the new tenements the sink is never placed in the hall. In addition to the owner and agent, in connection with every large tenement-house, there is a housekeeper. The housekeepers are usually strong and thrifty housewives who take care of the halls and stairs, light the gas, sweep the sidewalks, and show the rooms to new applicants, and frequently receive the rent until the agent or landlord calls for it. Sometimes the housekeeper deals directly with the landlord, who comes once or twice a month to look at his property and collect the rent. The housekeeper is frequently a widow, who gets free rent in exchange for her work, and by

Pig Alley.

means of sewing or washing is able to provide food and clothing for her children. It pays the landlord to have one tenant rent free in order to have a clean house. If the house is small the housekeeper usually receives her rent at a reduced rate in exchange for her services. There is never any difficulty in getting a good housekeeper. The landlord or agent sees to it that the housekeeper does her duty and the housekeeper watches the tenants. If they soil the stairs and halls, she reminds them of the fact in no uncertain way. If a careless tenant gives unnecessary labor to the housekeeper that tenant will soon be compelled to seek other quarters. The result is that the stairs and halls in all the large tenement-houses are remarkably clean. I have visited a great number of them, and can confidently say that I have never seen the halls of a large tenement-house in as neglected and dirty a condition as the corridors of the New York Post-Office. But the moment you enter the rooms of the occupants you often step from cleanliness into filth. The influence of the housekeeper and the sight of the clean halls and stairs is to some the first lesson in cleanliness, and is not without its beneficial effects. There is a slow but constant improvement in this direction, and every year strangers from many lands are getting gradually acquainted with the use, value, and virtue of clean water.

The housekeeper is frequently wanting in the older and smaller houses, which were formerly occupied by one family, but now serve as homes for three or four. Every tenant is here expected to perform a portion of the housekeeper's duty without remuneration. These houses are sometimes extremely dirty, and the death-rate is higher than in the larger and better kept tenements.

Let us leave the hall and enter some of the homes in the larger houses. To many persons, living in a tenement-house is synonymous with living in the slums, yet nothing is further from the truth. It would be an easy matter for me to take a stranger into a dozen or more

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A New Tenement of the Better Sort—One of Many Recently Erected by Private Enterprise.

homes so poor, dirty, and wretched that he would not forget the sight for days, and he would be thoroughly convinced that a home cannot exist in a tenement-house; but I could take that same person to an equal number of homes in the same section of the city, and sometimes in the same house, which would turn him into a joyful optimist, and forever satisfy him that the state of things is not by any means as bad as it might be. To the casual observer the tenement-houses in many portions of New York present a re-

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markable degree of uniformity. The great brick buildings with their network of iron fire-escapes in front, their numerous clothes-lines running from every window in the rear, the well-worn stairs, the dark halls, the numerous odors, pleasant and otherwise, coming from a score of different kitchens presided over by housewives of various nationalities — these are all similar; but the moment you enter the rooms, however, you will find every variety of homes, many of them poor, neglected, wretched, and dirty; others clean, thrifty, and attractive; indeed, as great a variety as exists in the interior of homes in an ordinary town. There

A Grandfather Cutting Carpet-rags.

are homes where the floor is bare and dirty, the furniture broken and scanty, the table greasy, the bedlinen yellow, the air foul and heavy, the children pale, frowsy, and sticky, so that you squirm when the baby wants to kiss you; but there is also another and brighter side. There are at the same time thousands of cheerful, happy homes in the tenement-houses. The floor is frequently as clean and white as soap, water, and German muscle is able to make it. The tablecloth and bedlinen, although of coarse material, are snowy white. The stove has the brightness of a mirror, the cheap lace-curtains are the perfection of cleanliness, and the simple furniture shines with a recent polishing. There is nothing offensive about the well-washed faces of the children. A few favorite flowers are growing on the window-sill. The room contains a book-shelf with a few popular volumes. A bird-cage hangs from the ceiling; the little songster seems to feel that his music is appreciated in this tenement-kitchen, and pours forth more rich and tender notes than are ever heard in the silent chambers of the wealthy. In such homes the oft-recurring motto, "God Bless Our Home," is not an idle mockery.

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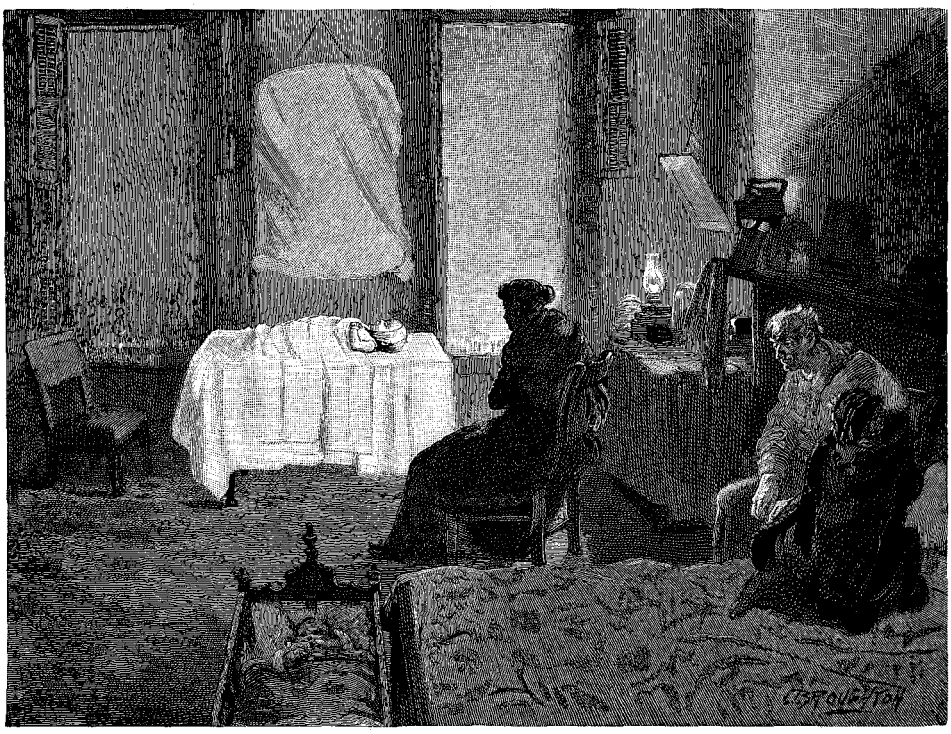

Poverty and Death.

A large number of tenement-houses in the lower portion of New York are only a little below the common up-town flat. It is often difficult to tell where the flat leaves off and the tenement begins. You get about as little air and sunshine in the one as in the other. The main difference lies in the number of rooms and the location. If some down-town tenement-houses stood up-town they would be called flats. The word *tenement* is becoming unpopular down-town, and many landlords have dubbed their great caravansaries by the more aristocratic name of "flat," and the term "rooms" has been changed to "apartments."

There are three distinct classes of homes in the tenement-houses; the cheapest and humblest of these is the attic home, which usually consists of one or two rooms, and is found only down-town. These are generally occupied by old persons. Occasionally three or four attic rooms are connected and rented to a family, but as small single rooms are sought after by lonely old people, the landlord often rents them separately. An old lady who has to earn her bread with the needle finds the attic at once the cheapest and best place for her needs. The rent of one or two unfurnished attic rooms ranges from $3 to $5 per month.

A large number of very poor people live in three rooms—a kitchen and two dark bedrooms. Where the family is large the kitchen lounge is opened and converted into a double bed at night. The rent for three rooms is generally from $8 to $12 per month.

The vast majority of respectable working people live in four rooms—a kitchen, two dark bedrooms, and a parlor. These parlors are generally provided with a bed-lounge, and are used as sleeping-rooms at night. The best room is always carpeted and often provided with upholstered chairs. The walls are generally decorated with family photographs and inexpensive pictures, and in some of them I have found a piano. These parlors compare very favorably with the best room in the house of the average farmer. The rent for four rooms is from $12 to $16 per month.

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The rent is an ever-present and unceasing source of anxiety to a great many poor people. The family is sometimes obliged to go half clothed and live on the cheapest and coarsest food in order to provide the rent money. The monthly rent is a veritable sword of Damocles. To a poor woman who dreads the coming of the landlord, the most enticing and attractive description of heaven which I have been able to give is a place where they pay no rent. The landlords are of necessity compelled to be peremptory and sometimes arbitrary in their demands. If a landlord were even a little too lenient his tenement property would certainly prove a losing investment. The apparently unreasonable harshness of many landlords is often justifiable, and the only means of securing them against loss. Generally where a good tenant is unable to pay the rent on account of sickness or lack of work the landlord is willing to extend the time a few weeks. I frequently find families who are two or three months in arrears. In the majority of cases where dispossess papers are served, the landlord does not know his tenant sufficiently well to trust him, or the tenant is unworthy of trust. Very few of those who are evicted are compelled to take to the street. In most cases sufficient money is collected from friends, neighbors, and charitable people to procure another place of shelter. Occasionally, however, all the worldly possessions of an unfortunate tenant are placed on the street. It is a pathetic sight to see a small heap of poor household stuff standing on the sidewalk guarded by the children, while the distressed mother is frantically rushing from one charitable organization to another in search of help.

A poor German woman came to me last year and informed me that her furniture was standing on the sidewalk, and she knew not what would become of her. She had with her a beautiful little girl. The child cried continually, but the mother's distress was too great for tears. She begged me in God's name to help her. I gave her but little encouragement, and dismissed her with a few kind words. She left without heaping abuse on me or cursing the church for its neglect of the poor. A little later I went to the place where she informed me her furniture was and found all her earthly goods on the sidewalk. I inquired of some of her former neighbors about her character, and on being convinced that she was a worthy woman, rented two small rooms in a rear tenement. I found some young street-corner loafers, told them about the woman, and asked them to lend a hand in getting the furniture moved. There is no man so bad that he will not do a good turn for another if you approach him properly. These young roughs went to work with a will, and when the poor woman returned from her last fruitless attempt to collect enough for a new home she found everything arranged. She was thankful and happy. I did not see her until two months later. Then she appeared in as great distress as before, and showed me a new dispossess paper. She informed me that she had failed to find work, everything had been against her, but she hoped to get on her feet if I would once more help her. I told her it was impossible for me to do anything more for her; so she thanked me for my former kindness and departed. That afternoon I heard of a lady in Orange, N. J., who wanted a house-servant and a little girl as waitress. I immediately thought of the German woman and promised if possible to send her out to Orange as soon as arrangements could be made. I was soon in the little rooms of the widow and her daughter and expected to be the bearer of joyful tidings. When I finished she looked sadly at the few scanty pieces of furniture and said:

"If I go to the country what shall I do with the stuff?"

"My good woman," I said, "the stuff is not worth fifty cents; give it to the boys to make a bonfire, and do what I tell you."

"But I have not money enough to leave the city."

I provided the fare, the boys had a glorious time around their fire, and that night, instead of sleeping in her comfortless room, the poor woman was on Orange Mountain. It would have been a losing investment for any land-

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DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON.

Evicted—on the Sidewalk.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

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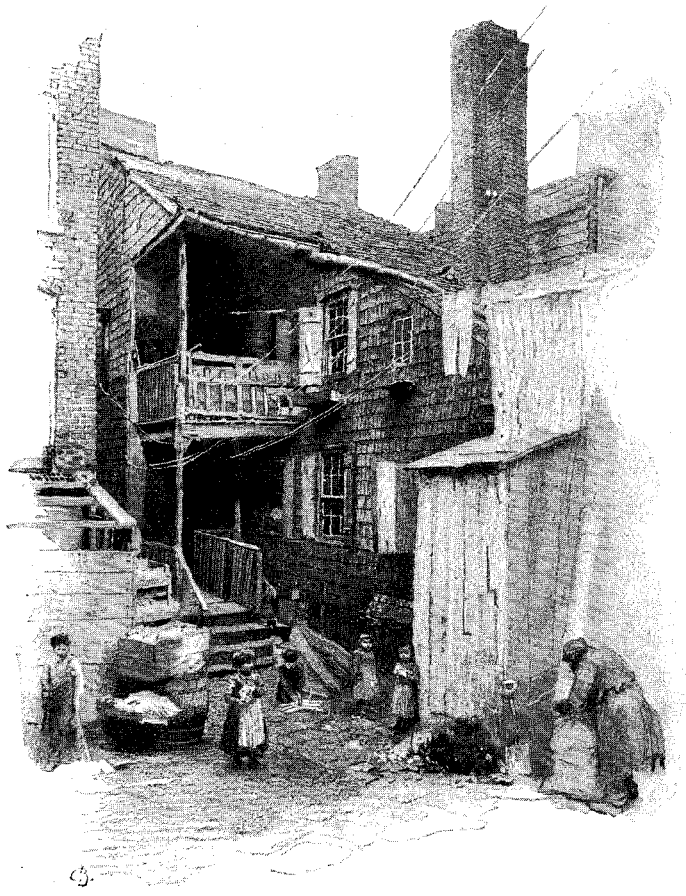
lord to have given an extension of time to that woman, and yet she was a thoroughly worthy person, as the sequel proved; her old misery and trouble were at an end. She found a good home and gave perfect satisfaction.



A Hovel in the Italian Quarter.

Many other experiences like this, and my constant association with the conditions of tenement-house life, have, of course, led me to certain conclusions as to the best remedies, which I shall reserve for specific mention in the latter part of this article.

The population of the tenement-houses in lower New York is continually changing. There is a constant graduation of the better element. As soon as the circumstances of the people improve they want better homes. A foreigner who took up his abode in a tenement-house fifteen or twenty years ago may be perfectly contented with his surroundings, but when his children grow up and earn good wages they are not satisfied with a tenement-house, and give the old people no peace until a new home is found. Sometimes a man who has led a bad life reforms and immediately seeks a better home for his wife and children. I know several men who were at one time low and degraded drunkards, who would have been satisfied with a pig-sty, who had torn the clothes from their children's backs, the blankets from their beds, and taken them to the pawn-shop to get money for drink; but through the good influences that were thrown around them, the wise counsel of friends, and the

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saving power of the gospel they became changed men. Their circumstances began to improve, the children were provided with clothes, one piece of furniture after another was brought into the empty rooms, until the place began to look like a home again. These men were charmed with the new life. Home became so dear a place that they are willing to travel an hour each morning and evening in order to make it still more attractive. They began to see the disadvantages of life in a tenement and found a new home on Long Island or in New Jersey.

This constant sifting of the best elements makes religious and philanthropic work in lower New York exceedingly difficult and apparently unfruitful, but none the less encouraging and necessary. The fact that the people leave the tenements in search of better homes is the best proof that a good work is being accomplished. A few months ago we celebrated the tenth anniversary of the dedication of one of our city mission churches. There were six hundred present, and out of this number there were only twenty-four who were at the dedication ten years

The Monroe Model Tenement.

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before. While the better class is being constantly sifted out of the tenements, a steady stream of new-comers flows in to take their places.

Successive waves of population follow each other in rapid succession. It is often impossible to tell what the character of the population will be in the next ten years. In 1830 the agents of the New York City Mission visited 34,542 families. Among this number there were only 264 who desired foreign tracts, showing that the population was then almost exclusively American or English-speaking. Now the English language is rarely heard in some of the lower parts of New York, except by the children. That section of the city between the Bowery and East River, Grand and Houston Streets, has been successively occupied by Americans, Irish, Germans, and is now fast coming into the possession of Russian and Polish Jews. The Jewish invasion has been remarkably rapid. Eight years ago I used to see occasionally a Jewish face on the streets or a Jewish sign over the stores. Now the streets swarm with them.

I recently made a careful canvass of a typical block and found 300 families composed of 1,424 individuals. The nationalities of the families were as follows: 244 German, 16 Irish, 11 American, 13 Hungarian, 6 Polish, 4 Russian, 2 Bohemian, 1 English, 1 Dutch, and 2 Chinese. Among the 244 German families there were 192 Jews, 38 Protestants, and 14 Roman Catholics. The German Jews are the most highly respected, and on this account many call themselves German who are in reality Russian or Polish Jews. These 300 heads of families are engaged in 72 different trades, occupations, and professions. There are 73 tailors, 17 cigarmakers, 17 storekeepers, 12 pedlars, 11 painters, 9 butchers, and 9 shoemakers in the block. The remaining 65 trades and professions are represented by 148 different persons. Thirty of the heads of families are Roman Catholics, 47 Protestants, and 221 Jews, and 2 have no religion. The Jews do not as a rule mingle to any great extent with the Christians. When they come in large numbers into a street, the Christians gradually withdraw, and the neighborhood finally becomes a Jewish quarter. There are streets in New York where it is a rare thing to find a Christian family.

During the transition period, when a locality is neither Christian nor Jewish, an interesting state of things prevails—a Jewish family, a Roman Catholic family, a pious Protestant family, and a heathen family, as far as religion is concerned, frequently live on the same floor. Suffering appeals to our common humanity. In trouble and sickness these neighbors render each other assistance and often become warm friends. I have seen a Jewish woman watching anxiously by the bedside of a dying Christian. A Roman Catholic or Jewish woman will often stand as godmother at the baptism of a Protestant child. A pretty, black-eyed Jewess occasionally captures the heart of a young Roman Catholic or Protestant, and they have come to me to perform the marriage service. Persons of various nations and religious beliefs are sometimes present at a tenement-house funeral. Bigotry and national prejudice are gradually broken down and the much-abused tenement becomes a means of promoting the brotherhood of man and the union of Christendom. You may hear daily from the lips of devout Roman Catholics and Jews such words as these: "We belong to a different religion, but we have the same God and hope to go to the same heaven." Such confessions are not often heard in small towns and country districts, but they are frequent in the tenement-houses.

The Jews, who in all ages have been noted for their exclusiveness, are affected by this contact with Christians in the tenement-house. In DeWitt Memorial Church, with which I am connected, an audience of three or four hundred Jews assembles every week to hear Christian instruction. From the standpoint of social science such a gathering every week for the past eighteen months is significant. The Jew in every land has preserved his identity. Persecution has isolated him; when he has been most hated he has flourished, when he has been despised

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An Invalid Supporting His Family by Making Lace.

he has prospered. Like the symbolic burning bush, the fires of persecution have not destroyed him. It remains to be seen whether he will preserve his identity in this country, where, as a citizen, he enjoys equal rights, and where the doors of the public school and the Christian church stand open to Jew and Gentile alike.

Whatever may be the nationality of the parents the children are always thorough Americans. The blond-haired, blue-eyed German children; the black-haired, dark-eyed Italians; the little Jews, both dark and blonde, from many lands, are all equally proud of being Americans. A patriotic Irishman gave a beautiful edition of "Picturesque Ireland" to one of the boys in my Sunday-school. The lad looked disappointed. His father asked him why he was not pleased with the present. He answered: "I want a history of the United States." We have a circulating library, patronized almost exclusively by foreigners. The librarian informs me that four boys out of every five call for United States histories.

The most powerful influence at work among the tenement-house population is the public school. Every public school is a great moral lighthouse, and stands for obedience, cleanliness, morality, and patriotism, as well as mental training. When the little children be-

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gin to attend the schools their hands and faces are inspected, and if they are not up to the standard, they are sent home for a washing. A boy who is especially dirty is sometimes sent down-stairs with the cleanest boy in school, and told to wash himself until he looks as well as his companion. Such lessons are not soon forgotten, and the result is the public-school children in lower New York present a very respectable appearance. The fresh-air excursions, with many other benefits, promote cleanliness. The heads of the children must be examined before they can enjoy a trip into the country. There is no more beautiful and beneficent charity than this fresh-air work.* In two or three weeks the pale-faced children return to the crowded city with renewed health and with larger and better views of life. I know boys who became so enraptured with green fields, running brooks, waving grain, and life on the farm that they have fully resolved to leave the city when they become men. One little fellow was so anxious to become a farmer that he ran away because his parents would not permit him to leave home.

The fresh-air work usually closes in October, but the young ladies connected with the "College Settlement" have added a new feature, which will commend itself to everyone who is acquainted with the condition of life around us. Every Saturday afternoon during the winter two of the ladies take

The Poor Helping the Poor—Distributing Thanksgiving Dinners.

* See The Story of the Fresh-air Fund in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1891.

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a small party of children to their summer home. Saturday evening is spent in playing various games, or enjoying

A Missionary Workshop—De Witt Memorial Church (non-sectarian).

a candy-pull, and having a general good time. On Sunday the children attend the country church, and Sunday evening, seated before a blazing open fire, a good book is read, or the ladies in charge give some practical talk to the children. On Monday the little party returns to the city and the house is locked until the following Saturday. Such a visit to the country will be indelibly impressed upon these children.

You cannot do people very much good at long range. Hand-picked fruit is the best.

Last summer I took a party of boys from my mission church to Northfield, Mass., and attended Mr. Moody's students' conference. We pitched our tents in the forest, cooked our own food, and sang college songs around our camp-fire at night. In ten days I became thoroughly acquainted with the boys, and was able to help them in many ways. I believe if every minister, priest, rabbi, and Sunday-school superintend-

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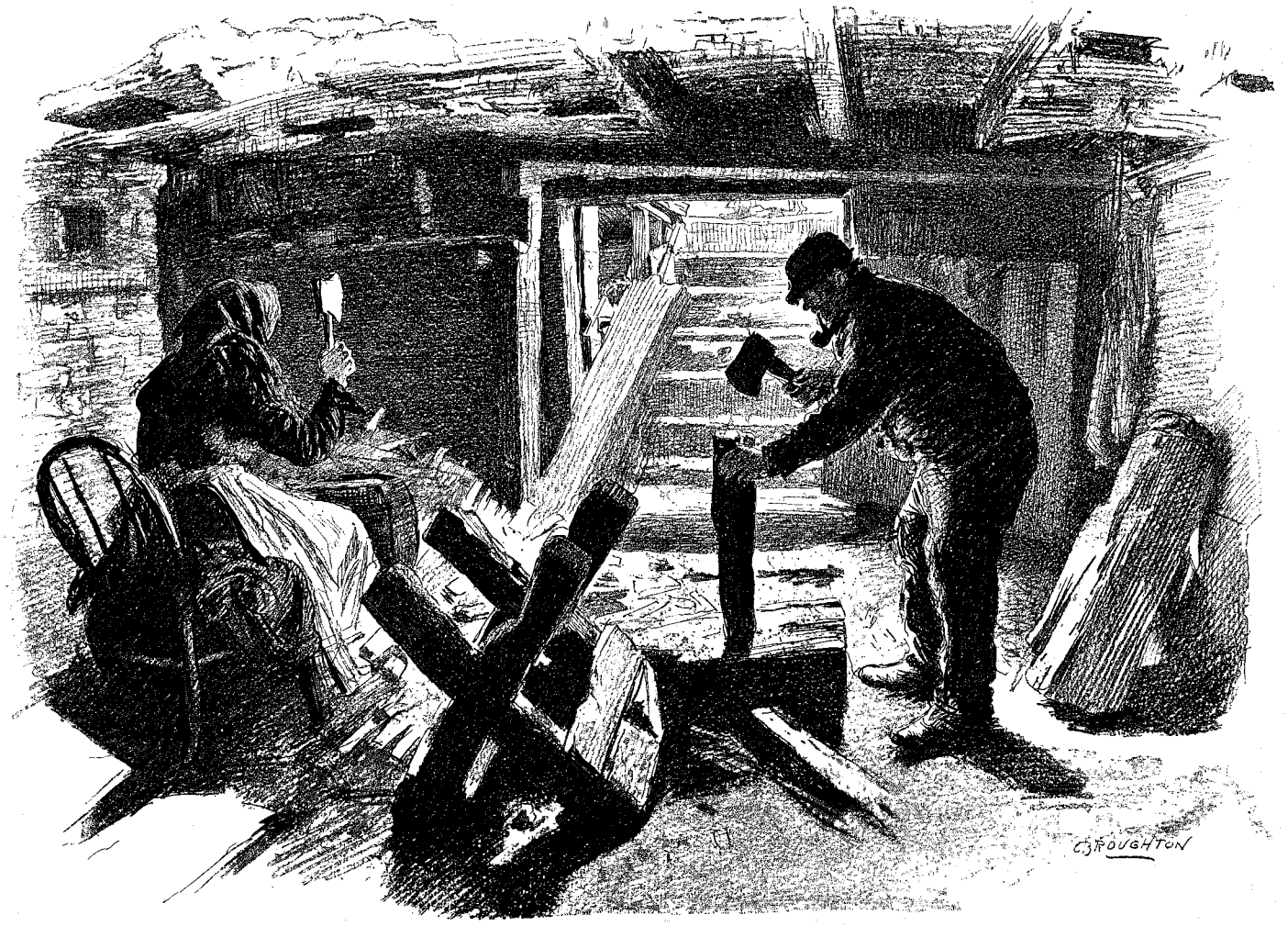

DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON.

Both over Seventy. "Wood for Sale."

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ent would select eight or ten young men and spend two weeks with them under canvas by the side of a mountain-lake or trout-stream, more good might be done in permanently influencing their lives than by many weeks of eloquent preaching.

To keep the boys off the streets, and to train them to habits of cleanliness, obedience, and manliness, military companies have been formed in several of our down-town Sunday-schools. It is astonishing how well a number of wild boys will go through military tactics after a few months' drilling. The hope of our great cities lies in the children of the poor. If we can influence them to become upright, honorable men and women, we shall not only save them, but produce the most powerful lever for lifting up those of the same class who are sinking. I know scores of children and young people who are far better than their parents. Some of the noblest young men I have ever known have worthless, drunken parents. Some of the most beautiful flowers grow in mud-ponds, and some of the truest and best young women in our city come from homes devoid of good influences; but in all such cases uplifting outside help has moulded their characters.

While the people in tenement-houses are compelled to sleep in rooms where the sunlight never enters, and suffer many discomforts from overcrowding, especially in summer, there are certain compensations which must not be overlooked. The poor in large cities who have steady work are, as a rule, better fed and clothed than the same class in rural districts. Fresh vegetables, raised in hot-houses, or sent from Southern markets, are sold throughout the winter at reasonable prices, and in the early spring strawberries and various other fruits are for sale on the streets in the tenement district long before they reach the country towns and villages. In the poorest quarter of the city you find the so-called "delicatessen" shops, where the choicest groceries, preserves, and canned meats are sold. The clothing, too, worn by the young people is stylish and sometimes expensive; anyone who walks through these districts will be astonished at the number of well-dressed young people. A young woman who earns from $6 to $8 a week will often be dressed in silk or satin, made according to the fashion. The teeth, finger-nails, and shoes are often the only signs of her poverty. When visiting a stylish young woman's plain mother, I have sometimes seen all the finery in which the daughter appeared at church on Sunday hanging on the wall of a bare, comfortless bedroom not much larger than a good-sized closet.

The tenement-house people are not all thriftless, as the records of the down-town savings-banks clearly prove. Seven hundred out of every thousand depositors in one of the banks on the Bowery live in tenement-houses, and if it were not for tenement-house depositors several of our down-town savings-banks would be compelled to give up business. An abundance of cruel and bitter poverty, however, can always be found. The "submerged tenth" is ever present.

A widow, for instance, with three or four young children who is obliged to earn her bread by sewing, is in a most pitiable and terrible position. Hundreds of such weary mothers continue their work far into the night, with smarting eyes, aching backs, and breaking hearts. There is nothing which makes a man who has any feeling for the suffering of his fellows so dissatisfied with our present social system as the sight of such a poor woman sewing shirts and overalls for twenty-nine cents a dozen. There are good people in all our large cities who live just above the starving point. The average earnings of the unskilled laborers with whom I am acquainted is not over $10 per week. When a man is obliged to spend one-fourth of this for rent, and feed and clothe his family on the remainder, it is impossible to lay by anything for a rainy day. When the father is out of work for a considerable time, or when sickness or death enter the home, distress, hunger, and an urgent landlord stare him in the face.

It is easy for those who have never felt it to overlook the constant strain

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of poverty and the irritation which it causes in families which in circumstances of ordinary comfort would be contented. In such cases particularly can great good be accomplished by a visit from some clear-sighted and sympathetic person.

Recently I was invited to act as referee between a husband and wife. There were three little children and a grandmother in the family. The man worked in a cigar-box factory; business was slack and he was employed only half time. His average weekly earnings were $5. They had a debt of $11 at a grocery-store and another of $35 at an undertaker's shop. I know the family; both husband and wife are honest, sober, and industrious people. The wife wanted to break up housekeeping; the husband was opposed to this plan, and they had agreed to abide by my decision. I examined each one separately. I began with the husband and said:

"When a physician prescribes a remedy he must first know the disease. I want you, therefore, to tell me plainly why your wife wants to break up the home. There may be good reasons why her plan should be adopted. If you two cannot possibly agree, and are fighting like cats and dogs, then I may be in favor of breaking up. Tell me just how the matter stands."

He informed me that he and his wife had always lived in perfect peace. They never had any trouble except poverty. The wife had become completely discouraged, and the only way she saw out of the difficulty was to put the children into an orphan asylum and go out as a house-servant until she could earn enough to clear off the debt, after which she hoped to get her home together again. The wife and grandmother gave me the same account. The perpetual strain of poverty was the only reason for breaking up the home. For the sake of the three little children I decided that the home must not be broken up and promised to see that the debt at the grocery-store was wiped out and the family clothing was taken out of the pawn-shop. The grandmother was so pleased with the decision that she determined to become a servant and begged me to find a place for her.

In our large cities there is too much isolation between the rich and the poor. The charitable societies are often the only link between them. If the mother of every well-to-do home in our large cities would regularly visit, once a month, a needy family, a vast amount of good would be accomplished among the worthy poor, and distress would be unknown. Human nature is too selfish for such a happy state of things ever to be realized, but it is possible to bring the givers and receivers of charity closer together than they are. If some of the wealthier ladies who now give a few dollars each year to the charitable societies would seek through these societies to come into direct personal contact with the recipients of their charity, they would experience a deeper happiness and fully realize the blessedness of giving. Business men are too much occupied to make a monthly visit to the tenement-houses, but if their wives and daughters would undertake this work a new day would dawn for many a poor, heartbroken mother who is now hopeless and longing for death to end her misery. We are frequently asked, "Is it safe for a lady to visit these great tenement-houses?" We answer unhesitatingly, perfectly safe. The young ladies connected with the City Mission go unmolested into the darkest portions of New York. The first visit to a tenement-house might be made in the company of a city missionary, after which the most timid could go alone.

Nothing is easier than to make paupers out of the poor. Great discretion must be exercised, but the Charity Organization Society, the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the City Mission, the Children's Aid Society, and other equally worthy institutions are ever ready to give direction to individuals who desire to do personal work. A few persons have through the City Mission come into personal contact with the poor, and the results are most gratifying.

While in a small town the distress of the poor is easily made known through friends and neighbors or the clergyman, in our large cities the most deserving are often overlooked and suffer most intensely; and it is these

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cases which are reached by personal visitation. The worthy poor are generally the silent poor. Their sufferings must be extreme before they make their wants known. There are many poor, upright, God-fearing old people who struggle against fearful odds to keep body and soul together, and yet they drift daily toward the almshouse on Blackwell's Island, the last and most dreaded halting place on the way to Potter's Field. I have nothing to say against the administration of the almshouse or the treatment of its inmates, but I do not wonder that old men and women who have led a good moral life would rather die than be stranded on the island and take up their abode among the broken wrecks of humanity which fill that institution.

It is very unwise to give aid without a thorough investigation. Not long ago a Polish Jew asked me the way to a certain street. I directed him, and he said: "Dear sir, I am in great distress; my furniture is standing on the sidewalk in Essex Street, and my children are watching the stuff, while I am trying to collect a little money to get another place." He drew from his pocket a few coppers, and asked me to add my gift. I said: "I do not know you, and I am acquainted with a great many poor people whom I would like to help, but I have not the means; how, then, can you expect any help from me?" Two streams burst from his eyes. The big tears rained down his beard and coat. "It is hard," he said, and bowed his head, buried his face in a red handkerchief, wiped off the tears, and passed on. I crossed the street. The tears of that sad man touched me. I turned, ran after him, and said: "Where is the stuff?" "In Essex Street." "What have you?" "A table, bureau, bed, and looking-glass," he replied. "Have you nothing small that I can take with me and loan you money on?" He pointed to his well-worn greasy coat, and said: "I have this." "Show me the stuff," I said. We walked together, and I endeavored to carry on a conversation with the stranger in German, for he was ignorant of English, but suddenly he seemed to have lost all knowledge of the German tongue in which he had before addressed me, and was perfectly dumb. When we reached Ridge Street he finally spoke, and asked me to wait for him a moment while he went to see a friend. I said: "Look here, I want you to take me to the stuff immediately." He looked amazed and said: "What have I to do with you?" "A good deal," I replied; "you either take me to the stuff or I take you to the police station." "Do you think I am a liar?" I said: "You must take me to the stuff or you are a liar." "Come," he said, "I will take you to the stuff." It was wonderful to see how that old man, who had moved so slowly before, walked through the crowded streets. I had all I could do to keep up with him. We soon reached Essex Street. It was Friday afternoon and Essex Street was in all its glory—old clothes, decayed meat, pungent fish, and stale fruit abounded. The Ghetto in Rome and the Jewish quarters in London and Amsterdam are nothing compared with Essex Street. At one place it was almost impossible to get through the crowd, and I left the sidewalk and took the street. In a moment my new acquaintance disappeared, and I have not seen him since. I have no doubt this man and many others like him are making a good deal of money by playing on the sympathies of poor people.

I have made it a rule never to give a homeless man money, but when his breath does not smell of whiskey I give him my card containing the name and address of a lodging-house. The card must be used the same day it is given. As some of those who ask for a lodging never use the cards, my bill is always less than the number of cards given out. One night a man told me he was tired of his bad life and he wanted to become a better man. I spoke a few encouraging words to him and was about to dismiss him, when he told me he was sick and needed just five cents to get a dose of salts. I took him at his word and immediately sent for the drug and made him take it on the spot. It is needless to say that he never troubled me again.

There remain many cases where charity is of no avail. Where poverty

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is caused by crime, no relief can come except by breaking up the home. Not long since I was called to take charge of the funeral of a little child. I groped my way up the creaking, filthy stairs of a small, old-fashioned rear tenement. I knocked, but heard no response; I pushed the door open, but found no one in the room, yet this was the place—"Rear, top floor, left door." I made no mistake. I entered the room and found a dead baby wrapped in an old towel lying on a table. I learned from the neighbors that the father and mother had been out collecting money to bury the child and had both become beastly drunk. I returned to the dead child, read the burial service, and thanked God that the little one was out of its misery. A little later a man came and took the body to Potter's Field. The parents had buried (it would be more accurate to say starved to death) six children before they were two years old. Very little can be done for such people. Cumulative sentences ought to be imposed upon them each time they are arrested for drunkenness, so that prison-bars may prevent them from bringing the little sufferers into the world.

A great deal is done by the various charitable societies for the relief of distress, but as far as my observation goes the most effective charitable work is done by the poor themselves. Thousands of dollars are given away in the tenement districts every year by the inhabitants of the tenements, of which no charitable society makes a record. I have never related a peculiarly distressing case of poverty to a poor person but there was a ready response, and out of their own poverty the poor have ministered to those who were in need of relief. The children of our City Mission school, who come from the tenement-houses, contributed last Thanksgiving-Day $80 for the poor in our immediate neighborhood. A club of fifty small boys and girls saved their pennies and bought thirty-five Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, consisting of chickens, potatoes, beans, turnips, and cabbages. The original plan was to have a head of cabbage go with each chicken, but the money gave out; this did not in any way disconcert the children, for they quickly solved the difficulty by cutting a cabbage into four parts, and putting a quarter into each bag. The children worked from 7.30 to 11 P.M. distributing the provisions. The members of this club visit the hospitals, sing to the patients, and furnish them with reading matter. During the past ten months they have distributed 27,901 booklets and illustrated papers. Last summer the children noticed that the flies troubled the sick people and there were no fans in some of the hospitals. They saved their pennies, which in most cases would have gone to the candy-store, and bought a lot of palm-leaf fans at a wholesale house. They bound the fans with variously colored ribbons and decorated them with scripture texts appropriate to the sick, and on Sunday afternoon presented them to the delighted patients. The poor give that which costs them something, and their joy is correspondingly greater. That the most spontaneous and beautiful charity flourishes in the tenement-houses will undoubtedly be a surprise to many, but it is a fact well known to all who have any large acquaintance with the poor in our great cities.

It is equally true that there is more virtue in tenement localities than is commonly supposed. Darkness and sin have much in common. The dark halls and crowded homes are not favorable to virtue, but nevertheless virtue is the rule and vice the exception. The people who live in tenement-houses are not fastidious about rules of etiquette and propriety. Young women sometimes allow young men to address them and caress them in a manner which would offend well-bred people, and yet these girls would indignantly resent any liberties which they consider dishonoring. Young people occasionally desire to be married secretly, and timidly ask if it is not possible for me to date back the wedding certificate three or four months; such cases, however, are not common. There are many hasty marriages where the consent of the parents has not been obtained; these sometimes end in a speedy separation. Young

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girls occasionally come to me accompanied by young men half drunk and ask me to perform the marriage ceremony. There are self-styled clergymen who put up conspicuous signs advertising the fact that they make a business of uniting young people in marriage. These hungry sharks are ever ready to give their services for one or two dollars, thus plunging thoughtless young people into misery. I have succeeded in breaking up matches which I knew would have brought certain ruin to the parties concerned. I always refuse to marry a young couple when I am not permitted to consult the parents before performing the ceremony. If a law were passed making it obligatory on young people to get a license from the civil courts before a clergyman could perform the marriage, some unfortunate marriages would be prevented. A few hours of sober reflection would bring both parties to their senses.

The young people in our cities are extravagant. Very few of them save anything. Many of them put all they earn on their backs, and sometimes have not enough to pay the wedding fee, and all the furniture for the new home has been bought on the instalment plan. When the young husband is sober and industrious the married life generally moves on smoothly. It frequently happens, however, that from the day of her marriage a girl begins to fade like a flower. In three or four years a bright young girl will degenerate into a careworn, ill-tempered, slovenly middle-aged woman, surrounded by two or three pale, ragged, ungoverned children. She spent her girlhood in a store or shop, and was never initiated into the art of housekeeping. Her husband finds the saloon a far more comfortable place than his home. When industrial training shall have been introduced into every public school and the girls get a thorough training in housekeeping we may look for improvement in the home life of the poor in our cities. The cooking classes in connection with the girls' clubs, the Young Women's Christian Association, and those opened in some of the City Mission churches are doing excellent service in training young women to assume the responsibilities of home-makers.

The influence of the church on the tenement population is not as great as it probably will be in the near future. The strongest churches have followed their constituents and moved up-town; those which remained have languished, and in some cases have been compelled to close for want of active support. A new era has dawned. All religious denominations are interested in the churchless masses. New churches and chapels are being erected down-town, and there is a strong feeling in every quarter that the old stations must be maintained. The wisest men fully recognize the fact that if the churches among the tenement population are to do efficient work they must be well manned, richly endowed, and run at high pressure all through the year. Wherever church work has been pursued on these lines the results have been most gratifying. The workingmen, although not hostile, are generally extremely indifferent to religion. They are concerned about food, clothing, and a place of shelter for the present, and trouble themselves but little about the future. The fact that the church is beginning to take an active interest in the temporal welfare of the working people is already producing beneficial results.

The daily press exerts as great an influence over the parents as the public school does over the children. The workingmen in the tenement-houses constantly read the newspapers, and they read almost nothing else. What we need is not more learned lectureship foundations on the evidences of Christianity, but endowments to secure a large number of short, concise, popular prize essays on moral and religious subjects, especially adapted in language and style to the working people. If these prize essays were published in the Sunday papers they would be read by tens of thousands of workingmen, and be a most powerful means of doing good.

There are a great many things which might be done to improve the condi-

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tions of the poor, but most of the schemes proposed are altogether impracticable. If we could make the poor sober and industrious, and the rich unselfish and generous, poverty would soon disappear; unfortunately we can do neither. We must take the world as we find it, and employ the best means to reach the desired end. I have seen a great deal of wretchedness and poverty in lower New York, and for some of these evils I can offer no remedy; but if the following suggestions could be carried out I believe something would be done toward improving "darkest New York:"

First.—There is nothing the inhabitants of the tenement-houses need so much as more room, sunshine, and fresh air. At present the sun never shines in the bedrooms of three-quarters of the people of New York City. In some parts of our city the population is nearly twice as dense as in the most crowded part of London. Nowhere on the wide earth are human beings so crowded as in the tenement districts. The suffering in July and August is often intense. The bedrooms become unbearable, and the roofs, fire-escapes, and empty wagons are used as sleeping places. Thousands of little children do not see green grass during the entire summer; they are virtually prisoners in their own homes. The only true remedy can come in a complete system of cheap rapid transit. If the happy day ever comes when a poor man can be carried to the green fields of Long Island, New Jersey, or Westchester County for five cents, then a wonderful change will take place. It is commonly supposed that the poor enjoy herding together like dumb brutes on a cattle train, but nothing is further from the truth. The only reason why so many people put up with the numerous inconveniences of a tenement-house is simply that stern necessity compels them to live in this way. At the present time, with all the inconveniencies of travel, many persons are leaving tenement-houses and seeking better homes in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and upper New York. If the North and East Rivers were spanned with railroad bridges, so that in twenty minutes a workingman might be ten miles distant from the factory or store, there would be a great exodus from the tenement-houses, and many places now used as homes would be turned into shops and warehouses.

Second.—A great blessing would be conferred on the crowded multitudes of the East Side if the long-promised and eagerly-desired small parks were opened. There are stone, coal, and lumber yards on the river-front on the East Side which would make attractive breathing spots for the children of the poor. If the Park Commissioners would bestir themselves, and with all possible haste provide the children of the poor with small parks and play-grounds they would confer an inestimable blessing upon the city.

Third.—Great improvements have been made in the construction and sanitary arrangements of tenement-houses, but still more must be done in the same direction. There are scores of horrible, pestilential rat-holes which are utterly unfit for human habitation. All such places ought to be condemned, and the Board of Health must be backed up by public sentiment in its endeavor to root out these plague-spots. Our city lots are not of the proper size to erect the large rectangular European tenements with a court in the centre, from which light and air can be conveyed into every room. A few such model tenements, however, have been built by associations of philanthropists and private individuals. More of these model tenements are needed. They will bring down the exorbitantly high rents which are now exacted from the poorest people. The model tenement will confer a great boon upon large families. It is often exceedingly difficult for a man who has seven or eight children to get rooms in the better class houses. The first question asked is, "How many children have you?" I know families who have been compelled to pay a high rent for poor accommodations on account of the large number of children. A poor woman searched all day for rooms; wherever she saw a place that suited her the old question, "How many children have you?" was asked, and she was obliged to look else-

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where. One morning she sent all her children to Greenwood Cemetery, put on a black dress, and began the search of rooms. When she had found a suitable place the landlord asked, "How many children have you?" "Six," answered the woman, sadly; "but they are all in Greenwood." The landlord was satisfied that the children would do his place no harm. The woman paid a month's rent and took possession. There was a scene at night, but during the month the woman proved to be such a good tenant that she was allowed to remain permanently.

Fourth.—The saloon is the poor man's club, and flourishes most vigorously in the poorest sections of the city. Instead of denouncing the saloon on account of the numerous evils it afflicts on the poor, something better must be supplied to take its place. "Home is the sacred refuge of our life," but notwithstanding all that poets have sung and moralists have spoken, many workingmen are perfectly convinced that two dark bedrooms and a kitchen is not an attractive place in which to spend a pleasant evening with a friend. The saloon is the only substitute. When Orpheus passed by the cave of the siren he took his lyre and made such wondrous melody that sailors, enraptured by the music, spurned the seductive strains that were wafted from the dangerous cave. The fable has its application—give the workingmen something they will like as well as the saloon and you will strike at the root of the evil. There are excellent places, like Cooper Union and the Young Men's Institute; but these institutions cannot expect to draw those who live one or two miles away in another part of the city. If the workingmen were fully alive to the advantages afforded them they would undoubtedly be willing to walk a long distance, but the majority of them have no ambition to improve themselves. They spend their evenings in the saloons because they are always within easy reach and form agreeable meeting-places. It is absurd to denounce the saloon in unqualified terms. The multitudes who patronize them are not all absolute fools. Many simply seek to satisfy the craving after fellowship which the Creator has implanted in their natures. The saloons are well-lighted, conveniently-located social clubs, provided in some cases with a pleasant reading-room, and always with obliging proprietors. Wise men are beginning to see that a substitute must be supplied to take the place of the saloon which shall retain all its good features and simply discard its evil elements. The churches of various denominations are taking a deep interest in providing attractive, well-lighted reading and club-rooms for the workingmen in our large cities. A great and beneficent work might be done by the Board of Educaton if free reading-rooms and libraries were opened in connection with every public school in the crowded portions of the city.

Fifth.—Good old John Wesley said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" but bathing in tenement-houses is exceedingly difficult and sometimes impossible. On pleasant days, when vast numbers of young men prefer the street-corner to the saloon, I have often stopped among a group of young fellows and said: "Boys, suppose a first-class swimming-bath were opened somewhere in this neighborhood, where you could for five or ten cents dive from a spring-board and plunge into a tank 50 feet wide and 100 feet long, full of warm, clean water, would you patronize such a place?" and the spontaneous and united answer always is: "You bet your life we would." I am fully convinced that if a first-class natatorium, with reading-rooms, library, and restaurant attached, was opened in some crowded district, the result would surpass all expectation. The baths have been remarkably successful in London. In one of these institutions over two hundred thousand baths were taken in a single year, and the receipts were more than $3,000 over the expenditures. Every humanitarian effort which is successful across the ocean does not succeed here, but from the sights which I witness every summer, when hundreds of young men plunge from the docks, lumber-yards, and shipping, at the risk of being arrested and having their clothes stolen, I am convinced that a swimming-bath would at once become

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immensely popular. The old Romans were wise in this respect. One of their great baths in our modern cities would be an effective means of aiding all forms of good work.

At the Christian conference held in Chickering Hall, in 1888, I endeavored to impress upon the audience the need of public baths. The good work begun at that time by the City Mission has been completed by the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The first bath was opened last August, and the results are most satisfactory. Sixteen thousand baths have been taken in one hundred and fifteen days. One day in the latter part of August there were six hundred and sixty-nine bathers.

Sixth.—There is a great need of a universal loan association. The poor, as well as the rich, are frequently compelled to borrow money. Unfortunately the poor cannot get it at five or six per cent. There is no bank in the city which will loan a poor man money and take his old clothes, his wife's wedding-ring, or some little household treasure as security. Yet the poor man is forced to borrow. He has been out of work a few weeks. The landlord will come to-morrow. The children are hungry and call loudly for bread. In the dark bedroom lies a child with a burning fever. A physician has been to see the child. He is a kind-hearted man, he knows the hardships of the poor and does not expect his fee to-day; but of course the father cannot be expected to pay for the prescription he has just written. How shall the man get bread for those hungry children and medicine for this one who is sick? They have one last resort left—the household idols must be sacrificed. All the valuables are brought together. These little rings and lockets, and the silver cup which a proud uncle presented to the first baby boy; the father's overcoat and Sunday suit, with the mother's best dress, are all needed to make up the $10 for the landlord, and to get food and medicine for the children. The pawnbroker is ready to devour everything which has any value. The pawn-tickets are carefully put away, and the parents confidently hope that they will soon be able to redeem the things they have "put away." They redeem them at three per cent. a month, or else they finally lose them, not having received more than one-fifth of the actual value of the articles. I sent a boy to an East Side pawn-shop with a gold watch, the original cost of which was $150; its actual present value was certainly not less than $40. The boy received $5, and this was as much as he could get. I redeemed the watch the next day, much to the disgust of the pawnbroker. It would prove a great blessing to many people in distress if the Charity Organization Society, or the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, would open a general loan association. Two or three rooms in the United Charities Building, now in course of erection on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, would be well suited for this purpose. I fear, however, that no charitable society will undertake this work, from the mistaken idea many people have that such an institution would foster thriftless habits among the poor. Such persons forget that it is not a question of pawn-shops or no pawn-shops, but whether we shall have one large, reputable loan association, where the poor man's clothing and jewelry shall be as good as the rich man's real estate at a banking-house, or a vast number of little pawn-shops — those whirlpools in which the valuables of many poor families are swallowed. Thieves who want to get rid of stolen property, and thriftless drunkards who go to the pawnbroker to dispose permanently of their property at the highest prices, will continue to visit the pawn-shop; but persons who need a temporary loan to help them through a period of enforced idleness or sickness would be greatly benefited by a wisely managed loan association.

Seventh.—There is great need of trained nurses for the sick. Hundreds of mothers who are obliged to care for their homes during the day, are sitting at night by the bedside of sick children. If the sickness is of a temporary nature these periods of broken rest and double duty are passed without disaster. It frequently happens, however, that two

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or three children are sick at the same time. The mother is compelled to work night and day until nature gives way and she breaks down under the strain. Sickness brings increased expenses, therefore it is impossible for the husband to stay at home to take care of his family. If he does not work there will be no money next week for food, rent, and medicine. When the physician tells him that the end is near for wife or child, then he gives up his work. I have visited homes where I found the mother and all the children sick, and if it had not been for the occasional visit of a neighbor there would have been no one to give a cup of water to the sick or dying. Into such homes the trained nurse comes like a ministering angel. She lights a fire in the cold stove, bathes the sick, provides clean bedding, dresses the little children, puts in order the rooms, and when the place looks like home again, she takes from her basket some beef-tea, a little jelly, or some other tempting morsel for the sick. The mother, who has been lying hopeless in the dark bedroom, begins to revive, and watches with deep interest the ministering stranger, and with wet eyes says: "God bless you and reward you for what you have done this day." The nurse not only aids the sick, but is able by her counsel to help the mother when she has recovered. The friendly talks on housekeeping and the care of the children are often of the greatest value. The nurse also forms the connecting link between the hospitals and the invalids hidden away in the tenement-houses, many of whom would have been left to rot and finally to die on their filthy beds if the nurses had not found them and sent them to the hospital. The nurse does not stop to ask what the nationality or creed of the sufferers is. The only recommendation required to receive her services is sickness and distress. The nurses of the City Mission are doing a noble work, but their number is too small and they must be constantly restrained lest they break down from overwork. Here is a work which can be done at once. Anyone who desires to relieve the suffering poor in the most direct and effective way can do it through a trained nurse. It would be a source of the purest happiness to many a man and woman, when they go to rest in their beautiful and luxurious homes, to know that $600, the saving, perhaps, of some needless luxury, is keeping a faithful nurse at work the entire year, moistening the fevered lips of the sick, or soothing the last hours of the dying. The Great Teacher of men consigned Dives to hell, not because of erroneous theological opinions, but because he neglected the beggar, who lay at his gate full of sores. Dives is among us to-day. He is clothed in the finest robes and fares sumptuously every day. Lazarus is also here. He lies in the cheerless bedroom of a tenement-house, hungry, sick, and full of sores. The two have been brought together for a purpose. The only salvation for our modern Dives lies in Lazarus.

Eighth.—There is need of greater co-operation among all good men. When we see anyone endeavoring to cast out social demons among us, let us not forbid him because he does not accept our creed or follow our party. Prejudice, narrow-mindedness, and bigotry have too long stood in the way of social reform. Wise men must recognize that whatever is good is of God. It makes no difference from what source it comes. When all good men shall work together on the broadest lines of social reform, great and beneficent changes will be brought about, and New York will continue to be a great, happy, and prosperous city.

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THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

By Robert Grant.

IX.

AID my wife to me one morning, just after the arrival of the postman, "Julia is going to pay us a nice, long visit."

"I'm very glad to hear it," I answered, cheerily.

Julia is my wife's only sister, who lives in the suburbs and has been in the habit of staying with us for a month or so during the winter, ever since we have been man and wife. She is an attractive girl, but is less comely than Josephine and not so sagacious. In fact she has always seemed to me rather flighty. Still, as girls go, she is decidedly prepossessing, and I am very fond of her, notwithstanding the fact that Josephine invariably collapses after she has gone, as the result of her stay.

"Julia will be nineteen the twenty-sixth of December," continued my wife, reflectively.

"I remember, dear, that she has labored all her life under the misfortune of a birthday so near Christmas that people made one present do double duty. I have always thought it was very hard on Julia."

"Well, considering the hardship of her case," said my wife, boldly, taking advantage of my sportive mood, "what do you think of giving her a party?"

"A party?" I faltered.

"Yes. Julia comes out this winter, you know. Mamma is too delicate to take on her own shoulders the entire brunt of the wear and tear involved, and I should like to do what I can to help. Besides, we have been married now ten years, and have accepted so many invitations without returning them that I am almost ashamed to look people in the face. It was all very well not to entertain until we had an excuse, but we shall never have another excuse so good as this until Josie comes out."

I will frankly confess that I have failed to experience the compunctions as to looking my acquaintance in the face referred to by Josephine. It has never occurred to me to quail in the presence of the long line of social benefactors who have proffered us hospitality during the last decade in the form of dinners, cotillons, and evening receptions. People entertain because they or their wives feel an inclination so to do, and considering that I have very often dragged myself to their festivities despite every inclination to remain at home, I feel that I am entitled to cry "quits" on the score of obligation. Moreover, Josephine's strictures were by no means just, as I hastened to point out to her. Surely she had not forgotten the huge kettledrum and two smaller teas, by means of which she had killed off her entire visiting list? Had not her sewing-circle eaten us out of house and home biennially since we had plighted our troth at the altar? Then,

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too, in point of dinner company I was ready to challenge comparison with almost any one of my contemporaries. How often had I aroused her ire by bringing home a friend to share pot-luck without even telephoning to her that he was coming, so that she could send to the butcher's shop around the corner, which we patronize only in case of exigency, for an extra brace of chops or a head of lettuce! At least she would bear witness to the dinner-party we gave in the second year of our married life to my old chum Gorham Delany on his wedding-trip, when I maintained that champagne was far more indispensable than an extra girl to wait and she exactly the opposite?

"And we ended by having both," broke in Josephine, with a tragic air. "Oh, I know, Fred," she continued, "that in one sense of the word we have done our part, and I would not for an instant suggest giving anything big if it were not for dear Julia. It will be such a help to the child to be properly introduced to people. And though the house is small and not particularly convenient for entertaining, it can be made to look well enough now that the drawing-room ceiling has been retinted."

Craftiness, thy name is woman! It was obvious to me now why Josephine had seemed so eager to have that ceiling done over before we moved from the sea-side.

As it happened, however, I was feeling tolerably flush, by reason of a windfall which had left me with an extra thousand dollar bill. Somebody had told me to buy cotton. I had done so, and sold it a month later at a handsome profit, and I had been trying to make up my mind for a fortnight whether to spend the proceeds of the venture in a diamond crescent for Josephine or a fur overcoat for myself. Somehow I felt that it was money to be squandered rather than saved. Consequently I now remarked, with a sigh of resignation:

"Very well, dear; give a party if you see fit."

Josephine looked successively bewildered, radiant, and finally anxious.

"You know, Fred, that a party means more than two or three moulds of ice-cream with mixed cakes."

Evidently she had expected a much more serious tussle, and wished to make sure that I realized what I was in for.

"Have a dozen moulds, then, if necessary."

"You cannot give a party nowadays for nothing," she added, with conscientious insistence.

"Everything costs more than it is worth nowadays," I answered oracularly. "Give your party, Josephine, and I will pay the bills. Only," I added by way of a prospective brake on extravagance, "remember that we are not millionaires."

"You are a dear, kind, good, generous duck," she exclaimed, effusively, throwing her arms around my neck. "I will send for Sam Bangs to-morrow."

Sam Bangs is a convenient friend of the family, a second cousin of mine, and rather a pal of Josephine's. The world at large christened him "Slam" Bangs early in life because of his rattling energy; but contact with the world in question has toned down the rattle to a conventional key and left the energy unimpaired. He has led more germans, and been an usher at a larger number of weddings and funerals than any man of his years in town, and is consequently a social authority.

Sam duly appeared in all the regalia of evening dress and a chrysanthemum, and smiled benignly on the project. "I shall depend on you to help me make it a success," Josephine said to him with a supplicating air; and thereafter the pair was deep in consultation for at least half a dozen evenings during the next three weeks.

The married man whose wife is on the eve of giving a ball, is absolutely of no account, and colloquially speaking, his room is far more desirable than his company. He is the last person to whom anyone would think of referring the various knotty problems to be solved, and they are diverse. Josephine's throes over her invitation list were simply agonizing, and, as she herself informed me after all was over, her distress of mind was intensified by the consciousness that I was of no use whatever as an adviser. I was fortunate enough, however, to be allowed to remain within earshot of the arrange-

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ments, on the tacit understanding that I was on no account to ruffle the current of conversation with my oar.

Sam Bangs laid down many precepts for Josephine's guidance, but first and foremost he impressed upon her the necessity of plenty of men. He declared that, no matter how elegant a party might be, or how admirably conducted, a scarcity of men would be the ruin of it; that a party where men were abundant was pretty sure to go off with snap, and that snap was of the essence of things where entertainments are concerned.

"But where are we to get the men?" anxiously inquired Josephine, who had Mrs. Willoughby Walton's list, which she had borrowed, in one hand and a pencil in the other. "I don't know half of these."

"You must invite everyone, whether you know them or not."

"Certainly, if I know their fathers and mothers."

"Then you will never have enough, Cousin Josephine. There is a large floating contingent of dancing men who are destitute of fathers and mothers in the conventional sense; but they, the sons, are the rank and file of every large party nowadays, and you have to ask them. Otherwise there is a dearth of partners and the girls have a stupid time."

"What would they think of me if I should ask them without knowing them?"

"Most of them wouldn't think of you at all; that's the beauty of it. They would come and dance and eat supper, and dance again and then eat supper again, without bothering their heads about you in the least. They are quite used to it, I assure you. Five out of six would not know you or Miss Julia from Adam if they were to meet you the next day. Of course, if you were going to give a very small, select affair, you could pick and choose, but in a *tutti frutti* you must have men, even if you have to hire them."

"Then why shouldn't I give a small affair instead of a—a *tutti frutti?*" inquired my darling with a pathetic gasp as though she were a drowning woman snatching at a straw.

"In that case you would have to leave out half the people you do know, which might be embarrassing."

"Indeed it would," said Josephine, and for the next half-hour she endeavored to compute whether it would be more distressing to have to invite the rag, tag, and bob-tail as she called it, or be compelled to leave out half her social acquaintance.

"Would it be possible, Cousin Sam?" she pleaded.

"To do what?"

"Give a small dance without offending people?"

"That depends on the number you feel obliged to ask."

"I made an impromptu calculation the other day," she answered, ruefully, "and I don't see how I can escape from inviting six hundred in any event—and that of course without the extra young men you mentioned."

"Forty couples are all this house will possibly accommodate with comfort for a german, Cousin Josephine, but you can invite any number of people to a jam."

"And there are forty-three buds alone without counting Julia," she groaned. "I had better go in for the jam and get it over."

"You can kill off everybody now, and another time it will be easier to give the smaller dance."

After the decision of this momentous question came the excruciating task of overhauling the invitation list. Incessantly one or the other would burst out with some such horrified exclamation, as "he died three years ago, strike him out," or "mercy on us, I was nearly forgetting that Polly Flinders isn't Polly Flinders any longer." There was a constant bickering between them also on the score of admissibility. Sam, in the interest of the dancing phalanx, was in favor of applying the pruning-knife freely among the "ancient and honorables," as he called them, and on the other hand Josephine, from fear of giving offence, was disposed to include every grandmother and great-aunt in her social category. Three evenings were spent in this manner before the last letter in the alphabet was reached, and my darling was able to smile again.

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Even then it was a little ghost of a smile, accompanied by the disheartened utterance that she fully expected to discover, after the invitations had been issued, that she had omitted her dearest friends and made many mortal enemies.

When the invitation list was out of the way the parquet floor became Josephine's crowning concern. The fact that the drawing-room happened to have a parquet floor had been, as I have since discovered, a constant spur to her to give a party ever since we had been married. For what can equal for dancing a carefully oiled floor? What, indeed! And what is more detestable than one out of condition? Josephine fancied that she had merely to remove the rug and apply a little furniture polish to the surface of hers in order to render it a terpsichorean paradise. How often are our most confident expectations blighted! For a fortnight she was racked by the alternate consciousness that her paradise was so slippery as to be dangerous to life and limb, or so sticky as to dishearten the least exacting of waltzers. Hour after hour housemaids, with cloths bundled about their feet, rubbed it with judiciously moistened mops, and hour after hour experienced furniture polishers treated it with lubricating liquids, until the house smelt like a combined chemist's and sign painter's establishment; and even the willing Sam Bangs had grown weary in pirouetting over it with Josephine in order to decide whether it was just right. When at last Sam pronounced solemnly that it was perfect, Josephine looked as though she would cry with rapture; but she restrained her tears until the following day, when she caught sight of me standing in the middle of it fresh from the street in my muddy boots, as she graphically described the situation.

As for Sam Bangs, he was completely in his element; that is to say, he was in and out of our house half a dozen times in the course of every twenty-four hours: ringing the door-bell before breakfast, and as likely as not at night just when I was on the point of turning out the gas and thanking my lucky stars that I had seen the last of him for that day at least. The household was up in arms, and the house in the possession of dress-makers and small mechanics. The hall was full of camp-stools. One afternoon, when I chanced to return home earlier than usual, there was a scurrying exodus from my dressing-room of Julia in dishabille and two dress-makers, who shrieked as they fled, like the squawking sheldrake of the lake. I had interrupted my sister-in-law in the process of being fitted to the waist of her new ball-dress. Afflicting days these for a married man! Although Josephine explained that a cloth was thrown over the floor of my dressing-room every morning, and that the housemaid had explicit orders to tidy up as soon as the dress-makers had departed, I picked up a dozen needles and three score pins in the course of their stay, and trod the carpet in perpetual fear of lock-jaw.

The eventful day arrived at last. Early in the afternoon Josephine introduced me to a caterer of predatory mien, who demanded the key of my wine-cellar and proceeded to supplement the dozens of champagne which were being iced in tubs with the few bottles of choice Madeira, brandy, and port which I had collected from time to time with a view to opening them when I and they had grown mellow with age. When I entered the drawing-room at ten o'clock, I felt some doubts as to whether Sam Bangs or I was the proprietor of the establishment. These vanished completely after he insisted on re-opening the windows, which I had closed, on the plea that, unless the mercury were detained in close proximity to the freezing point until the guests arrived, the heat would be unendurable later, a proposition which Josephine and Julia supported so vigorously that I turned up the collar of my dress-coat and abandoned the field to my rival. He was already attended by a corps of magnificent youths who were to officiate as ushers. Several of these did me the honor to exchange a few words with me, but the most of them ignored my presence, or rather tolerated it with much the same air of toplofty unconcern with which they put up with the presence of the waiters and the musicians—nuisances, so to speak, but under the cir-

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cumstances not to be got rid of. Happening to filch a tinsel rose from the basket on the mantel-piece containing the favors for the german, intending to save it for little Winona, I quailed before the frosty gaze of one of these dragons of the ball-room, and as the result of his words of counsel, informing me that they were not to be taken until later in the evening, I replaced it with an apology so humble that he unbent himself sufficiently to add that, if everyone were to follow my example, the favors would be exhausted before the german began. Five minutes afterward I heard him inquire of Sam Bangs who that old cock was, and I cherish, among the few delightful memories of the evening, the sickly expression of his features consequent upon the answer of his chief.

In much the same fashion as the tide advances up a shingly beach, do the guests arrive at a large party. A preliminary straggler or two put in an appearance, then a batch of three or four; there is a lull, followed by a file of stragglers, and more frequent batches; another lull, and of a sudden a continuous stream which swells and subdivides until it loses itself in a seething, murmuring concourse which hurls itself upon the bewildered hostess and is sucked back by the undertow.

Dazed by innumerable greetings and hand-shakings, I merely try to keep steadily in mind Josephine's strict injunction that I am to look out for the girls who are left stranded without a soul to speak to them, and to relieve men who have been too long in the society of any one woman. As I worm my way through the crowded rooms I feel myself to be a conglomeration of the good Samaritan and an amateur detective. From time to time an emissary recalls me to the side of Josephine to receive whispered instructions to restrain the children from displaying themselves at the head of the staircase in their nightgowns, or to caution the caterer not to let salt get into the ice-cream. She is nervous and excited, and informs me with delight three separate times that the Reverend Bradley Mason, our spiritual adviser, and Doctor Henry Meredith, the specialist on nervous diseases, are among our guests.

"You know, Fred, that it is the rarest thing to see either of them at a party, and I consider it a great compliment that they should have made an exception in our favor."

It seems as though every friend and acquaintance whom I possess has made an exception in our favor, for the rooms are perspiringly crowded. Mrs. George Scott and Mrs. Willoughby Walton and Mrs. Guy Sloane arrive later than ever, and their advent is scarcely less notable than a decade ago, when they were fresh and youthful as the half dozen younger married women threatening to usurp their places. Youths who are, figuratively speaking, babes in arms, dance attendance on them, and Mrs. Walton's bosom is banked with the same profusion of flowers. Mrs. Guy drops me a courtesy and bends upon me a glance of melancholy yet tender reproach which seems to inquire why I have failed to visit her for three years. Is it verily three years since I have called upon her? I blush for the rapid flight of time. Another emissary touches my shoulder and emits the mandate that my wife is waiting for me. I find Josephine in a fever of nervous tension over the fact that supper has been ready for ten minutes, and that she has been unable to find me to tell me that I am to lead the way with Mrs. Cadwallader Kean.

"Why doesn't Sam Bangs lead the way?" I inquire, gravely. "He is running this thing."

My darling opens her eyes in bewildered astonishment at my pleasantry. Then, with a little toss of her head, which implies that she has no time to waste over such nonsense, she gives me a gentle push, saying:

"Don't dawdle, Fred; there she is standing exactly in the direction where I am looking."

I hie me to the wrinkled sexagenarian in question. Her husband had been one of those admirably attractive men who manage to drink themselves to death early in life and yet leave behind them an aroma of fashionable importance which gilds their posterity. It is not easy to state in terms why Mrs.

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Cadwallader is entitled to precedence, yet everyone knows that she is, and she takes my arm as though she were accustomed to the attention. Our exit toward the supper-room is the signal for a general stampede thither. Young men and old men, like an army of black ants, infest the tables and struggle fiercely for hot bouillon, raw oysters, chicken-salad, lobster croquettes, filet of beef, champagne, ice-cream, rolls, napkins, and ice-water. I behold a judge of the Supreme Court foiled in an attempt to capture a remaining sweet-bread by a youth barely out of his teens, who is foraging for his rose-bud partner. Through a sea of black coats and jostling elbows and surging beards and mustaches I catch sight of our diminutive but beloved pastor wedged in between two rowing men from the University, who seem to be determined that he shall never reach shore with the plate of ice-cream which he is clutching like a vice. I notice, too, Dr. Meredith partaking freely of most of the articles of diet against which his professional fulminations are uttered. And ever and anon I am recalled to the side of my darling, who is beset by a hundred fears. Why are there not plenty of rolls? Where are the napkins? Why do the waiters neglect to offer Apollinaris water to the ladies in accordance with her positive orders? It is I who am in her service and at her beck and call now, for Sam has yielded to temptation and established himself with his Dulcinea del Toboso in the only cubby-hole in the house adapted for two.

Little by little the press diminishes, until only the few who are fain to eat and drink in peace are left in the supper-room. I notice Gillespie Gore sampling my Madeira and pressing it upon the attention of discriminating pals. The musicians are tuning their instruments and a few people (thank goodness!) are going home. Josephine's parquet floor is overrun by a bevy of gilded youths contending for camp-stools, and out of stormy chaos the german forms itself at last under the supervision of Sam, who has been dragged from his cubby-hole. Three hours of strenuous dancing follow, during which I flit restlessly from pillar to post, from the benches where the matrons are dozing with one eye open on their daughters to the supper-room where perpetual hot ducks and my Madeira still detain Gillespie Gore and company, and where the dancing men without mothers and fathers quaff goblets galore of champagne after each figure of the thirst-provoking dance. I am yearning to go to bed, and I recall the answer of the host in *Punch*, to whom the bored spirit at his side, leaning against the wall, whispered, "This is jolly stupid; I say, let's go home"—"Would to heaven I could, but I can't, for it's my house!"

One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the morning, and now it is a quarter of four. I peep behind a curtain and ruminantly scan the glimmering east. At last the waltzers, who have grown more exuberant with every hour, show signs of cessation. Chaperones, exhausted in patience, rouse themselves from their somnolence and exercise authority over their charges. Mrs. Cadwallader Kean, drawing her old-lace shawl around her shoulders with dignified impressiveness, announces that it is time for her daughter to go home. Even Sam, the inexhaustible and inextinguishable, admits that the german is at an end, and that there is to be only one final polka to wind up with.

Oh, the joy and rapture of that last polka! Maidens on the point of departure tear themselves free from the maternal grasp at the invitation of the first partner who offers his hand and fall into the delicious rhythm of the swinging quickstep, and the old war-horses, who have been looking forward to it all the evening, fling themselves into the maddening whirl with almost the abandon of the cancan. Who can be indifferent to plenty of room and a perfect floor at four o'clock in the morning when you are conscious that in five minutes more all will be over and you will be face to face with the cold, pale morn and reproachful stars? There is a dash and a go to it which carries away the least frivolous and the least elastic, so that they speed round with the verve and exaltation of twenty-one. There are just enough remaining,

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and they the cream of the dancers. The gayety and enthusiasm of the rout recall from the supper-room the last of the old stagers and lure from the cubby-hole Mrs. George Scott and the boy of nineteen, who is her favorite slave at the moment. It is the fag end of the evening, the lees of the entertainment by means of which another of the rose-bud garden of girls has been introduced to the great world. She, dear child, the sweet sister-in-law of the house, is spinning radiantly round the room with her hand resting on the shoulder of one of the youths without parents, who has claimed her for this last polka of all. My feet beat time and my pulses respond to the well-remembered measure, and suddenly in an acme of transport I pounce upon and possess myself of Josephine and precipitate her into the madcap whirl. Fast and faster we revolve, rejoicing in our ecstasy and fearful at every seeming pause in the music that the end has come. It is demoniac, but glorious. And all at once, at the inspiration of Mrs. Willoughby Walton, who is dancing madly with Sam Bangs, everyone begins to chant with delirious voices the air and cadence of the entrancing polka. The ecstasy is at its height; the madness of the madcaps is at the climax. On and on, round and round, faster and faster, we spin, and then of a sudden the music throbs and bounds, rises and screeches, vibrates wildly, falls and ceases; the melody from half a hundred throats expires in a groan of regret, and Josephine's party is over.

X.

The lady in the house across the way, the mother of the seven girls, is dead. A week ago she was carried to the cemetery and her husband has begun life again in a sable hat and gloves. He walks bravely arm in arm with the eldest of his tall daughters, with one of the others on either side. I turn away from the window with a lump in my throat. My heart bleeds for him, and I cannot help thinking that it might have been Josephine.

We look into each other's eyes, conscious of the same thought. Sooner or later death, the inevitable, will come to rob me of her or her of me. The spinster falls asleep and all is over. She is respectfully mourned; her little charities cease, her account with her boarding-house keeper is closed, and her last instructions regarding her parrot are respected. But when a wife and mother dies all nature sobs.

And yet men marry again; men and women also. One of my great-grandfathers took unto himself four wives, and Josephine's maternal grandmother had three husbands. Josephine, who knows Robert Browning's "Any Wife to Any Husband" by rote, pretends that if she were to be taken away I would marry again, but I know she is no less sure in her secret soul that I would remain a widower to the end than she is sure of being faithful herself in case I should be the first to go. We have often pondered why it is that the one who is left behind to mourn can so quickly stifle the old love. To be sure, we have been told that in heaven there will be no marrying or giving in marriage, but, as Josephine says, this would scarcely reconcile the woman who has gone before in the faith of an everlasting love to sharing it with another. Nevertheless there is the example of her grandmother with three husbands and my great grandfather with his four wives staring us in the face. Are we to argue that our ancestors loved less truly and deeply than we?

Josephine insists that this is so, and I am disposed to agree with her. If, indeed, we are to live again on the further side of the tomb, what will it profit us unless we can see and know those whom we have loved here? Life without consciousness of this world's associations would be to all intents and purposes annihilation. If I am to be separated forever from Josephine by death, what boots it to me whether I shall rise at the last trump a winged angel with the power of worship, or be resolved into the elemental clod from which my bones were fashioned?

"And yet," said Josephine to me one day when we were discussing the matter, as we occasionally do, "supposing I had died when the children were mere tots,

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and you had been left to struggle through life alone, it would really have been the most sensible thing, after all, for you to marry again, if only to provide my darlings with a mother. It would have been frightfully lonely for you; Fred, you would never have been able to stand it. But if I had known what was going on I could never have forgiven you—never. I should have hated you and her. You are mine for eternity, and I wish the whole of you or none at all."

The mystery of mysteries, death! In the twinkling of an eye we shall cease to rise, and dress, and eat, and walk, and sleep, and we shall be laid in the ground where the bones of our ancestors lie wrestling with decay. It may be that one of us will be called to-morrow, and like the wife and mother across the way, leave the other to walk alone; and it may be that we shall walk side by side until we are old, and wrinkled, and bald, and paralysis or cancer carries us off within six months of each other. Yet not for a single moment are we secure from the touch of the great destroyer, who may to-day divide our hearts as with a shear. The priest kneeling at the altar with his face to the sky smiles at death; he knows not the terror of the thought which haunts us because we are so happy.

Many a time, when our thoughts have this way tended, have we endeavored to forecast the topography of the future state, undaunted by the fact that the wisest men and women of past generations, both married and single, have bent their wits upon the problem in vain. Yet here we encounter some progress, for even Josephine, with her predilection for magnificent effects, has ceased to contend that the immortal spirit is likely to be trammelled by pearly gates and the manipulation of a harp. Similarly, we put aside as no longer germane to the issue the quandary, which harassed our ancestors, as to how the amplitude of the heavens will afford seating capacities for the myriad souls whom a previous condition of rectitude has entitled to enter grace; an architectural feat calculated to palsy the imagination even of those enthusiasts who insist that the huge population of India's coral strand, to say nothing of the sparse aborigines of Greenland's icy mountains, are to be omitted from the computation. In spite, too, of the fulminations of a certain portion of the clergy, we are unable to screw our convictions up to a belief in the traditional hell which was alike the terror and the solace of bygone generations. We are oppressed by the fear neither of a bottomless pit nor of interminable fires of brimstone. A willingness to torture seems to us too utterly inconsistent with the attributes of the divinity who brings to pass the sunsets and inspires the human soul with the sublimities of poetry and art.

"It would be immensely interesting, though," said Josephine one day, "if we only could catch just a little glimpse of the future. I feel as you do, Fred, that the idea of eternal torment is old-fashioned, and that very few really believe in it, whatever they may say with their lips; but, on the other hand, I can't help feeling that there will be some sort of distinction between the sheep and the goats, and that people who have been horribly wicked will not be quite on a par with the righteous."

"I will admit," said I, "that there was a certain gorgeous satisfaction for our ancestors in the old hope that those who did not toe the mark would be held up to a sulphurous blaze on fiery pitchforks, and I can almost envy the complacency of the poor suffering souls to-day who are being buoyed through life by the fervent expectation that the people who have been well to do and happy in the present world will be tormented in the next in order to make things even, and that they themselves will be proportionately indemnified for their terrestrial misery."

"And the trouble is, Fred, that we who believe that God is love, and consequently dismiss the old conceits as too terrible, just as we no longer burn folk as witches and hang them for petty larceny, are left without the comfort of a definite theory on the subject of what will happen to other people, and are also unable to entertain physical fears on our own account. It seems to me that there ought to be a separate place in the other world for pretty good peo-

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ple, those who are neither saintly on the one hand, nor criminals nor detestably selfish or malicious on the other. It would have to be much the largest place, for after all we are most of us pretty good. There are a few saints and a good many miserable sinners, but the most of the people we know are pretty good."

"And would you limit your limbo to people we know, my dear?" I inquired. "Are you canvassing in the interest of a celestial four hundred?"

"Don't be blasphemous, Fred. It would necessarily include the greater portion of the people we know, because the greater portion of the people we know are of just that kind, people whose faults, though numerous enough and discouraging enough, as we are painfully aware in our own cases, don't seem exactly to merit everlasting torture. Just think how many people there are in the world like you and me, who would be utterly incapable of committing murder, or robbing a bank, or putting sand in sugar, or telling downright lies, or wantonly slandering their neighbors; people who have courteous manners, and tempers tolerably under control, and a decided sympathy with culture, and a disposition to contribute their mites to the cause of philanthropy; people who would cut their right hands off rather than dispute a will, because they hadn't received what they expected, or live beyond their incomes, or violate a confidence; people who are not geniuses and will never set the world afire, and who, though they don't understand exactly why they have been created, wish to live as long as possible and have not the least desire to die, and who go on from year to year without seeming to accomplish very much, and yet trying—trying—trying to understand what God expects of them. For we do try, don't we, Fred?"

"Indeed you do, my dear. The only trouble is that, though I might possibly be included in the category of the pretty good, you would rank as a saint."

"Which only shows how little you really know me," she answered, with a sigh. "Unfortunately the recording angel sees me with very different eyes, and knows that I am far from saintly." My darling bent her glance upon space for a moment with a dejected little air, as though she were appalled by the realization of her imperfections, then she turned to me and said, "Of course anyone would be glad to be a saint; and undoubtedly, if one were a saint, one would like especially to be with saintly people; but the most depressing thing of all in a certain way is that the society of the pretty good people is so attractive to me, that I am confident I should be very miserable if I were to be separated from them altogether."

"From your own true love, for instance?"

"Yes, from my own true love, alas! For I am forced to admit, Fred, that, though you are adorable at times, you are only pretty good." She added, as she threw her arms around my neck, "Only think how terrible it would be for me if you *were* a saint and I so full of shortcomings!"

A place hereafter for pretty good people! I have often recalled since that notion of Josephine's as an eminently pertinent suggestion. Lord Bacon well said that "he that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or of mischief." The married man who is chary of drinking tea from his saucer and ambitious to send his sons to college, is unapt to expose himself to obloquy for the sake of his convictions, nor is his wife fain to become a St. Theresa. Less likely, on the other hand, is either to stoop to flagrant vices. As I have already specified, I renounced on the day I wedded Josephine even the hope of stopping a runaway horse, and I am free to admit that I dismissed forever at the same time a sneaking intention of presuming on my hitherto unblemished reputation to become some day a foot-pad in disguise. What, pray, is there to prevent Sam Bangs for instance, I was going to say—but even he has bowed his neck at last to the matrimonial yoke at the behest of the Dulcinea with whom he retired to the cubby-hole at Josephine's party; so let me invoke for my argument the traditional

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Tom, Dick, and Harry of fiction, and ask again what is there to prevent any of these single gentlemen from putting Paris green in the porridge of his dearest foe, or from hieing to the North Pole in the cause of glacial science? The world lies open before them. They are free to become hardened villains of the deepest dye, or benefactors of their day and generation. But for Josephine and for me the path of life is straight and narrow. Has not my darling, with her own fair hand, daily to butter rolls for the little ones to take to school, to make sure that the buttons which support their gallowses are not lacking, and to keep a watchful eye on the length of their hair? Have I not in my turn to remember to bring home the money for that everlasting sewing-woman whether I have earned it or not, and to foster a nostril perpetually on the scent of sewer-gas?

"Where, O where are the visions of morning
Fresh as the dews of our prime?
Gone like tenants who quit without warning
Down the back entry of time."

"And have you ever thought, Fred," said Josephine to me one day, "that we suddenly awake at forty and realize that we are just the sort of people we intended not to be? I for one—and I am very sure that you once felt the same—cherished such glorious visions and plans as a girl of what I was going to make of my life, and yet here I am living along just like everybody else, bringing up children, and going to kettledrums, and taking a spasmodic interest in the arrangement of tenement-houses, and planning for winter and summer clothes, no better, and I dare say no worse, than the most of my neighbors."

"*Eppur si muove*," I murmured encouragingly.

"I could have told once what that meant," said she, with a mournful smile. "I used to know quite a little Italian."

"'And still it moves,' the world moves. It was Galileo who made the remark under circumstances even more depressing than ours," I answered. "There is a certain comfort in the reflection that we pretty good people have very different ideas from the pretty good people who lived before we were born. As you said the other day, we no longer burn witches, and yet even the people who passed for saints two centuries ago took a hand in that. Perhaps with the same ratio of improvement we shall, in another two hundred years, cease to be at the mercy of the reporter, the saleslady, and the political striker. I flatter myself that we are a little more liberal, a little truer-hearted, a little wiser than our progenitors, just as our children are likely to be an improvement on us if pretty good people are not swept away in the deluge of democracy. How interesting it would be if we could take a peep ahead and know what the world will be doing two hundred years hence; or half a century even! Think of it, my dear, pretty good people will probably be flying and doing all sorts of amazing things which will make our boasted progress seem a mere puppet show," I added, as I drew my darling's head down upon my shoulder and held her closely.

"Fancy," said Josephine, "being able to skim like a bird! It would be glorious, wouldn't it? Perhaps the dear children will live to cross the ocean on a genuine air-tamer." She was silent for a few moments, lost in rapt reflection, then looking up into my face with wistful tenderness, she whispered,

"I only hope, Fred, that they will be as happy as we have been."

THE END.

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CATTLE-TRAILS OF THE PRAIRIES.

By Charles Moreau Harger.

IN 1860, Texas, as it had been for many years before, was the chief producer of live-stock in the Western States. Upon all its widespread ranges were feeding herds by the thousand, and no other industry approached that of cattle-raising in importance or extent. The few hundred thousand cattle of Spanish blood which had been placed there during the State's life as a Mexican province, were multiplied until three and a half million head were estimated as Texas's belongings. They had been somewhat improved in breed, but were still wiry, nervous, long-limbed creatures, with slender, branching horns and restless eyes. They could run like deer, and were almost as wild.

The peculiarly favorable climate of Texas gave the State almost a monopoly of the business. The pastures were green the year around, and the proximity to market, either at points on the Mississippi River, to which herds from the eastern part of the State could easily be driven, or by water from points on the Gulf, gave a distinct advantage. Mexico had in times past been a valuable consumer, but was now nearly deserted, and the nearer selling-places were able to handle the supply. The fine, hair-like "buffalo grass" that covers the prairies for four hundred miles east of the mountains, and wherever found is as nourishing in winter as in summer, flourished in abundance, and the mesquit was not to be despised as a change of diet for the herds.

The outbreak of the war brought upon the ranch-owners a peculiar embarrassment of riches. With the Northern market cut off, and Southern business life demoralized, no disposition could be made of the rapidly increasing herds. Occasional fugitive sales along the Mississippi became almost the only markets. Prices declined, and for a time two to four dollars a head would purchase the best animals on the ranges. Driving northward had not been much practised, and now, with the sharp skirmishing along the Kansas and Missouri frontier, there was no opportunity to begin it. Stock was neglected as valueless. Men were "cattle-poor," and it was a time of discouragement to those who had looked for fortunes in their enterprises.

In 1865 and 1866 the ranch-owners determined to seek Northern markets at any cost, and thousands of animals were massed in the northeast portion of the State preparatory to driving to Missouri railroad stations. The summer of 1866 saw this movement begin. Fully two hundred and seventy thousand head were pushed northward. There was little regularity in the courses taken. The Rock Bluffs ford, on the Red River, was the starting place for many. Up the Kinishi Valley, across the plains to Fort Smith, Ark., then, with a circuitous

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route among the Ozarks, across southeastern Missouri—that was the line most followed.

But a new danger threatened. There had ensconced themselves among the wilder regions of southern Missouri and northern Arkansas bands of outlaws, legitimate successors to the guerrillas of war days, who by mere force of advantageous position levied unmerciful tribute upon all drovers passing through their territory. The tax was an oppressive one, and no matter how shrewd were the movements of the herders, the unwieldy masses of animals were sure to be detected. Should the demands of the outlaws not be acceded to, the drover was in many instances subjected to bodily punishment. At the same time one of the persecutors would ride furiously at the herd, swinging a colored blanket. The timid beeves, bewildered by the unwonted sight, would scurry in every direction, becoming more frightened as they ran, until the herd would be scattered over miles of territory. Days and weeks of search on the part of the cowboys, as the herders who assisted the drover were called, would serve to secure only a portion of the lot.

Fear of Spanish fever was made the pretext for other delays, while the hostility of the Cherokee Indians in the northeastern part of the Indian Territory shut off a more westerly route to avoid the bandits. Many head of cattle were lost on the way by reason of the toilsome track through the Ozark Mountains, and the remainder reached markets in St. Louis and Sedalia in poor condition and brought low prices. The year's drive was discouraging and unprofitable to the Texas cattle-barons, and many plans were considered for the disposition of the constantly growing surplus. Northern prices for good stock were flattering; capital was ready for investment in the business; nothing was needed but an outlet for the abundance of beef.

The solution of the problem confronting the cattle-raisers came through the construction of the railroads across Kansas. In 1867 the old Kansas Pacific Railroad, now the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific, was being built from Kansas City along the valley of the Kaw due west across the State. It had reached half way from the Missouri to the mountains before the possibilities it offered became apparent. The country traversed was but sparsely settled; the towns consisted for the most part of a few rude cabins, including the inevitable saloon. But the tide of emigration was pushing westward, and there was a magnificent empire for it to conquer.

One of the first comers was an Illinois stock-dealer, Joseph G. McCoy, to whom is due the honor of originating the Kansas and Texas cattle-trails. He was familiar with the situation in the Lone Star State, and conceived the idea of forming a great shipping-point on the new railroad. He was encouraged by the officials, and arrangements were made for the location of the proper yards at Abilene, a station one hundred and sixty-five miles from Kansas City, situated in the midst of a richly-grassed prairie section, admirably adapted for grazing grounds of incoming herds. The town had less than a dozen houses, and was within less than thirty miles of the end of the road, as then completed. Yards were built and steps were taken to induce the cattle-men to make this a point from which to ship their herds.

A single horseman was despatched on a lonely ride across Indian-infested prairies to send every herd he could encounter to the new shipping-place. He went southwest, crossing the Arkansas River near the site of the present city of Wichita, thence into the Indian Territory. It was some time before he found any of the straggling herds, and when he did he could with difficulty induce the drovers to believe that they would be treated with respect and fairness, so used were they to the violence of the old course. However, many were convinced, and a herd of nearly two thousand head, belonging to some Californians, was the first to break the northern end of a trail over which so many million restless hoofs were destined to travel. About thirty-six thousand cattle, one per cent. of Texas's supply, reached Abilene that season, and every drover went back well pleased with the facilities afforded. The first shipment from Abilene was made September 5, 1867, and was cele-

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brated by an excursion of Illinois stock-dealers coming in a special train to see the start. Money was lost on the year's business, both from damage to the droves by floods and Indian raids, and because of the prejudice in the East against Texas beef, then considered by many too wild for use.

The movement was started, and 1868 saw a general friendliness for the new market among Texas stock-owners, and a northward drive that exceeded seventy-five thousand head. But the succeeding year, 1869, showed a greater increase, and one hundred and sixty thousand cattle came tramping up like a horned army from the ranches of the South.

By this time well-defined trails had been located, and for two decades those trunk-lines connecting the great producing and consuming points held their supremacy. The most famous of these was the "Chisholm Trail." It was named after John Chisholm, an eccentric frontier stockman, who was the first to drive over it. Chisholm lived at Paris, Tex., was a bachelor, and had many thousand head of cattle on the ranges in the southern part of the State. Later he removed to New Mexico, and died a few years ago, leaving almost uncounted droves upon his ranches. There was through Texas, reaching down from the Red River, the irregular "Southern Texas Trail," ending at the north near Cooke County. From the Red River, Chisholm broke the way to Kansas, riding ahead of his herd and selecting what seemed the most favorable route. He forded the Red River near the mouth of Mud Creek, followed that stream to its head, kept northwest to Wild Horse Creek, to the west of Signal Mountains, and crossed the Washita at Elm Spring. Due north took him to the Canadian River, after leaving which he soon struck the Kingfisher Creek Valley. This was followed to the Cimarron. Touching the head of Black Bear and Bluff Creeks, its next considerable stream was the Salt fork of the Arkansas, which was crossed at Sewell's Ranch. Sewell was a Government post-trader, who was a favorite with the Indians, and had two large ranches in the Territory. Coming into Kansas near Caldwell, the course was a little east of north, crossing the Arkansas near Wichita. Here was the famous "First and Last Chance" saloon, with its sign-board facing two ways to attract the cow-boys coming up across the Territory and those returning from market. Thence the trail turned northeasterly, striking Newton, and so on over the divide between the Smoky Hill and the Arkansas to the prairies south of Abilene. Following Chisholm's track came thousands of herds, and the trail became a notable course.

From two hundred to four hundred yards wide, beaten into the bare earth, it reached over hill and through valley for over six hundred miles (including its southern extension) a chocolate band amid the green prairies, uniting the North and South. As the marching hoofs wore it down and the wind blew and the waters washed the earth away it became lower than the surrounding country and was flanked by little banks of sand, drifted there by the wind. Bleaching skulls and skeletons of weary brutes who had perished on the journey gleamed along its borders, and here and there was a low mound showing where some cow-boy had literally "died with his boots on." Occasionally a dilapidated wagon-frame told of a break-down, and spotting the emerald reaches on either side were the barren circle-like "bedding grounds," each a record that a great herd had there spent a night.

The wealth of an empire passed over the trail, leaving its mark for decades to come. The traveller of to-day sees the wide trough-like course, with ridges being washed down by the rains, and with fences and farms of the settlers and the more civilized red-men intercepting its track, and forgets the wild and arduous life of which it was the exponent. It was a life now outgrown, and which will never again be possible.

Dividing honors with the Chisholm was the "Old Shawnee Trail." This led to the lesser Northern shipping-point, opened about the same time as Abilene —Baxter Springs. This city was on the then just completed Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad, and was located in the southeastern corner of Kansas. The trail left the Red River near Snivel's Bend, about forty miles east of the

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starting-point of the older course, and ran nearly parallel with its rival for about a hundred miles. Here was a connecting trail running into the Chisholm at Elm Spring. The Shawnee then bore northeasterly on the north side of the Shawnee Hills, crossed the Canadian and North Canadian near the Sac and Fox Agency, then passing through the Creek reservation forded the Arkansas west of Forts Davis and Gibson. Turning more easterly, it passed west of Vinita and so on to Baxter Springs. This trail, called from its passing through the Shawnee Indian country, became as well worn as the older one and was equally well-known. Both were barren as city streets and were marked by the whitening bones of four-footed travellers who had died on their weary journey.

Between the two main trails was the "Middle" or "West Shawnee Trail," leaving its namesake near the Canadian and going nearly due north until it struck the Arkansas, up which valley it followed into Kansas. Up the Whitewater Valley, then north and east, crossing the Cottonwood and along the Neosho and Clark's Creek valleys, ending at Junction City, twenty-five miles east of Abilene. In later years the Chisholm trail gave off a western shoot which left it near Elm Spring, and passing near Fort Reno, went on northwest into western Kansas, striking Dodge City on the Arkansas, also northeast to Ellsworth, on the Smoky Hill. With the settling up of the country, cattle were driven farther and farther west, until this "Western Chisholm Trail" came to be the chief thoroughfare for herds destined either for market directly or for maturing in the bracing air and rich pastures of Wyoming and Montana.

Individual drovers often varied their course from the beaten roads, but for the most part the traffic of the cattle days followed the greater lines as the bulk of commercial shipments is now made over a few prominent railroads.

Along the trails ranches were started, where lands could be secured on either side suitable for the purpose, and northern Texas, southern and western Kansas, and later on portions of the Indian Territory, rivalled the Gulf region in the production of marketable animals.

The number of cattle reaching Abilene in 1870 bounded to three hundred thousand, and almost a continuous line of bovine travellers was pouring over the Chisholm Trail. In order to facilitate the herds' movements surveyors were sent out to straighten the trail from the point where it entered Kansas to the shipping-station. Fresh mounds of earth were thrown up to mark the route, and the drovers found considerable saving in distance. They spread the news of the efforts being made to accommodate the cattle-men, and the Texas ranch-owners, appreciating these advantages as well as the rapidly increasing prices of stock in the Eastern markets, prepared to send forward still greater supplies.

The ranches were, for the most part, in southern and southwestern Texas, and the hundreds of young men who at the close of the war had sought fortune in the far Southwest were just coming into a position to put some of their salable stock on the market. In 1871 nearly a million cattle were driven north. Six hundred thousand came to Abilene alone, while Baxter Springs and Junction City received half as many. For miles around the chief shipping points the stock was herded awaiting a chance to sell or ship. From any knoll could be seen thousands of sleek beeves, their branching horns glistening in the sunlight and their herders watchfully riding in the distance. Several counties of central Kansas were practically turned into cattle-yards, and it seemed that the industry would soon absorb the energies of the entire State.

But it was the height of the wave. Prices fell off; wet weather and cold winds injured the cattle's condition, and the so-called Spanish fever, always a terror to the Northerners, and which seemed ineradicable from the Texas cattle's blood, was causing more trouble than usual. The herds were held on the grazing grounds until fall, in the hope of better prices, but to no purpose. Finally, shipping was stopped entirely, and over three hundred thousand cattle were unsold. Every year

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there had been some carried over, either because of their being unsalable, or, as has been so general in late years, to fatten on the Northern corn; but this number was unprecedented. The drovers took their stock westward to the buffalo grass region, it being impossible to procure hay and corn in central Kansas for the great throng.

At the beginning of winter (1871–72) came a storm of sleet, putting an icy coat over the sod; and multiplied thousands of cattle and hundreds of horses died of cold and starvation. Some of the carcasses were skinned, but the majority were left for food for the wolves. A hundred thousand hides were shipped from three stations after the storm. The winter was severe throughout, and it was estimated that less than fifty thousand cattle lived through it. From herds of sixty and seventy thousand, only a few hundred survived. Like other booms in which the West has overreached itself, this one had its collapse.

Abilene's prestige was gone. Ellsworth, forty miles further west, became the shipping point on the Kansas Pacific. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad being nearly completed through the southern portion of the State, began to compete for the trade. Newton, where the road crossed the trail to Abilene, stopped many of the herds, and with Ellsworth divided the claim to the title Abilene had held for several years, "The wickedest town in the West." This description was afterward appropriated by Dodge City, and then, with the opening of the mining regions of Colorado, passed from the State and became the property of Leadville and Deadwood. It was of the new shipping-point that another picturesque saying became popular, "There is no Sunday west of Newton and no God west of Pueblo." Wichita, too, claimed attention from the drovers, and eighty thousand head went from there in 1872, while three times as many were shipped from the other towns combined. In 1873 four hundred and fifty thousand head were shipped from Kansas, and then again came a back-set in prices and weather conditions, but not equal to that of two years previous.

Soon after, Dodge City, on the Chisholm trail's western offshoot to Ellsworth, being reached by the Santa Fé, took the more northern station's trade as Newton had absorbed Abilene's, and for twelve years was the acknowledged shipping centre for Texas cattle in the State. While the drives never reached such proportions as in 1871, they continued to be extensive until the building of the railroads across the Indian Territory and the establishment of shipping points in Texas itself. Even then they did not wholly cease, and many thousand head came straggling across the line each year, being marketed at Dodge City, Wichita, or other railroad points.

The opening of Oklahoma, in 1890, made another barrier, however, and the season of 1891 saw the last of the bovine exodus that through more than two decades had furnished employment and profit for a large portion of the West's workers. Neither advantage nor convenience is now found in that method of marketing, and henceforth the only herds to wind their slow length over the once populous thoroughfares will be the young stock taken leisurely through the season from the warm climate of the Gulf region up northwesterly, skirting the foot-hills of the Rockies, to reach, after a six months' journey, the highland feeding grounds of Wyoming and Montana. A year or two later they will go to market, sturdy and hard-fleshed beeves, ready for the export trade.

The task of the drover and his assistant cow-boys in getting the herds from the Southern ranches to the Northern shipping points was one involving both skill and daring. Only a man of unflinching courage and quick movement could succeed in handling animals whose characteristics were rather those of the wild beast than of the creature bred for the sustenance of man. The Texas steer is no respecter of persons. For the man on horseback he has a wholesome fear; he seems to have something of the savage's conceit that the combination is irresistible. Separately, neither man nor horse has any more chance in a herd fresh from the range than among so many wolves or jackals. With their long, sharp-pointed horns these steers rend an enemy with ease, and the fights among

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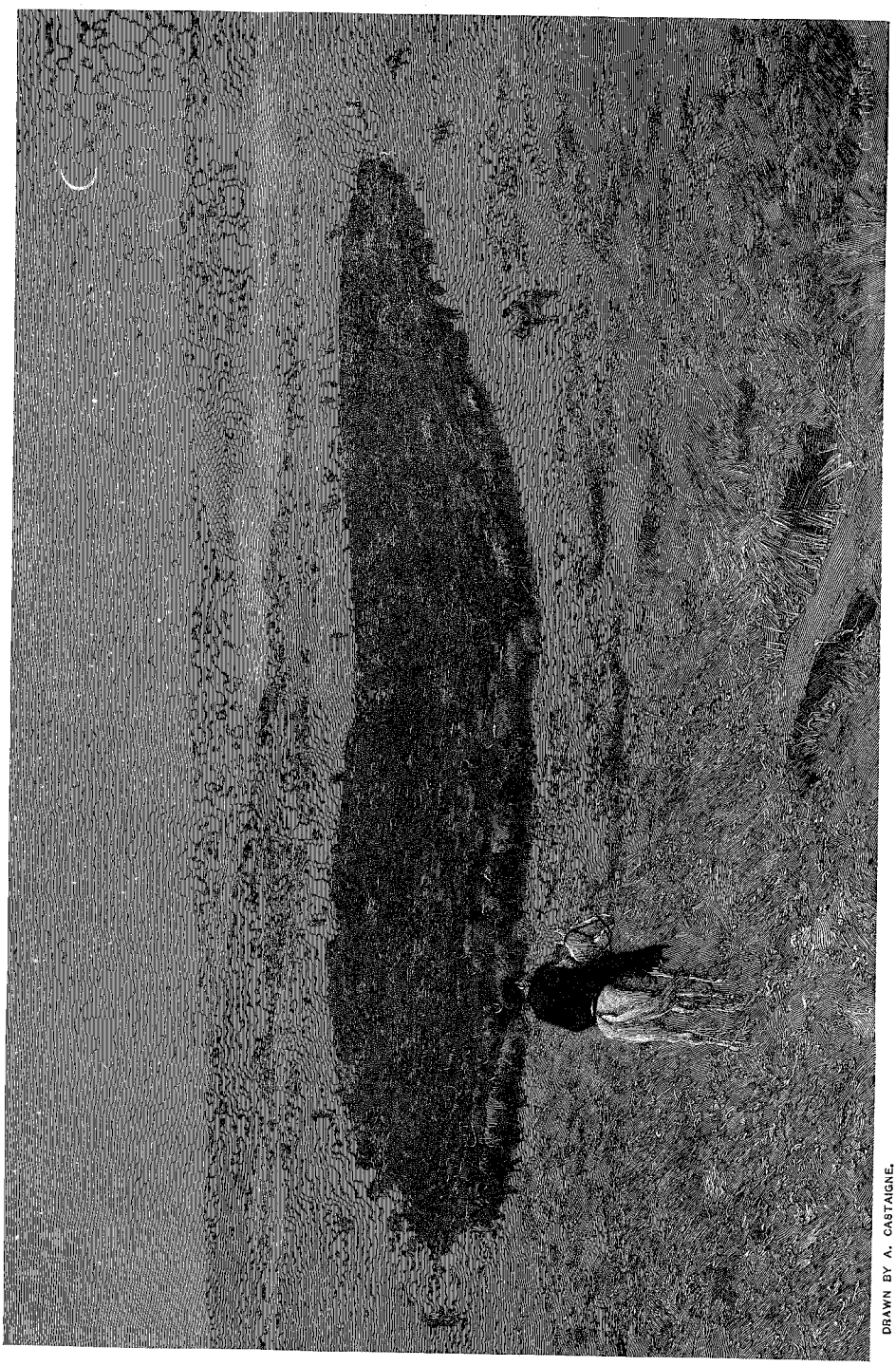

A "Round-up."

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

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themselves have all the ferociousness of contests in the jungle.

The first contact between the cow-boys and the cattle is at the annual round-up, when the whole territory over which the owner's herds range is gone over and the cattle gathered for branding. The offspring are given the mark of the mother, and the ranch-owner possesses a brand as exclusively as does a manufacturer a trade-mark. After the young have been lassoed, held, and had their flesh burned with the red-hot branding-iron, leaving a scar in the form of a letter, figure, or combination design that will last for life, they are turned loose and no human hand is laid on them until they become "beeves," that is, four years old and ready for market. The cow-boys live in cabins near the water-courses and watch the stock from day to day, sometimes having the herds ten or twenty miles away. Should any "mavericks," that is, unbranded stock over one year old, get with the herd, they become the property of the person branding them, hence no inconsiderable addition is frequently made to a herd by this means.

The cattle-barons in the palmy days of the cattle trade lived like princes. They did not reside on the ranch, but in some of the Texas cities, or spent their time in luxurious travelling while their wealth increased at a ratio beyond their capacity for spending it. Many of them did not know how many cattle they owned. Their career was one of extravagance and display. Diamonds, carriages, and banquets made their life brilliant while it lasted. When, in the later 70's and the early part of the decade following, their power and wealth were at the highest point, they practically owned the Lone Star State. From No Man's Land to El Paso their cattle grazed; prices were high and capital was flowing in for investment. But the agriculturist came, too, and farms drove out the ranches.

The first owners did not always send the cattle to market. Drovers made a business of going from ranch to ranch and purchasing the marketable beeves. "Dogies," "sea-lions," and "long-horns" were favorite nicknames for the cattle, and size as well as title depended on the latitude. The southern Texas stock was smaller, and from four to six thousand were driven at a time. Of northern Texas stock fifteen hundred to three thousand made a good-sized "drive."

The drover secured, besides camp equipage and eatables, about eight men to the thousand cattle as drivers, and from six to ten horses to the man, according to the quality of the equines. After 1883–84, when Indians were less dangerous and fewer herds were on the trails, four to six men to the thousand head were considered sufficient. Having "cut out" the cattle one by one with lassoes (long rawhide ropes attached to the cow-boys' saddles and thrown with great accuracy by the riders), the steers and cows all received a "road brand," a supplementary mark to prevent confusion on the way to market. All was then ready for the long march.

Spring was the usual starting time, and during the seasons of the large drives, May, June, July, and August saw almost a solid procession passing over the great trails. So near were the herds that the drivers could hear one another urging along the stock, and frequently even the utmost care could not prevent two companies stampeding together, entailing a loss of much time and labor in separating them.

Once started, it was remarkable the orderly manner in which a herd took its way across the plains. A herd of a thousand beeves would string out to a length of two miles, and a larger one still longer. It made a picturesque sight. The leaders were flanked by cow-boys on wiry Texas ponies, riding at ease in great saddles with high backs and pommels. At regular distances were other riders, and the progress of the cavalcade was not unlike that of an army on a march. There was an army-like regularity about the cattle's movements, too. The leaders seemed always to be especially fitted for the place, and the same ones would be found in the front rank throughout the trip; while others retained their relative positions in the herd day after day.

At the start there was hard driving, twenty to thirty miles a day, until the animals were thoroughly wearied. After that twelve to fifteen miles was considered a good day's drive, thus extend-

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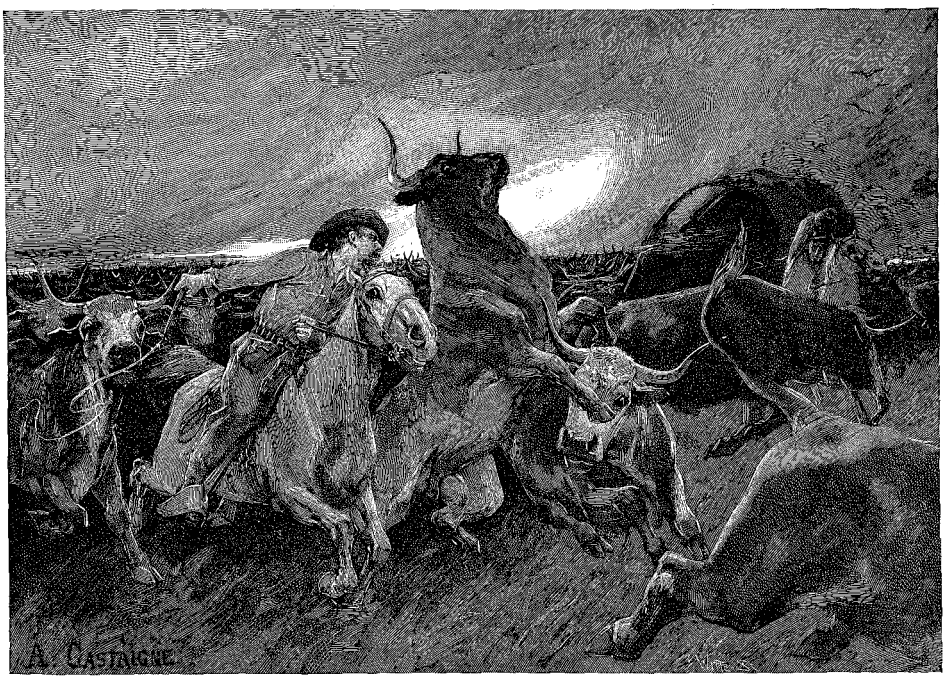

A Stampeded Herd.

ing the journey over forty to one hundred days. The daily programme was as regular as that of a regiment on the march. From morning until noon the cattle were allowed to graze in the direction of their destination, watched by the cow-boys in relays. The cattle by this time were uneasy and were turned into the trail and walked steadily forward eight or ten miles, when, at early twilight, they were halted for another graze. As darkness came on they were gathered closer and closer into a compact mass by the cow-boys riding steadily in constantly lessening circles around them, until at last the brutes lay down, chewing their cuds and resting from the day's trip. Near midnight they would usually get up, stand awhile, and then lie down again, having changed sides. At this time extra care was necessary to keep them from aimlessly wandering off in the darkness. Sitting on their ponies, or riding slowly round and round their reclining charges, the cow-boys passed the night on sentinel duty, relieving one another at stated hours.

When skies were clear and the air bracing, the task of cattle-driving was a pleasant and healthful one. But there came rainy days, when the cattle were restless, and when it was anything but enjoyable riding through the steady downpour. Then especially were the nights wearisome, and the cattle were ready at any time to stampede.

No one could tell what caused a stampede, any more than one can tell the reason of the strange panics that attack human gatherings at times. A flash of lightning, a crackling stick, a wolf's howl, little things in themselves, but in a moment every horned head was lifted, and the mass of hair and horns, with fierce, frightened eyes gleaming like thousands of emeralds, was off. Recklessly, blindly, in whatever direction fancy led them, they went, over a bluff or into a morass, it mattered not, and fleet were the horses that could keep abreast of the leaders. But some could do it, and lashing their ponies to their best gait the cow-boys followed at break-neck speed. Getting on one side of the leaders the effort was to turn them, a little at first, then more and more, until the circumference of a great circle was being described. The cattle behind

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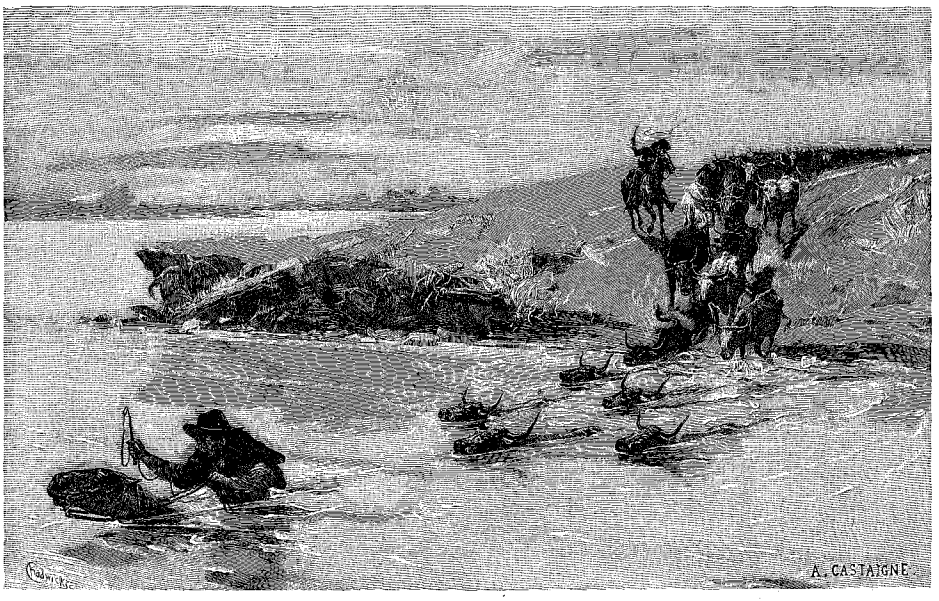
blindly followed, and soon the front and rear joined and "milling" commenced. Like a mighty mill-stone, round and round the bewildered creatures raced until they were wearied out or recovered from their fright.

To stop the herd from milling, either after a stampede or when in the cattle-yards at the end of the trip, was a necessary but difficult task. As in a stampede, it was death to an animal who failed to keep up with his comrades, for in a moment his carcass would be flattened by thousands of trampling hoofs. The human voice seemed the most powerful influence that could be used to affect the brutes, force being entirely out of the question. As soon as the "milling" began the cow-boys began to sing. It mattered not what so long as there was music to it, and it was not uncommon to hear some profane and heartless bully doling out camp-meeting hymns to soothe the ruffled spirits of a herd of Texas steers, a use which might have astonished the fathers and mothers of the churches "back in God's country," could they have known of it.

A stampede always meant a loss, and rendered the herd more likely to be again panic-stricken. Certain hysterical leaders were frequently shot because of their influence on the remainder of the column. Another danger was that of the mingling of two herds; while in the earlier days the presence of buffalo was a decided peril. A herd of buffalo roaring and tearing its way across the plain was almost certain to cause a panic, if within hearing, and outriders were necessary to watch for these enemies and turn their course from the trail. Besides, marauding Indians were always to be feared, and many a skirmish was had between the cow-boys and redskins. An understanding with the chiefs was, however, usually sufficient to insure safety. Thus accompanied by incidents that brought into play all the strength and strategy of their guards, the horned host moved on. Rivers were crossed by swimming in the same order that had been followed on land.

Reaching the outskirts of the shipping-station the herd was held on the plains until the drover effected a sale or secured cars for shipment. Then the animals were driven into the stockades, dragged or coaxed into the cars, and were sent off to meet their fate in the great packing-houses. The journey had



Herd Swimming a River.

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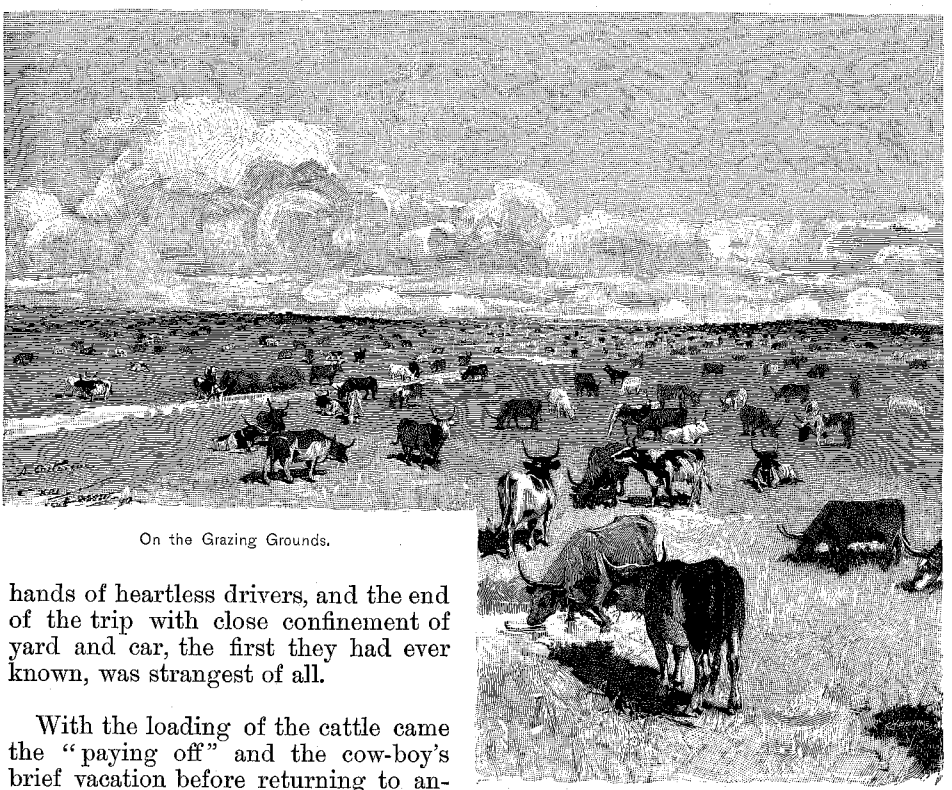
been a strange one to them, often accompanied by savage cruelties at the hands of heartless drivers, and the end of the trip with close confinement of yard and car, the first they had ever known, was strangest of all.



On the Grazing Grounds.

With the loading of the cattle came the "paying off" and the cow-boy's brief vacation before returning to another year's round of hard work and coarse fare. It was not, perhaps, to be expected that after nearly a twelvemonth of life on the prairies he should spend his outing in quiet and dignity. And seldom indeed did he. The cattle towns catered to his worst passions, and saloons and dance-houses flourished with startling exuberance. Gambling ran riot, and quarrels ending in murder were of frequent occurrence. During the height of the season might was the only law, and if occasionally a marshal was found, like William Hickok, the original Wild Bill, who could rule an Abilene in its rudest period, it was because he was quicker with the revolver and more daring than even the cow-boys themselves.

Much glamour and romance have been thrown around the figure of the cow-boy. He was not the dashing and chivalric hero of the burlesque stage, in gorgeous sombrero and sash, nor was he the drunken, fighting terror of the dime novel. He was a very average Westerner, dressed for comfort, and with the traits of character that his business induced. The cow-boy lived a hard life. For months he never saw a bed, nor slept beneath a roof. He seldom had access to a newspaper or book, and had none of society's advantages to lift him to higher things. The roughest of the West's immigrants, as well as many Mexicans, drifted into the business because of its excitement and good wages, and this class by its excesses gave the world its standard for all. With the influences of actual contact with bucking bronco ponies and ferocious Texas steers, themselves by no means elevating, added to the temptations of the cattle towns, all the worst in the herder's nature was sure to be brought out. But hundreds of cow-boys were sons of Christian parents, and when they had made a start in life settled down at last as good citizens of the great West they had helped to develop.

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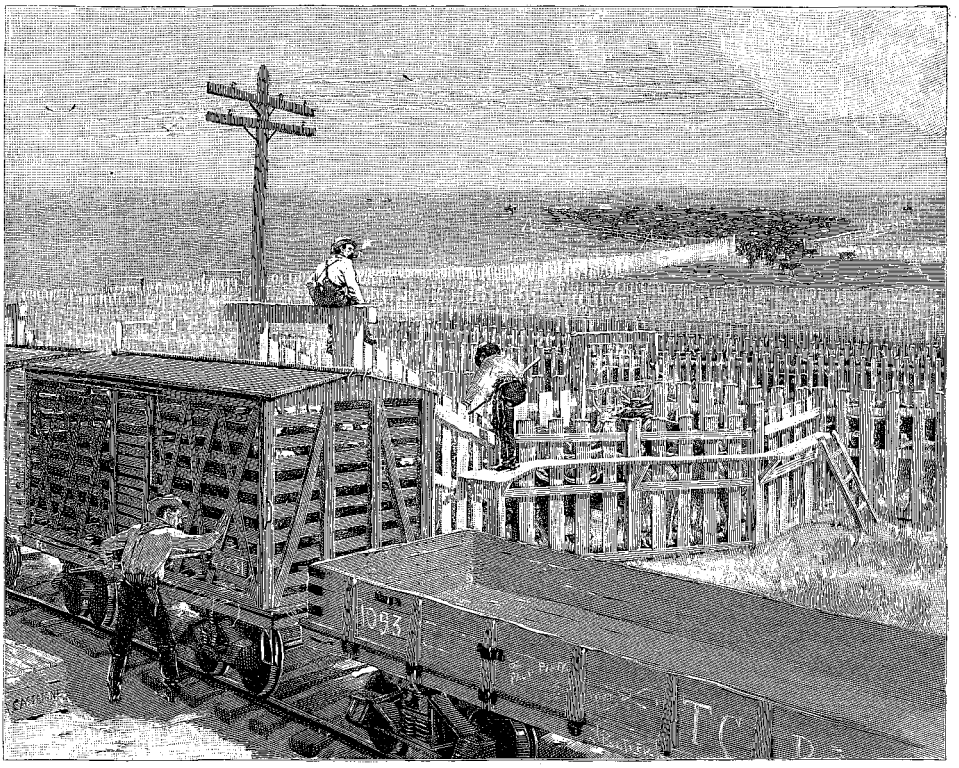

The End of the Trail—Loading the Stock at the Railroad.

The cow-boy with his white, wide-rimmed hat, his long leathern cattle whip, his lariat, and his clanking spur is a thing of the past. The great Texas ranches are enclosed with barbed wire fences, and a genuine Texas steer would attract almost as much attention in the old cattle towns as a llama. Abilene, Ellsworth, Newton, and Dodge City are busy little cities surrounded by rich farming communities and with churches, schools, electric lights, and other evidences of modern civilization. No trace of the old life remains, except some weather-stained and dilapidated buildings, pointed out to the stranger as having been saloons where Wild Tom, Texas Sam, or other strangely named characters, killed men unnumbered "during the cattle days." But even these traditions are known to but few of the modern inhabitants, so entirely has a new people filled the land in the last decade.

The cattle-trails were in a measure educative. They brought the north and south of the Mississippi Valley into close business relations, a condition which was to the advantage of both. But the life that surrounded them could not endure. The homes of thousands of settlers have pre-empted the grazing grounds. Railroads are ten times more numerous than were the trails, and like the cavalier, the troubadour, the Puritan, and the "Forty-niner," the cow-boy and his attendant life have become but figures in history.

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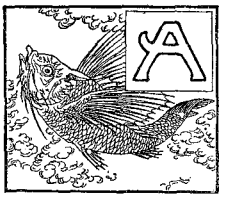
RAPID TRANSIT IN CITIES.

II.—THE SOLUTION.

By Thomas Curtis Clarke.



A MEDIÆVAL CITY was a very picturesque object, with its narrow and winding streets and overhanging houses, and the tall cathedral towering above the market-place. As nobody rode, except here and there "an abbot on an ambling pad," or a noble lady on her palfrey, its area was small, and had to be kept small, so that people could get over it on foot. Hence the strong aversion which we find expressed in the literature and history of those times to the growth of cities. Even as late as in Charles II.'s days, Sir Christopher Wren, in making a new plan for London after its great fire, proposed to move all the graveyards and arrange them in a ring around the city, for the express purpose of preventing its enlargement.

People dwelt in all parts of these cities, and carried on their trades, manufactures, and selling of goods under the same roofs where they ate and slept. There are persons still living who have heard it said that the proper place for a tradesman to live was over his shop. But with the changes caused by modern inventions the evolution of a city makes it more complex. Differentiation of parts takes place. One part becomes the financial centre; another, that of wholesale business; a third, that of manufactures; and a fourth, that of retail shops; while the residence quarters are farther and farther removed from the centre. These changes everyone must have noticed in almost all cities, but few have paused to consider that this evolution of the modern city comes from the extensive use now made of the sun's energy stored up in coal, and utilized through machinery in all the innumerable processes of manufacturing, industry, and transportation. Cities depend upon coal mines. They have grown with their growth, and prospered with their prosperity: and if ever the mines become exhausted, the cities will dwindle with their decay; unless we learn to transform the energy of the medium which surrounds us into power.

We have shown that the growth of population and the habit of riding in cars have increased faster than capital has been able to supply the means of transit, from whence has come congestion of traffic in the larger cities, and from whence it will come in all. The evil has become serious, and is fast changing rapid transit back to slow transit.

Various remedies have been suggested. Were it confined to one or two cities, we might hesitate to advise. But the same causes will produce similar effects in all of our cities, so that the matter becomes one of universal interest. The extension of cable and electric railways in cities like San Francisco, Denver, Kansas City, Buffalo, Minneapolis, St. Paul, etc., is covering rapidly with houses great areas of outlying territory, that were lately farms and pastures. As everybody wishes to go to the heart of the city, which is small, congestion of traffic must come sooner or later to all. The question is not one of invention and engineering alone, but it is interwoven with one of the most difficult problems of modern economic science—how far shall the community control and share in the burden of serving the community? We will take up this question farther on, and will now discuss some of the engineering features of an improved rapid transit.

An inspection of the maps of cities, in this and the article in the May number, will show that the shape and contour of the town, as determined by the physical features of land and water, has much to do with the manner in which its rapid transit is developed. Thus, the steep hills of San Francisco were the

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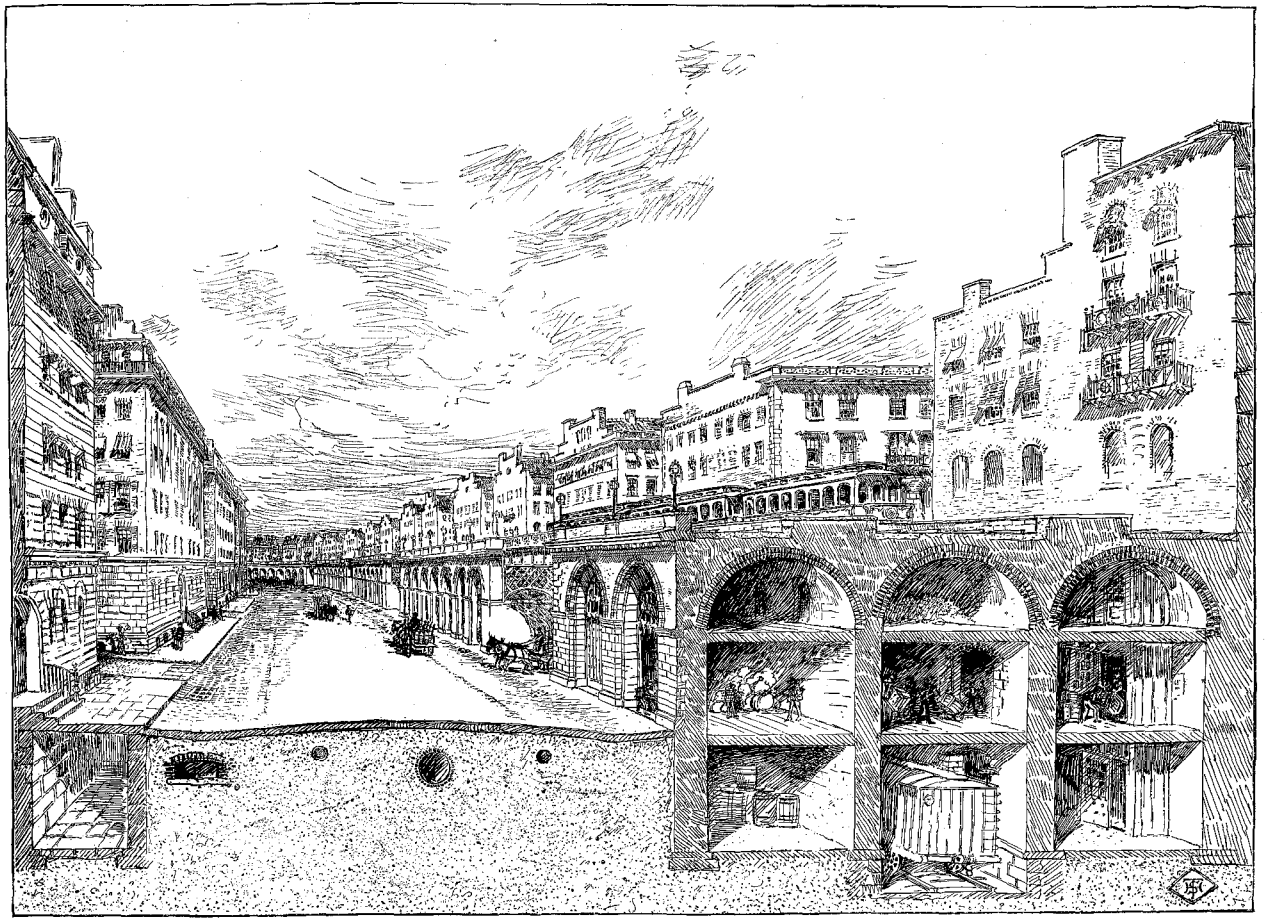

DRAWN BY H. T. SCHLADERMUND.

Section of Proposed New Street, Viaduct, and Warehouses, New York.

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cause of the invention of the cable system, which is also used in the steep streets of Kansas City. The long, level, and straight avenues of Chicago and New York, are also suitable to the cable system on account of their concentrated traffic and absence of curves. The crooked and narrow streets of Boston, with their frequent curvings and intersections, are not suited for cables, but are worked very well by the electric system. Where there is a wide extent of sparsely settled territory, the electric trolley system is the most economical of all.

The question is sometimes asked, what is the comparative cost of working street railways by horses, cables, or electric motors? The investigations of the last census throw light upon this, and I have collected some other statistics showing the cost of carrying a passenger, which is a resultant of the cost of running a car, and the number of people in that car.

Table showing cost of operating Horse, Cable, Electric, Steam, Locomotive Lines, per Car Mile run.

Description.	Actual Cost in Cents per Car Mile Run.			Number of fares taken per car mile run.	Cost per passenger.
	Motive power.	Other expenses.	Total.		
Horse Cars Lines.					
Census Bulletin No. 55, average of 15 lines...	7.10	11.06	18.16	4.95	3.67
Chicago, Southside, 1891	12.00	6.90	18.90	5.03	4.64
West End, Boston, 1891	10.86	14.69	25.55	6.35	4.02
Bobtail cars drawn by one animal, with no conductor..... ...	7.00	8.00	15.00	.....	....
Electric Lines.					
West End, Boston, Trolley.....	7.65	14.10	21.75	6.70	3.20
Census Bulletin, average of 10 lines.....	5.36	7.85	13.21	3.46	3.82
South London Subway, 1891.....	5.20	8.10	13.30	5.00	2.70
Cable Lines.					
Census Bulletin, 10 lines	3.40	10.72	14.12	4.30	3.22
Chicago, Southside Cable, 1891.....	3.00	6.39	9.39	3.58	2.60
Brooklyn Bridge Cable, 1887...	2.23	10.87	13.10	8.85	1.50
Brooklyn Bridge Cable, 1891.....	2.24	8.44	10.68	7.83	1.364
Locomotive Elevated Lines,					
Manhattan, N. Y., 1890.	5.85	7.15	13.00	5.20	2.68
Brooklyn, N. Y., 1890..	5.00	4.54	9.54	3.17	3.00

Figures are misleading without explanation. Thus in the horse-car lines, there is evidently a difference between the division of cost of motive power and other expenses, in the roads given by the *Census Bulletin* and in the other three. The West End of Boston, both in its electric and horse-car statements, charges to the "other expenses" some properly due to the cost of changing from horse to electric power, which, after this is done, will disappear from the account. After making all allowances, the result remains that cable power is the least expensive to operate, then locomotives, then electric motors, and the most expensive is that of horses. But all these conclusions may be reversed when we take into account the interest charges on the cost of the systems. According to the *Census Bulletin* the total cost of road and equipment per mile of street length is for

Horse, mule railways	$71,387
Electric trolley railways.....	46,697
Cable trolley railways.....	350,324

to which we may add subways, $1,200,000 to $1,600,000 per mile; elevated railways, $600,000 to $800,000 per mile. The conclusion is that each case should be considered on its own merits, and where the traffic is light and diffused over wide areas, horse or electric lines are best. Where the traffic is very concentrated cables seem to give the best results, as on the Brooklyn Bridge. If, however, electric lines with their present imperfect development can do either heavy or light business economically, it is safe to assume that in their future development they will beat all the others. In an ideally perfect system of rapid transit:

1. The lines should run from the business centre of the city in all directions to the suburbs, like the spokes of a wheel, so far as the physical features of land and water will admit.

2. The lines should follow those streets which are already business thoroughfares.

3. The system should be one upon which cars can move with equal speed in all parts of the city.

4. No changes of cars should be necessary.

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5. The system should be a flexible one, capable of extension through the outlying and thinly settled districts without too much cost.

The manner of carrying out this would be as follows: Beginning in the suburbs, we should have the present electric or cable surface railways; where there is not sufficient movement of ordinary vehicles to prevent a progress of nine to ten miles per hour, or even more. As soon as that part of the city is reached where a slower speed becomes necessary, the cars should ascend upon an elevated railway and run on it until either narrower streets, or any other reason, makes this kind of line objectionable. Then the line should descend from elevated to subway and pass under that part of the city where an elevated line would be inadmissible. After passing this the line may rise again to elevated and again descend to the street level. All these changes would not always be necessary. There is no reason why this cannot be done by either cable motors drawing trailing cars after them, or by cars each carrying its own electric motor. Not only do the smaller electric cars in Boston, but the great double-deck Pullman car, carrying thirty passengers below, thirty on deck, ascend six per cent. grades with ease. If it is desirable to run electric cars in trains, each should be supplied with its own motor, and all be connected and worked by one motorman at the end. It is true that the wheels of the old horse-cars, which have small flanges, would not allow them to run safely on an elevated structure. But safe wheels could easily be made, and as a matter of fact, the wheels of the double-deck Pullman street car are amply strong and safe enough.

Let us see the application of this suggestion to practice. Take the city of Paris for example. Here the Metropolitan Company projected by M. Eiffel does propose to run partly underground and partly on the surface. There is no physical difficulty in their running also on elevated lines, if it is necessary. We have said that, owing to the small size of its business centre, the city of Boston is probably suffering more from congestion of traffic than any other American city. The method of rapid transit which we have just described is admirably adapted to give it relief. Through the broad suburban streets the electric cars now move at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour. The congestion of traffic extends for less than one mile, and is chiefly confined to two parallel streets, Washington and Tremont, through which the great tide of travel running north and south, and representing a population of 850,000 souls, passes all day long. The great shopping districts are about in the middle of this mile. The West End Railway Co. finding that their cars take longer to pass over this mile than over three or four miles in the suburban districts, have asked the Rapid Transit Commission to recommend to the Legislature to allow them to construct a short subway running under the Common and a part of Tremont Street, and coming out at Adams Square. The nature of the ground admits of such a subway being connected with elevated lines at each end when desired. The subway would be similar to the short subway in New York under Fourth Avenue, between Thirty-fourth and Forty-Second Streets. It would be lighted at short intervals by openings in the roof, and would be unobjectionable in every respect. Near Park Street Church, where the great crowding shown in the illustration to the article in the May number now takes place, there would be a central underground station, where passengers could take trains to and from all parts of the city and suburbs. This seems to be a simple and reasonable way of relieving the difficulty, for the cars on the new subway would make so much better time than those on the surface of the streets, that the larger part of these would be withdrawn from the streets and take this route. The plan is one that can be quickly carried out, and at a comparatively small cost. The Commission, it is understood, will recommend this, but they go a great deal farther. They follow in the footsteps of Berlin, Paris, and London, and propose a circular or ring railway connecting all the steam railroad stations. Part of the line will be elevated, and it will descend under the Common and Tremont Street as the West End line proposes to do. This ring line will have no rail

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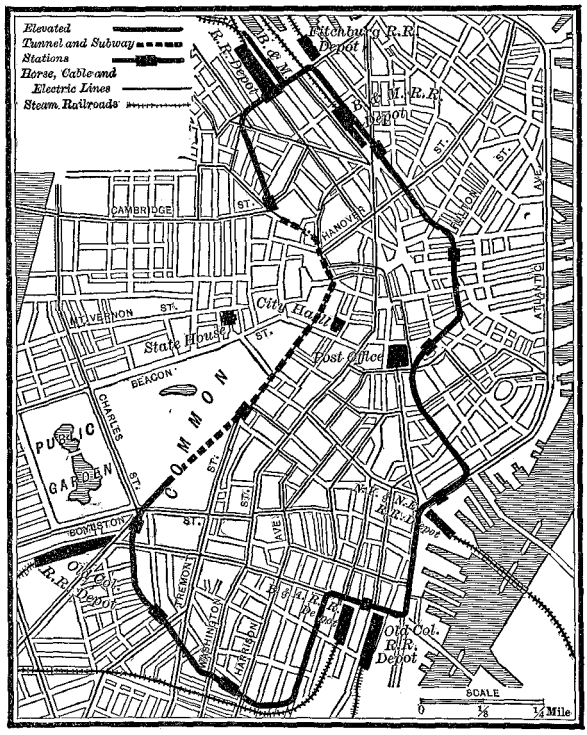
connection with either the steam railroads, or the street railways. Passengers are expected to change cars, ascend and ride around this circle.

The experience of the European cities, to which I have referred in my former article, has shown that these ring railways, in consequence of their not following the lines of the principal thoroughfares where people want to go, and of trying to induce people to take a circuitous route where they do not wish to go, have been utter failures, and are now being supplemented by lines running across the circumscribed area in all directions, but always on the lines of main streets. It does not appear as if this Boston ring scheme would attract capital, as it would cost ten times as much as the other less pretentious plan, and people would not ride on it even free of charge, for they would have to pay another fare as soon as they left it, and no time would be saved. We have criticised this plan not in a hostile spirit, but present it as an object-lesson of what should be avoided. Of all difficult tasks, there is none more difficult than to make an American take the longest way around, when he can "cut across."



The Congested District of Boston.

[This map occupies the space enclosed by dotted line on the Map of Boston, on page 576, in the May number.]

The congestion of traffic, which makes the wide streets of Chicago almost impassable at certain times and places, comes from reasons which an inspection of the map on page 749 will clearly explain. The clear area shows the suburban districts; the lightly hatched area the built up part of the city; while the still darker lines show the business centre. It is separated from the north and west divisions by the rivers with their obstructive swing-bridges. This area is so small that land has become immensely valuable, and has caused the erection of those very tall buildings peculiar to Chicago.

The system which we have described adapts itself as if specially designed for Chicago. Run in on the surface as far as you can make speed, then run up upon elevated lines, and then run down under the streets of the small business area, crossing under the rivers by tunnels, limiting the subways to the shortest possible lengths. Then delays from bridges and from street traffic would cease, and the large damages consequent upon running through the streets of the business area would be avoided. The map of Chicago shows one thing peculiar to that town. In no other city that we know of are there so many steam railroads running so far into the heart of the city. The numerous grade crossings of these roads are a source of delay to them, and of danger to all. No matter what the cost may be, at some future time they will all have to be separated from the street level, and the only practicable way is to elevate the level of their rails. Their right of way is so valuable that within much of the area included by the encircling parks

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and boulevards, it would seem profitable to elevate the railways on structures rather than on embankments. This would give a second right of way under them, upon which electric cars could be run for local traffic passengers, interchanged with trains above, making fewer stops. The structures could carry the trolley wires necessary for supplying power to the surface electric cars. The surface lines would descend into subways which would connect all the railway stations together, cross under the rivers, and traverse the business centre in various directions. The map will show that such a plan as this, taken in connection with the present street lines and some new elevated lines, would satisfy the rapid transit requirements of Chicago for all time, and a no less comprehensive plan will do this.

A new system of carrying passengers, called "the Multiple Speed Railway," has been invented in Chicago.

One enemy of railroads is friction, and another momentum; or that stored up energy which makes trains unwilling either to stop or start. If they could be kept always moving and without stops, the motive power would be much less than now.

It has been supposed (except by horse-car conductors) that it was necessary to stop a car to let passengers get on and off, but this plan does away with all that.

Imagine a continuous line of platforms on wheels moved by electric motors at the rate of three miles an hour, at which speed persons can step on a moving platform from a station. Along side of this is another line of platforms moving six miles an hour. We step upon this. Beyond this are the cars, moving nine miles an hour, into which we step and take our seats. There being a continuous line of cars the whole length of the road, the carrying capacity of this system is enormous, being at least three times as great as that of the Brooklyn bridge cars.

It is stated that this system will be used to carry passengers about the World's Fair grounds.

The city of New York, as everybody knows, is surrounded by water and is long and narrow. This means a great concentration of traffic on parallel avenues and streets running north and south. From this peculiar shape, the walking distance was reached earlier than in other cities, and this led in New York to the earliest invention of horse-car lines. The same causes made New York the first city to build elevated railways, and these causes are now urging New York to undertake a still more costly system of rapid transit, either above or below ground. The official Commission on Rapid Transit has decided in favor of subway lines from the Battery to the Harlem River, and surface or elevated lines above the Harlem River, a distance of about ten miles. While street railways are unobjectionable, such a long one would not be popular in our climate. The questions of ventilation and motive power are not yet solved. Lines under ground have much less capacity than those in daylight, where trains can be run twenty to thirty seconds apart, which no sane man would dare to do in a tunnel. Mr. Depew, with equal wisdom and wit, has summed up the whole case. "Americans do not like to go under ground until they are dead."

The Commissioners themselves say, that while they appreciate that a masonry viaduct would be the most desirable means of transit, they fear that it would be too costly, and take too long to acquire the right of way. The map on page 751 shows the location of the subways proposed by the Commission; with the exception of Madison Avenue, which is not suitable, the locations seem the best possible, following as they do the lines of the crowded streets.

The vital defect of the New York Rapid Transit Commissioners' scheme is that it tries to throw all the burden on private capital, when it ought to be shared by the whole community, as the whole community is benefited in many ways. To do this, the following plan is suggested:

Let the city of New York open two new streets, one on the east, one on the west of Broadway, extending as near the southern point of the island as possible. The western street should run to the Boulevard at Fifty-Ninth Street.

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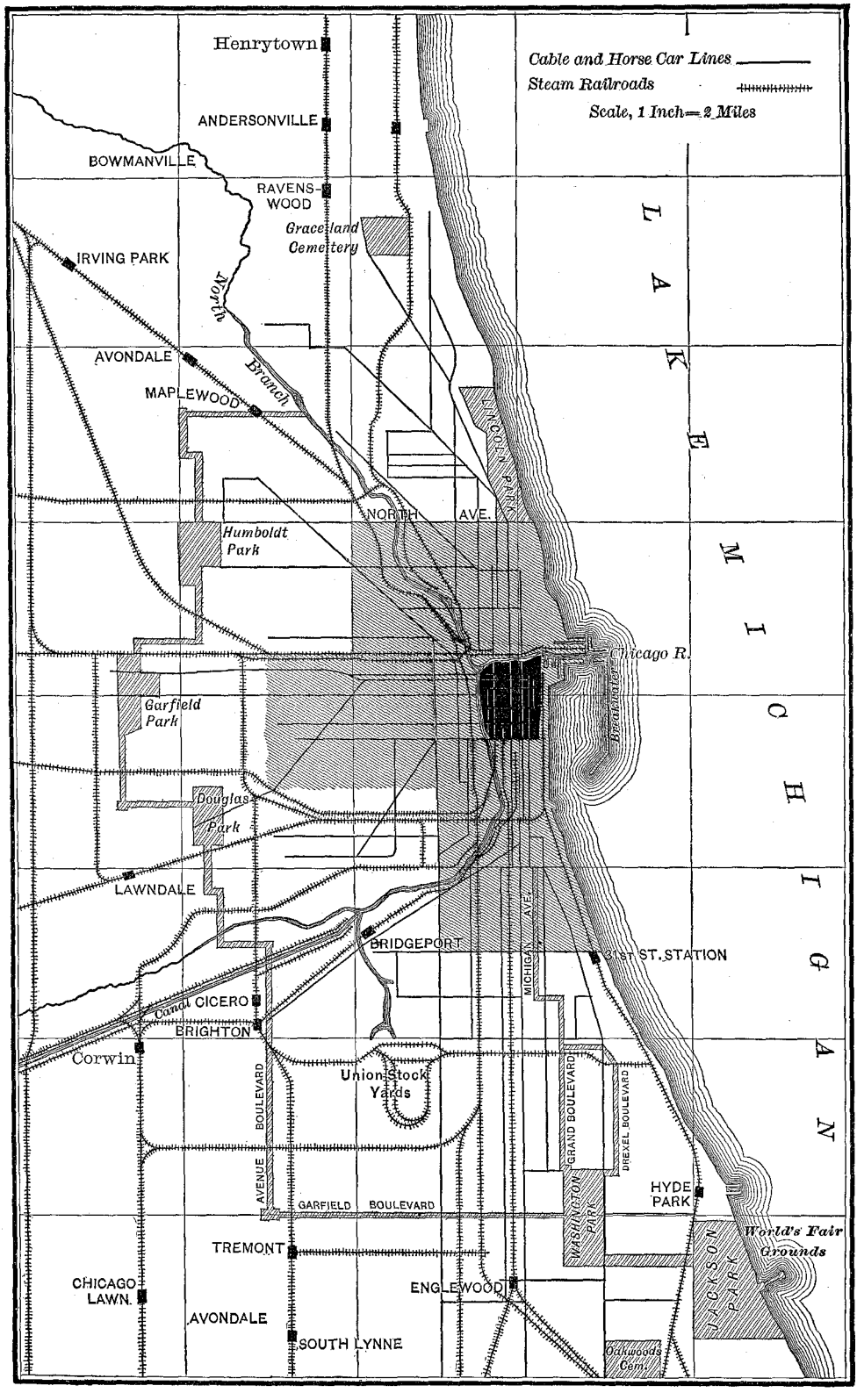

Map of Chicago, showing Rapid Transit Lines.

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The eastern street to the New York Central line at Forty-Second Street. These streets should each be one hundred and fifty feet wide, of which seventy feet should be set aside for a stone and iron viaduct, sixty feet for a roadway on one side of it, and twenty feet for a sidewalk, as shown in the drawing. This viaduct could carry two express and two local trains, with platforms between at the stations; and the spaces which extend from one station to another should have extra tracks for turnouts, storage of cars, etc. The viaduct should be of solid masonry through the blocks, while the streets should be crossed by structures like those of Berlin. The viaduct foundations should be carried below the level of the streets, forming subways in which freight trains could run. The viaduct would thus form a series of fireproof storage warehouses, artificially cooled if required. They would be all connected by rail with the New York Central and other railways. The rental of such storehouses would return four per cent. on the cost over and above taxation and repairs of their construction. The city should lease this seventy feet, which is needed for the viaduct, to a private company who would build it and operate the road under proper conditions. The city would gain two new wide avenues, running north and south, for wheel traffic, which would relieve the congested condition of Broadway and other streets; and, as all will admit, are much needed. It would also gain an ideally perfect system of rapid transit.

Let us see if the cost would be an insuperable obstacle. Valuing 25 feet lots and buildings at $50,000 each, or $20 per square foot, there would be, exclusive of present streets, 594,000 square feet per mile, costing nearly twelve million dollars, the fixed charges on which at three and one-half per cent., the rate at which the city borrows money, would be $415,800 per mile, from which deduct rental of 70 feet at same rate, leaves a balance of $221,760 per mile. There would be about nine miles required, costing the city annually about two million dollars. The warehouses would be taxable property, and new buildings would be built on one side of the new streets, whose rapid transit facilities would make them very desirable. The increase of revenue from taxation would in a few years meet the whole annual outlay. The private company would pay $1,746,360 yearly for its right of way. Its masonry viaduct would cost it nothing, as the rentals would pay for that, leaving only street crossings to be provided for. A subway line with its stations and land damages cannot be built with four tracks for less than three million dollars per mile. The fixed charges on nine miles at five per cent., the current rate of interest, would amount to $1,350,000. To make up the difference of $396,360 would require but 7,927,000 more passengers yearly at five cents. Is it not probable that a line running in open air and daylight, and having double the capacity of a subway, would do as much as this? *

Above Fifty-ninth Street very much less expensive elevated lines could be run in the centre of the Boulevard. Above Forty-second Street, on the East Side, it has been suggested to run over the centre of Park Avenue, which is one hundred and forty feet wide. This would allow of making openings in the New York Central tunnel below, which would improve it very much.

As any comprehensive scheme of rapid transit for New York would require a long time to carry out, present relief can be best obtained by giving greater facilities to the elevated lines. Instead of being prevented from laying third tracks and acquiring better terminals, they should be encouraged, so far as it can be done without cost to the city. The completion of a third track on the Eighth and Ninth Avenue lines, upon which express trains with few stops are run, has reduced the time from the Harlem River to South Ferry from fifty-two to twenty-five minutes. If the East Side lines could run similar express trains the public would be greatly benefited.

New York was built up by commerce, borne in ships and canal boats on the water, and she is connected with the railway system of the country by only

* The year's rent to be paid to the city on viaduct line could be reduced one-fourth by making it for four tracks only, or 57 feet wide, except at stations. This would make yearly rental $1,309,770, or *less* than the fixed charges on a four-track subway.

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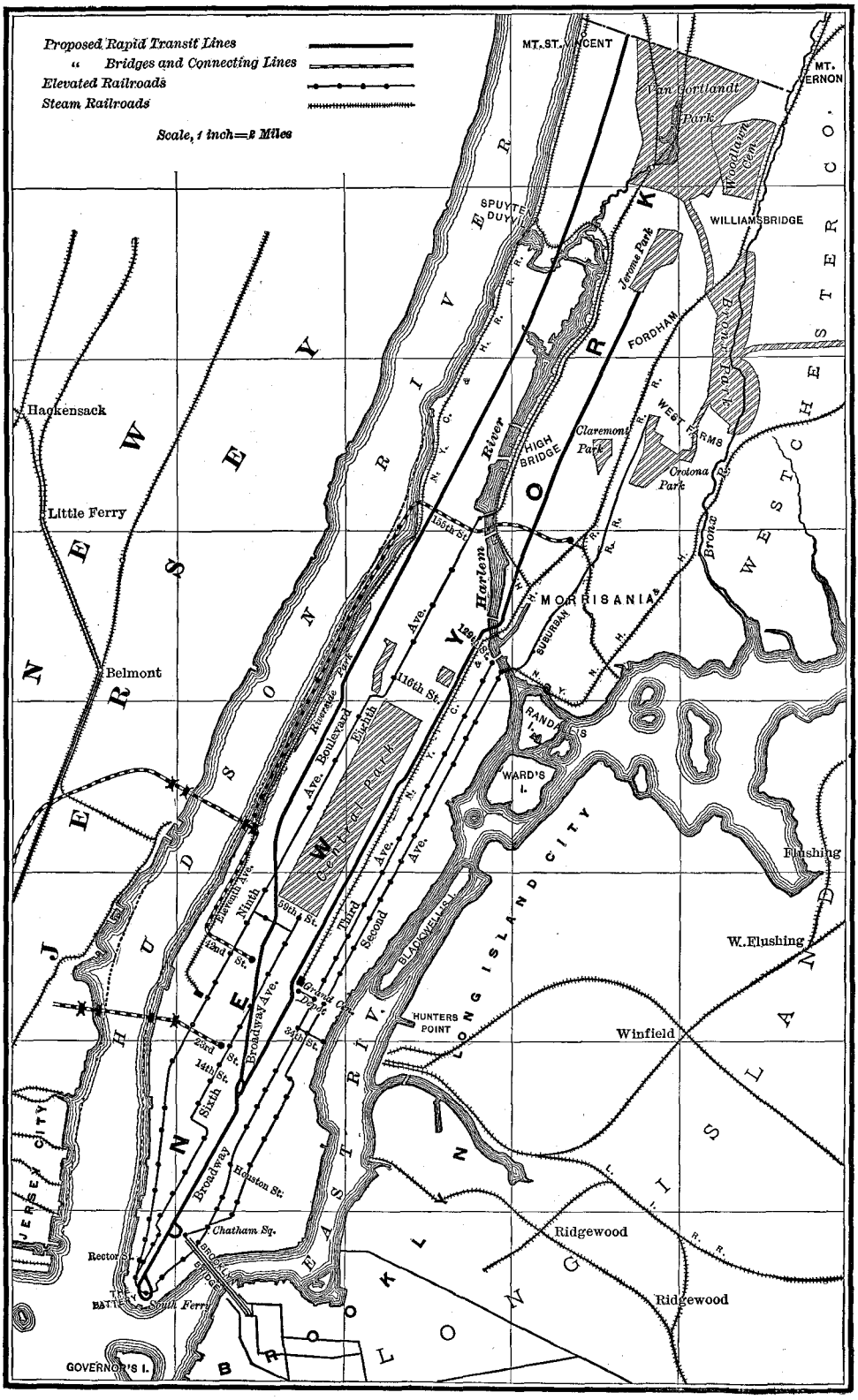

Map of New York—Existing and Proposed Lines of Rapid Transit.

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one line, a very great one, it is true. Passengers and freight we know are transferred from the trunk lines which end in New Jersey by ferry-boats and barges. No better way of handling freight can be devised, as the barge with its load of eight or ten cars can be towed to wharves at any part of New York or Brooklyn, just as the canal-boats that come down the North River are towed.

Ferry-boats were invented for the harbor of New York by Colonel John Stevens, not long after Fulton's successful trips by steam on the Hudson River, and are admirably adapted to their purpose. The design has been imitated all over the world. There are few better designed craft than one of the modern steel ferry-boats with twin screws at each end, and double deck accommodations. The great crowds of foot-passengers and teams that come and go to and from the lower part of New York cannot be better served than by these ferry-boats. But the through passengers who arrive at Jersey City and Hoboken by train require a better mode of crossing the river. A bridge upon which trains could run into the heart of New York would be a great convenience and saving of time, especially when the ferry-boats are detained by fogs or ice. The success of the Brooklyn Bridge has been so great that it is proposed to build three or four new bridges over the East River; two at the lower end of the town to connect the elevated railway systems of New York and Brooklyn; and two above Forty-second Street for steam railroads only.

The New York & New Jersey Bridge Company propose to cross the North River at Seventy-first Street and connect with ten railroads that now stop at the right bank of the river. This bridge will be connected by a steel viaduct with a great union station at Forty-second Street and Broadway. Another line will give connections with the New England railroads. The grades will be easy, averaging forty feet per mile. It is intended to have a large hotel at the station, so that passengers can reach their rooms without leaving the building.

Besides this bridge, there are numerous tunnels projected under both rivers, and one is partly built. Of these tunnel projects, it may be said that the difficulties of making approaches to them and connections with railway lines are very great. Their capacity also is very much less than that of a bridge, and they are not looked on with favor by capitalists.

A few words more on the social and economical advantages of rapid transit will close this article. Let us see what has been done:

Mr. Henry M. Whitney, President of the West End Railway Co., of Boston, in his admirable argument before the Committees on Cities and Taxation of the Massachusetts Legislature, contrasts the European systems of increasing the fares according to distance travelled, with the American system of one fare for all distances. The American street lines lose money on their long-distance passengers, but more than make it up on their short-distance passengers. The tramway fare in Berlin is $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents, or 10 pfennigs, for each $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. When you go beyond the line you have to pay two fares, and so on, so that to ride six miles would cost 10 cents. By the American system, which discriminates in favor of the suburbs, a man can ride ten miles or more to his home for 5 cents. Also, as Mr. Whitney well shows, the increase of speed due to

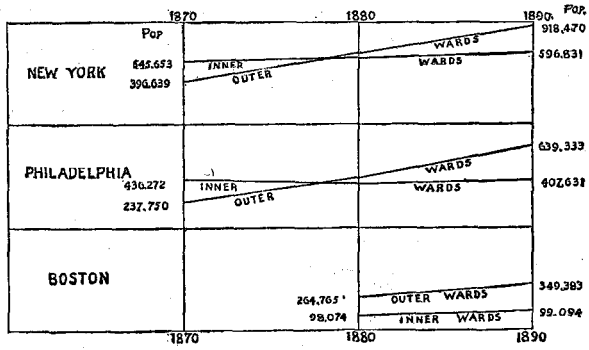

Diagram showing Relative Increase of Inner Congested City Wards and Outer Wards in Twenty Years.

[From figures by Carroll D. Wright, in *Popular Science Monthly*, February, 1892.]

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DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

Proposed Subway Station, Boston.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

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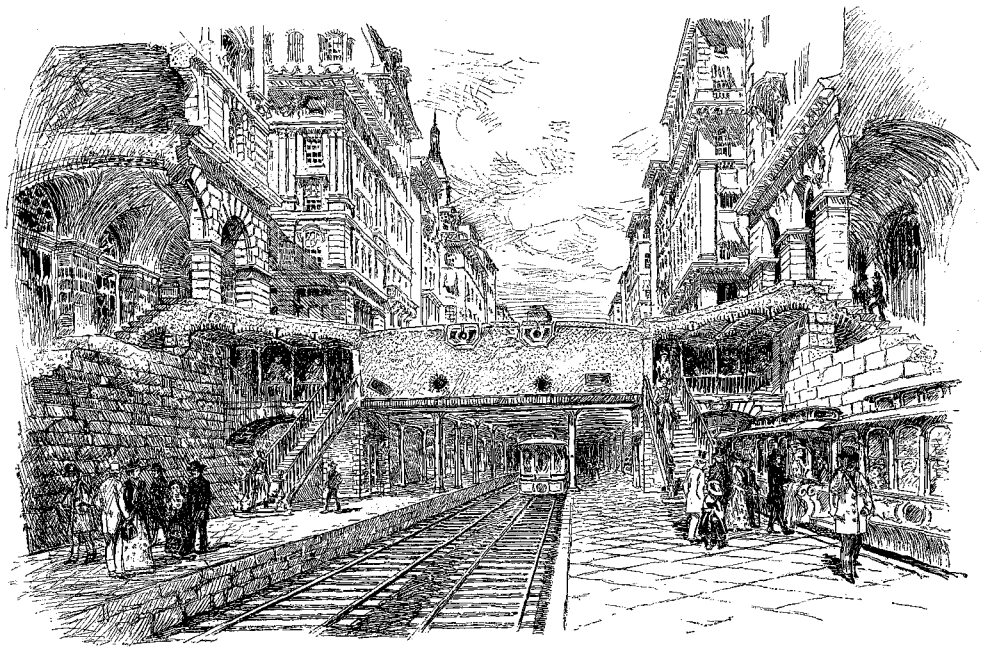
the electric system, shortens each trip ten to twenty minutes. "While you are legislating under this roof," he says, "to reduce the hours of labor, this transportation company, by simply changing its system, has reduced the hours of labor nearly half an hour per day." The effect of the other system, where the suburbs are discriminated against, may be seen in the crowded state of the houses in Berlin. In 1885 there were but 2,820 private houses, and 900,000 out of 1,122,000 persons lived in tenements; 478,000 of whom lived in one room that could be heated, 302,000 in tenements of two rooms, and 101,000 in cellar or underground tenements. Contrasting this with Somerville, a suburb of Boston, containing about forty thousand persons, Mr. Whitney shows that there are 7,000 houses, making the number of persons to a house 5.9, which is about the same number as is found in the rural districts of our well-settled States. That is to say, people can live in a comfortable town only five miles, or half an hour's time, from Boston, paying ten cents a day to go there and return, and be no more crowded in their dwellings than are people who live in the country.

Is it any wonder that our cities and their suburbs grow at the expense of the rural districts? How fast they grow has been shown by the United States Commissioner of Labor, C. D. Wright, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*. I have translated his columns of figures into a diagram [p. 752], which shows the increase of population in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, in the inner, congested wards and in the suburban wards, during the thirty years in which street railways have been in use. Other observations show that the rate of increase in the suburbs of London, over that of the older, congested parts of that city, is equally great. "Outer London is beginning to vie in population with the 'inner ring.' In a few decades hence it will have passed it." The English writer goes on to say: "If the process goes on unchecked, the Englishman of the future will be a suburb-dweller, and the suburban type will be the most wide-spread and characteristic of all, as the rural has been in the past, and the urban may be said to be in the present."



Proposed Local and Express Train Station, Broadway, New York.

The same thing may be said of this country by those who see the great ex-

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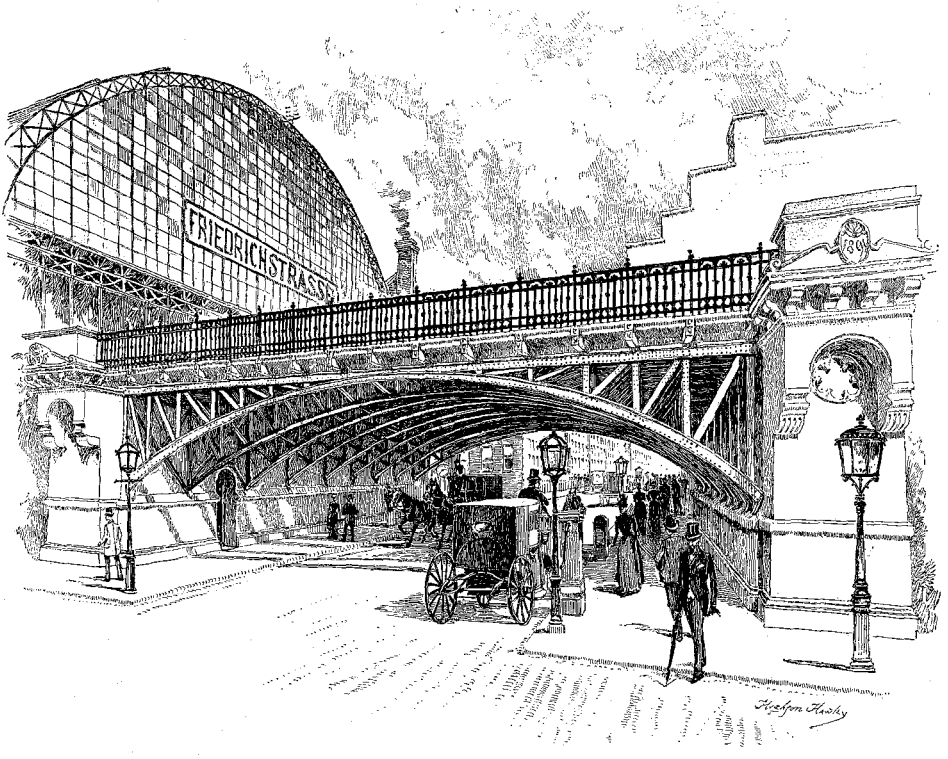

The Berlin Viaduct Railway.
[From the *Engineering Record*, New York.]

tent of suburban area that has been annexed to all our cities since the introduction of the electric trolley system. While it is true that, without the skill and ingenuity of inventors and engineers the rapid transit of to-day would not be possible, yet it is also true that, unless the relation between these systems and the community is fixed upon a proper and just basis, trouble will always come, and neither the public nor investors will be satisfied.

Our present systems have grown up in a hap-hazard sort of way. Certain astute persons have procured from State legislatures charters for street or elevated lines, granting all the privileges that could be thought of and imposing very few obligations. All that the city, whose streets were taken, could do was to try and get as much money as possible out of these companies by taxation. If it succeeded, the company took it out of the public by diminished service. As the Legislature commanded the situation, the companies were obliged to retain lobbyists to protect their interests. The effect of all this has been that the ownership and control of street lines has fallen into the hands of persons eminent rather as politicians than as capitalists.

The advent of the electric system has changed all this. Street railway shares are now sought eagerly by investors, are quoted in the money markets of the world, and have attracted the attention of the most conservative bankers. The vast amount of capital invested in these lines is shown by the following list, showing those of the United States and Canada up to September, 1891:

Miles operated by animals	5,443
Miles operated by electricity	3,009
Miles operated by steam motors	1,918
Miles operated by cables	660
Total	11,030
Number of all cars	36,517
Number of animals in use	88,114

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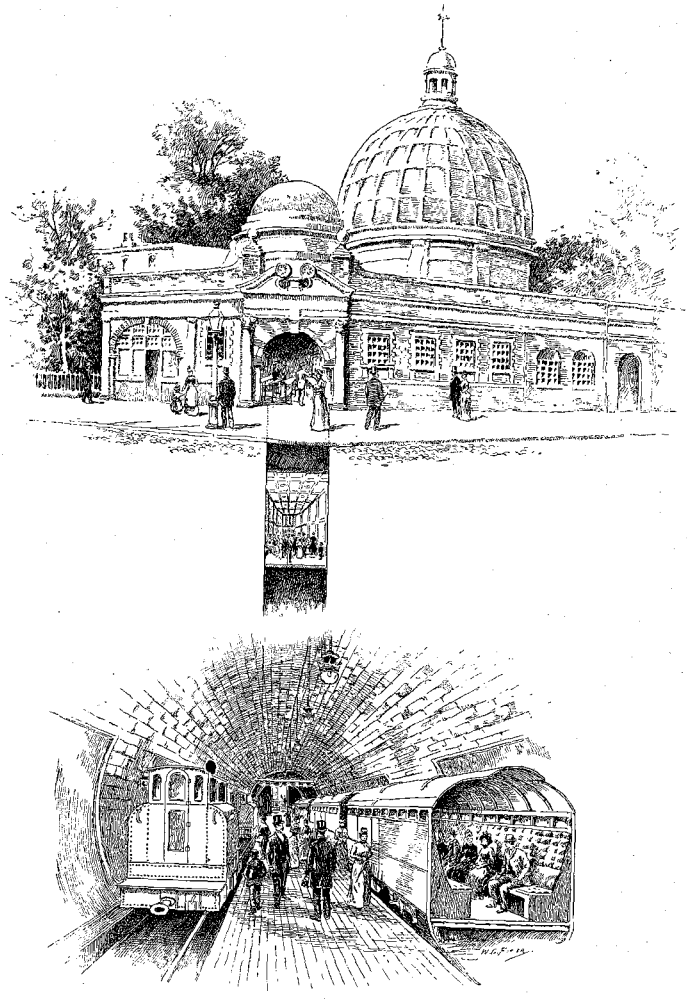
The number of animals has diminished during the last year 26,181, showing the rapid increase of the use of electric and cable power. The total capital invested is not far from nine hundred and twen-



The South London Subway.
(Showing Stockwell Station, the lift, platform, and carriages.)

ty millions of dollars. This shows the great importance of a proper regulation of those important properties.

There are but two ways in which public service can be performed—either directly by the paid servants of the public, or indirectly through chartered companies. In our country, public opinion has decided in favor of the latter. Until our cities are managed on business principles and run by experts, few would wish to see their powers extended. The management of steam railways can be regulated by competition, and all that government should do is to see that safety is provided for, and that all are treated fairly and alike. Competition cannot be applied to street railways except in the beginning, for when all the avenues of access to the heart of a city are occupied, no new lines can be built, and those who first get possession have a monopoly of surface travel. Charters may be given to elevated lines and to subways, but combination may take

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place and the monopoly then becomes absolute. This is the justification for the exercise by the community of regulation and even interference with the management of street railways.

The community, however, should not only be just but generous in its dealings with the companies, and share with them the burden of rapid transit by furnishing the place to put the lines, either on the surface, or above, or below ground. That is to say, the city should condemn the damages caused by any of these forms of rapid transit, pay the abutting property owners before they are built; and charge the companies a rental for the same based upon the rate at which the city can borrow money, as we have suggested in the case of the proposed new viaduct streets for New York.

The companies, who are the other parties to the contract, should be strictly held to perform the following duties:

1. To run cars as often as the public service demands, and extend their lines when the public service demands. In case of disagreement the matter should be settled by arbitration.

2. To charge uniform fares for all distances, and but one single fare, all over the city or town limits. Even where there are many companies, interchanges should be free.

3. To run at agreed-on rates of speed, maintain clean and well-lighted cars, properly heated in winter, and having all modern improvements.

4. To use that form of rail which interferes least with ordinary traffic, and to keep the pavements clean and in order between the outer lines of rails.

5. To pay an annual rental for the right of way.

In return for the proper performance of these duties the community should give the companies the place to put their tracks. In case of strikes they should have the full protection of the military and police, as if they were public servants. Conductors should be special constables authorized to arrest drunken or disorderly persons. In running cars they should have the right of way, and other vehicles should not be allowed to detain the cars and their passengers.

Finally, after paying their rental they should be exempt from all taxation, except on real estate owned by them. In lieu of taxation the payment to the community should be by lowering fares. The accounts of the companies should be subject to the inspection of public officers, and when the net earnings during a certain number of years should be found to exceed *ten* per cent. on the capital invested, a lowering of fares should take place. In case of dispute, the matter should be settled by arbitration. It may be said that fares can only be lowered a cent at a time, and that this is too much. But there is nothing to prevent the sale of tickets in bunches of twenty-five, at any fraction of a cent discount.

All these stipulations should be embodied in contracts between the cities and the companies, which should be perpetual, except in case of forfeiture by the company for neglect or non-performance of duties. All the mutual stipulations the courts should enforce. It seems to the writer that such an arrangement would place the operating of rapid transit lines in the same position as if it were done by the public directly, except that the payment to the company would be a possibility of a ten per cent. dividend to be earned by business ability, instead of payment by fixed salaries. It is a great mistake to tax transportation in any shape, for all experience has shown that the tax comes out of the public in the end, from economies which result in inefficient service. The higher the tax the company pays, the less it does for the public in other ways. Also, high taxes upon corporations are direct incentives to public extravagance. On the other hand, the lowering of fares is a positive gain in every way. When the fares on the New York elevated lines were reduced from five cents during four hours and ten cents during the rest of the day, to an uniform fare of five cents all day, the increase of travel more than repaid the Manhattan Company. The saving to the community during five years has amounted to $1\frac{36}{100}$ cent on 890,824,786 fares, or a total of $12,107,600. If the city of New York had taken this sum in taxes, what would it be now? There is no reason why, when new franchises are to be granted, that the city should

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give away a safe ten per cent. investment. A rental should be fixed, based upon the cost of condemnation of damages for right of way, and the franchise should then be sold to those who would bid the highest sum for it, after agreeing to pay the rental and be bound to perform the duties we have described. The maximum allowable dividends are purposely placed high, so as to induce the companies to adopt improvements and attract custom, as private individuals do in their business. If they were restricted to a small dividend, they would not be induced to improve their service and change from horse to cable or electric motors. Under some such mutual arrangement as we have suggested, made definite and lasting, not only would street railway investments be safer and more attractive, but the complaints of slow and dirty cars and no seats would quickly disappear.

Finally, we re-state our original propositions:

The population of our cities is increasing in a greater ratio than that of the country at large. This increase is caused by the increase of industrial occupations which can best be done in a city. The growth is mainly a suburban growth, and the places once occupied by crowded tenements are being taken for purposes of business and manufacture. The steam railways can supply food and access to a city of any size. The growth of cities will never stop as long as these conditions last. The only question is, how to get in and out from the suburbs where people live, to the heart of the cities where they work and trade. The solution is found in such methods of rapid transit as we have attempted to describe, or in other better ones yet to be invented. What shall be the relations between the community and its servants, the chartered companies, is one of the most important questions of the day.

Henry George, in his letter to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., says: "There is a natural law by which, as society advances, the one thing that increases in value is land—all growth of population, all advance of the arts, all general improvements of whatever kind add to a fund."—So far we all agree with him. But this is his conclusion: "Add to a fund that both the commands of justice and the dictates of expediency prompt us to take for the common uses of society."

No! Mr. George. So long as a poor man can buy an acre of land within an hour's ride of that city where he finds constant work, and can buy everything he wants at the best rates, and do all that for ten cents a day—he will never allow Henry George to tax his little home out of existence for the good of an imaginary creature of the brain called Society. And this increase of health and comfort to the people, this strengthening of the bonds of the commonwealth, this barrier against anarchy, has all been brought about by the humble invention of "paving the roads with iron bars." Thus doth God work His changes upon this earth.

SEA-BEACHES.

By N. S. Shaler.

THERE are two great divisions of the shore-line which even the cursory observer quickly learns to recognize: these are the cliffs and the beaches. In the cliff section he easily perceives that the sea is gaining on the land. The conditions under which the ocean extends its empire afford, as we have already seen, a beautiful subject for inquiry. We have now to turn to the parts of the coast where the sea spends its energies, not on rocky steeps, but on the softer—yet really more resisting—walls of sand. Below the frowning walls, formed where the surges are effectively assailing the land, we find generally a wide slope where the breakers are continually at work grinding the stone they have rent from the cliff into small bits. Usually, however, this

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incline is made up of large, bowlder-like masses, with a few small pebbles and a little sand packed into their interstices. We readily see that the greater part of the fine stuff into which the waste from the cliff is ground journeys with the currents, which the storms and tides produce, to some point where it is built into sand or pebble-beaches. In this migration the pebbles move along next the shore, in the shallow water where the waves and currents are strongest, while the sand often travels in the deeper water at some distance from the shore-line. They both commonly arrive in the end at some characteristic beach where they enter on another chapter in their singular history.

In beginning our study of beaches, it will be well to choose some part of the shore where the cliff district has an irregular front, exposing bold headlands to the free assault of the waves, while near by there are embayed recesses into which the detritus, in the form of pebbles, can be impounded like the balls in the pockets of the old-fashioned billiard table. An ideal exhibition of these conditions is given in the illustrations of this article. It will be seen that the waves and shore currents necessarily import the larger part of the *débris* they rend from the promontories into the bottom of these bays. Places where a study of the results of these conditions may be made can be found along almost any mile of shore, from New York City to Greenland, where hard rocks face the sea. It is rare, indeed, on every cliff shore that we have to search for as much as five miles along the coast without finding one of these pocket-beaches, whereto the rocky matter from the neighboring cliffs swiftly journeys to undergo the last stage of its destruction.

To the naturalist's eye the most striking feature of the beaches is the symmetry of their form. This is so characteristic that everyone, however little trained in the methods of interrogating nature, is sure to observe it, provided he follows the path which leads him from the rude cliff shore to these more gracious outlines of the beaches. On the steeps, where the sea is eating into the land, all the outlines are ragged; the scenery has the hard, irregular quality which belongs to all fields where the destructive influences of nature preponderate over the forces which build up or renew. On the true beaches the gentle and harmonious curves attest the constructive order of the actions. They have the peculiar grace which marks all things which grow, their form is truly vital. We note the delicate finish of the curve of the line of contact between the water and the land, and the equal symmetry of that which extends from deep water to the crest whereon stands the seawall and perhaps the attendant dunes. However much the eye and the mind may for a time enjoy the stern scenery of a rockbound coast, we turn with abiding satisfaction to the calm beauty of these more perfectly organized shores. They are like calm weather after a storm, which, however well we may enjoy the tempest, is the more grateful to our senses. We may visit the rude scenes of the besieged cliffs with the grim pleasure with which one may behold a battle-field, but there is not the place, where one would dwell if he seeks harmonies and the peace which comes with them. If one would abide by the sea it is better to seek a home by the beaches.

At first sight even the most beautiful beach is likely to seem, to those who are uneducated in the study of the shore, to be rather monotonous and devoid of interesting features. The smooth outlines of the scene suggest in themselves a simplicity in the conditions which, we shall find, does not exist. In fact, these smooth shores present a greater array of actions, and afford the student a larger field of profitable enquiry, than he has found in the apparently more varied rock shores. It is because all the conditions of the geologic life, which lead to their growth and maintenance, are perfectly adjusted to each other, that the well organized beaches appear so simple. They are like the living forms of animals and plants, where the shapely exterior hides the complicated anatomy and the marvellously delicate adjustment of varying and interesting functions, so that the creature seems to need no ex-

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planation. This is not a vain analogy, for, as we quickly see when we make a detailed study of any beach, it is in many ways a highly organized structure.

The best way to begin the study of these portions of the strand is to select some small and pebbly pocket-beach near a cliff section whence comes a plentiful supply of *débris* worn from the bed-rocks by the action of the waves. At the horn or extremity of the beach, next these cliffs, we may often find bowlders roughly rounded by the rude mill of the surf to the spherical form, and of great size: they are sometimes two or three feet in diameter. We can, in times of heavy storm, see that the surges roll these masses over and against each other, and we note their constant wearing as they journey onward, not only in the sound of their clashing, but also in the steady diminution in their size as they go farther away from their place of origin. Near the points of the crescent shore these rolling stones are more exposed to the action of the waves than they are as they slowly creep down into the curved bay, so that, notwithstanding their weight, they are ground against each other and consequently diminished in bulk. As we follow them toward the centre of the crescent, we observe that they constantly become smaller, until, a mile or two away from the point where they escape from the cliff section, they may be no larger than billiard-balls. If the beach be very extended, the central portion of its front may be composed of fine sand, the pebbles having been ground to dust in the powerful attrition of the waves. We thus arrive at the first and most important point in the history of these pocket-beaches and see that they are mills which serve to grind up the rocky matter torn from the cliffs, and that they bring it to the finely divided state in which it can easily be taken by the marine currents to great distances. We must now proceed to see the details of this admirable mechanism of the rock-grinding mill.

When the ocean is in its ordinary summer state of stillness, with only the light pulsation which sends a few times a minute a little breaker against the beach, we find that only the sand and smaller pebbles are stirred by the motion of the water; but now and then, even in this peaceful time of the year, storms send in more powerful surges. These may come from a wind which blows directly upon the shore, or from some storm in the open sea so far away that the ground-swell alone attests its passage over the waters. These waves may roll upon the beach with a height of from five to ten feet, and at the rate of from four to six strikes a minute, each blow applying to the shore-line in a mile of its length energy which is to be measured by thousands of horse-power. These surges break or overturn, not at the very shore-line, but at a distance from the dry sands determined by their altitude and the shape of the beach. On ordinary fronts of sand they tumble into surf-waves, a hundred yards or more from the point where we may stand dry-shod, and on many parts of the coast they break at a mile or more from the water-line. Within the outer line of surf the waves gather again and again to form lesser breakers, so that there is a wide belt of tumbling water extending, it may be, for hundreds of miles along the coast.

Next the shore this turmoil of the sea is marked by fierce splashings arising from the overturning waves; the water rushes up and down the steeper slope of the inner part of the beach, sweeping the coarse sand and pebbles before it in each movement, it may be for sixty feet or more. If the pebbles are abundant, we can easily hear the dull, grating sound arising from the friction of the stones against each other as they are driven to and fro. Standing with bared feet in this splash, we easily note the fact that it is not only the surface of the beach which is moved, but the mass to the depth of perhaps a foot or more partakes of the movement which the surging waters impress upon it. The stones are ground against each other and the sand among them pulverized as if between millstones. The result is that at each swaying of the mass a considerable amount of rocky matter is made into

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fine mud which is free to drift away in the whirling waters. We may often see that the clear sea-water is perceptibly muddied by this action for a considerable distance from the shore, a wide fringe of the sea attesting by its turbidity the work of this mill. If the student be an expert surf-bather, he may venture beyond the boiling shore belt to the point where the waves topple over in the breakers. There he will discover another mode of action of the waves which differs in many regards from that brought about by the swayings against the shore. When the wave topples over the upper part of its mass falls down, it may be from the height of ten feet, upon the bottom, upon which it strikes with great energy. If this floor of the sea be fine sand, the effect of the blow is slight, the particles are little disturbed, being trodden to a firm mass by the long-continued tramping of the surges. If, however, the bottom be composed of pebbles, with their faces made slippery from the water or the gelatinous ooze of the sea, they fly about when the falling wave strikes them, giving forth a hoarse roar from their friction against each other. Sometimes we may observe how these swift-moving stones striking against a firm-set bowlder skip into the air like a ball from a bowler's hand. So we see that there are two kinds of rock-grinding done on the beach, that which is accomplished next the land by the swinging movement of the waves and that which is effected by the breakers.

The rate at which the pebbles are reduced to sand and mud by these processes of the beach varies of course with the hardness of the materials and the energy with which the waves assail them. We may judge the speed of this work not only by the rapid reduction in the size of the pebbles as they pursue their devious way down the coast but by many other even more instructive examples of this work. It not infrequently happens that vessels loaded with brick, coal, iron ores, and other hard substances are cast away on the exposed beaches of the Atlantic Ocean, and their cargoes delivered to the shore waves. In a few months we find the waste scattered, it may be for miles, in the direction in which the materials of the beach are running. In some cases hard-burned brick or anthracite coal will journey on a sand-beach for a distance of five miles before the bits are entirely worn out, and they may endure for a year before they are quite ground to dust. If the shore be pebbly and well exposed to the sea all the fragments save those which find protection in some sheltered place will commonly be destroyed within a mile of the place where they were first exposed to the surf action. On the eastern face of Cape Ann, where exceedingly hard fragments of granite—the waste rock from the quarries—have been cast into the sea, it requires several years for a fragment the size of a nail-keg to be rounded into the spheroidal form so characteristic of marine erosion. Slow as this wearing may seem, we must remember that, measured against the geologic ages, it is indeed exceedingly swift.

It will readily be seen that a portion of the beach, that which is above the limit of the sea except in times of high tide and great storms, rises more steeply than the portion which is below the roll of the water; in fact, the line from the shallow water to the crest of the beach is like one-half of a catenary curve, or the shape in which a chain or cable hangs when it is suspended between two elevated points. Such a curve is, as we easily recall, nearly flat in the middle and rises steeply near the support. This shapely form is due to the action of the waves, which continually thrust or heave the sand and gravel against the shore. The effect of this urgence is modified by the continued reflux of the waves; in their backward movement they carry away the greater part of what they have brought in. In a short time an equation is established between the incoming and outgoing of the detritus, and so the sea-shores of all the world establish the same rate of slope for like conditions. In times of storm the slope may for a little while be brought to a greater declivity, but the waves moderating in violence proceed to drag away a part of the detritus and soon restore the slope to its normal condition.

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When a storm has blown obliquely upon the shore so that it has produced a strong current in one direction, the beach in its upper parts will rapidly waste away, but a change of current will quickly restore the usual outline. On some coasts, however, there is a constant current in one direction, so that the beach would quickly disappear were it not for the constant accession of sands which march down the coast or are brought in from the deeper sea. Thus on the southern coast of the United States from Cape Hatteras to Cape Florida, particularly along the shore of the Florida peninsula, the sands are journeying toward the south under the influence of the prevailing current which sets in that direction on the landward side of the Gulf Stream. From Cape Canaveral toward the coral-reef section of this shore the coast current is so strong that the beach is much scoured away and has a slope which is often fifteen degrees of declivity between high and low tide mark. The unhappy footman who has to toil up this desert strip of sand finds it almost impossible to make a day's journey of twenty miles without exhaustion. The grains of ever-shifting sand are so incoherent that the foot sinks deep into the mass and the unequal position of the feet racks the walker in a painful way. I remember a walk of sixty miles along this shore, from Biscayne Bay to Jupiter Inlet, as among the most trying incidents in my field experience. The extended sand-shores differ in certain important ways from the smaller pocket beaches which still deserve our attention. Along the water-washed portion of these strands we find that the beach suddenly changes its character. Below the level of high tide it is exceedingly shapely, all of its contours are very regular and present little else than a gentle, uniform slope toward the waves which give it form. Where the waves do not act, the contours at once become rude, and, when first and imperfectly seen, apparently shapeless. We commonly find on pebbly beaches a rude wall of water-worn stones, rising, it may be, ten feet or more above high tide. This wall sweeps around the crescent of the true beach, following its course from one end to the other, looking often like an artificial rampart. Now and then it is deeply breached or sometimes for a considerable distance swept away. The origin of this beach-wall is simple: in times of unusually heavy storms blowing directly upon the coast, especially when they fall in the season of the highest tides, the waves trespass upon the upper part of the shore and fling a great quantity of pebbles before their swift-moving front; when the onrushing surge conveys these pebbles beyond the seaward face of the beach to the crest of its wall they fall upon the more level summit, and the retreating waters cannot drag them back into the sea. When the ocean is in its stormiest condition, the pebbles may be tossed over the crest of the embankment and fall down its landward slope. If the seas struck the shore in a uniform manner, this wall would have a perfectly regular height; but now and then, in great tempests, there comes a vast wave, which has gathered unto itself the strength of several breakers, and which may assail a part of the sea-wall with such fury, that it breaks it away and sends the *débris* into a steep, delta-like fan out upon the lowland behind the elevation. Subsequent waves, which may be of less volume, pour through and deepen the breach, so that the wall acquires its crenellated or battlemented aspect. The open structure of the pebbly mass allows the swash of the wave to penetrate downward and escape slowly to the sea, so that the retiring water is diminished in volume, and its ability to drag the stones backward down the slope is less than its forward thrusting power: thus the pebbly sea-walls are much steeper-faced than those of sand.

The wave-made embankments on the sandy beaches differ in their form and in the conditions of their construction from those which are constructed of pebbles. The sand, owing to the fineness of its grains, is easily blown about by the wind. When the tide retires, a broad expanse of this material is left for some hours exposed to the sun. The surface dries, and the gales from the sea sweep the particles up the slope until they arrive at the crest-wall; here

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they are often caught in the tangle of beach grasses, and other plants which flourish in arenaceous soils, and in the close-set leaves and stems, and are protected from the currents of air. Where the movement of sand is most rapid, it may bury these plants out of sight, but most of them are tolerant of this submersion and quickly grow upward and make a new entanglement for the moving grains. In this manner the crest of the beach grows upward in an irregular manner, its crown bearing a range of hummocky sand-hills which often rise fifty feet or more above their base, and in favorable situations may attain a height of two hundred feet.

The dunes, as they are termed, are less abundant on the beaches of the Atlantic coast than in many other parts of the seaboard, for the reason that the prevailing winds of that region are from the west; and the sand swept up from the sea-margin is to a great extent carried back by the off-shore winds; even the scanty dunes of our shore would hardly exist were it not for the fact that the vegetation on the land side of the elevations is generally quite luxuriant and holds the sand which has been brought to its protection from the shore. The most characteristic dunes of our sea-coast are found where there is a stretch of shore which, by some irregularity of the coast, is exposed to the sweep of the western winds. Thus the seaward extremity of Cape Cod is largely made up of wind-blown sands. So, too, the long stretch of shore tending to the southeastward from Portsmouth, N. H., to the mouth of the Annisquam tidal river in Massachusetts yields to the northwest winds a good deal of sand which is carried down to the great dunes of the Essex district on the main land. "The Banks" of North Carolina, fifteen to twenty-five miles distant from the mainland over the waters of Pamlico Sound, afford another excellent example of such dunes.

In this country the greatest dune districts are found about the southern end of Lake Michigan, where an abundance of sand of glacial origin is swept upon the shores in times of storm and is borne away by the winds. But if the student of these features would find them at their best he should visit the dunes of eastern England or those about the head of the Bay of Biscay, where these masses of sand not only grow to a great height but frequently separate themselves from the shore and slowly march as moving hills to great distances inland. Thus in Britain one of these dunes in the last century invaded the village of Eccles and buried the dwellings and the parish church so that even the top of the spire was hidden. After a hundred years the summit of the church began to reappear on the leeward side of the hill, and in time the remote descendants of the dispossessed people may be restored to their heritage. In the Biscayan lands the incursions of the sand have proved so menacing to the fertile fields of that country that the government has been to great cost in order to root the invading dunes to their places. The spectacle of these wandering masses of the friable portions of the earth's crust shows us how great is the effect of the plants in restraining the action of the winds. Where, as in the great deserts, the soil is too arid to maintain vegetation, the finely divided portions of the rock, which the plants convert into soil, are at the mercy of the air and are set upon endless marches which often convert the neighboring fertile districts to the state of the Sahara.

The way in which these hills of sand march is very simple. On the windward side the hill is scoured away by the blasts, which are the freer because of the exposed position of the slope. The sand whirls over the crest and falls into the lea where it is caught and fixed by the vegetation so that the less powerful winds which assail it on that side cannot stir it from its position. This process repeated may advance the dune into the interior at the rate of several feet a year. For a time it receives constant accretions of material from the neighboring shore; but as it departs from the coast these contributions become less in quantity, generally another dune forms behind the first of the train and absorbs all the sand which is blown from the beach. As the moving mass passes into the interior it usually becomes ever more and more

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coated by vegetation, for the reason that it comes into a region where a greater variety of plants can dwell than upon the shore-lands; moreover the sand becomes decayed, tends to cement into a firmer shape, and provides more nutrition for the growth of vegetation. Thus in time the dune is brought into the state of a rooted hill, becomes grass or forest-clad, and only rarely and to the trained eye reveals its curious origin.

If, after studying the phenomena exhibited by any characteristic pocket beach, the student will compare the forms of a number of them, he will see that they—while agreeing in all the general features which we have already considered—differ much in certain important details of form. The most important variation is in the measure of the incurve which they present to the sea. Most commonly they are crescentic in their outline, like the slenderest sickle of the new moon, but they vary from this deeply re-entrant form through all the stages in which we may trace the filling of the lunar cup until there is scarce a perceptible hollow left. When the beach is newly formed it is always much curved; if it has lost this form we can easily note the fact that it is by the progressive heaping up of the pebbles or sand in the central part of the bay. If the supply of *débris* which is imported into the beach is greater than the wave action which there takes place can reduce to fine dust to be carried away by the currents, then the basin fills and the shore line becomes straighter. If the waves at any time grind up more detritus than is supplied to them, the shore moves backward into the land and the beach may, if the process continue long enough, utterly disappear. There is, however, as is the case in so many natural forces, a beautiful principle of compensation by which the several actions counterbalance or check each other. Thus, when a beach is ill supplied with detritus and its curve becomes deeper the waves which roll into it have a longer journey over the shallow bottom, are diminished in energy, and are less effective in their work. On the other hand, when the beach advances on the sea for any considerable distance the waves encounter less friction over the shallows and operate with far more power. In this manner the ill-fed beaches soon arrange their form so as to consume less rocky matter, and those which are gorged with pebbles consume it more rapidly.

There are many other noteworthy features in the pebbly beaches, only a few of which can be considered in this essay, for they are matters of detail, and, however interesting, have little bearing on the large problems we have to consider. We have already remarked the fact that the supply of these mills in which pebbles are ground to mud comes in the main from the neighboring cliffs. On the north Atlantic coast, and generally in all glaciated districts, a large part of these pebbles are from points where the sea is assailing the easily worn deposits of bowlders which were so plentifully accumulated in the ice-time. Besides these waste materials on the land, there is a large amount of the same kind of rubbish on the floor of the sea, and much of it finds its way to the shore in the following described manner: All along these shores sea-weeds abound; from the level of mean tide down to a few fathoms' depth the rock-weed thrives, and in deeper water, even to near one hundred fathoms of sea, the great laminaria, or "Devil's Apron," grows wherever it can find secure foothold. Sometimes these plants attach themselves by their root-like bases—which are not in fact roots, for they serve only for support—to shells which lie prone or are fixed upon the bottom. More commonly they adhere to a pebble left on the sea-floor by the melting glacial sheet, or drifted out in the "pan-ice," which in winter forms along the sea-margins.

All these sea-weeds have floats which hold them upright in the water, and as they increase in size, they pull on their bases with constantly augmenting force. As the waves roll over them they increase the tugging action, until finally, in some time of storm, the plant strips the stone from its bed and floats it in the water, buoyed up by the vesicles of air contained in its fronds. The plant and the uptorn stone are together borne in by the heave of the sea onto

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the shore. Coming into the breakers, the weed is quickly beaten to pieces, and the pebble enters the mill where so many of its fellows have met their fate. The close observer after a storm may find any number of these bowlders along a pebbly shore which still show a trace of the sea-weeds which bore them to the coast. Wading out to near the breakers, he can often see these sea-weeds with their attached pebbles —sometimes as large as a man's head —poised in the wave the moment when it rises for the overturning which makes the surf. On a quarter of a mile of the Marblehead beach I have estimated that as much as ten tons of these sea-weed-borne pebbles came ashore in a single storm. Many of the beaches, which are so inadequately provided with pebbles from the neighboring shores where the waves are attacking the firm land that they could not be maintained from that source alone, are sufficiently fed by the means of supply afforded through the action of marine plants.*

The studious observer of the shore must often have noticed that when the section between high and low water mark is composed of pebbles, as is the case with nearly all the pocket-beaches, the bits of stone are generally arranged in successive ridges, the crests of which rise perhaps a foot above the general plane of the beach, the intermediate bays having a breadth of a score or more feet. Where these ridges and furrows are well developed, the whole shore-line may have a curious scalloped aspect. The origin of these peculiar structures is not easily accounted for; to attain the explanation we should note certain evident facts concerning them. In the first place they are extremely impermanent. By placing a mark in the centre of one of the elevations, we easily find that they change their position with almost every storm. Sometimes, indeed, when the currents which move along the shore are very strong, they may entirely disappear, to be reconstructed in a few hours in another time of high waves. If we smooth them away with a shovel, we may see them reconstructed before our eyes.

The way in which these pebbles are brought into this order seems to be as follows, viz.: The crests of the billows which form the breakers do not tumble down at the same moment along any extended line. A glance at them shows us that every few feet of their length fall to the beach at a different instant. Hence the swash-wave, which slips up the beach, has an extremely irregular front; it ascends not as a straight line, but in separate broad tongues of water which are impelled by the extremely varied currents which the irregular falling of the surf and the inequalities of the bottom bring about. If the beach is smooth when these tongues of water begin to sweep up its slope, they at once carve out broad, indistinct grooves. The very front of the swash-flow makes the beginning of an indentation, and each successive movement extends the depression. In the middle of the re-entrant the current is strongest, because it has the freest play; in the reflux movement it scours out the *débris* which on the sides is left untouched; and, indeed, the sides receive a certain amount of material which the current brought with it, but which the retiring water, slipping between the pebbles, cannot take away. In this manner the little bays grow, cutting deeper into the beach at their heads and extending their horns farther out, until these projections come to the point where the inner lines of breakers beat them down. Each of these small divisions of the shore accumulations is in effect of itself a small beach, but it is peculiar in the fact that it is the product of the swash and not of the breakers.

The numerous pocket-beaches of our cliff shores have a very important influence on the history of the harbors, on which man's relation to the sea so immediately depends. Owing to the mi-

* On the parts of the shore where the land has been extensively occupied by summer residents, the owners have in many cases protected the coast from erosion by embankments and out-walls, thus diminishing the amount of *débris* which was formerly contributed to the pocket-beaches. In these artificial conditions the beaches often wear out and the sea begins to assail the part of the coast which was once well protected. In such cases the only way in which the erosion can effectively be corrected is by casting each year to the beach a sufficient quantity of large bowlders to give employment to the waves and prevent their encroachment upon the shore. The larger these bowlders the better; for if they are of small size they will be tossed about by slight storms and rapidly wear out, while masses weighing half a ton will be stirred only by the more tumultuous seas.

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gration of the sand and pebbles along the shore, the greater part of this débris would soon find its way into the inlets which afford shelter for ships, and would shallow the anchorage grounds, or entirely efface them, were it not that the material is caught and imprisoned in the pockets and there ground into mud, which may be carried away by the current to the open sea. Wherever we observe a shore which by its wearing produces much detritus, we are sure to find a number of these beach-mills whereon the bits of rock are ground to powder. From them little pebbly waste escapes, as is shown by the fact that, though in all geological ages the sea has been at work upon vast stretches of shore-line, it is rare, indeed, that we find in the rocks any of the characteristically ovoidal pebbles which have been shaped by the waves. Even to the cursory eye the beach pebbles have distinct peculiarities which separate them from all other similar fragments. They are always spheroids, that is, they closely approach the globular form, while those which are formed, as most pebbles are — by glacial action—are much more irregular in shape, generally being many-sided with the angles somewhat rounded. Even the pebbles made by the torrents of elevated countries differ in character from those produced by wave or ice action.

As we pass from the northern portion of the Atlantic shore of North America to the southward, the pocket-beaches increase in dimensions and contain more sand: it is rare, indeed, in any part of the coasts of this ocean, to find considerable accumulations of sand along the shore. Going toward the tropics, this familiar element of the sea border becomes constantly more and more abundant, until beyond Cape Cod the hard rocks are rarely visible, and the pebbles, if they occur, are altogether from the glacial waste, either that which is excavated from the shore or that brought in by the sea-weed. From New York to Florida, and thence to the Rio Grande, there are no firm materials from which pebbles can be made. We pass from the northern type of pebbly pocket-beaches to the straight sand-coasts of the South by a somewhat gradual transition. The accumulations of detritus become more extensive here, and there the horns of the re-entrant bays no longer project far enough into the sea to contain the large amount of material which finds its way into the depression; so a portion of the matter flows out and streams down the shore to the next bay; this in turn is more completely filled, and finally we come to the conditions of continuous beaches.

The change in character of the shore which is brought about by the passage from the cliff- and pocket- to the continuous beach, is caused by the alteration in the geological conditions of the continent in the district in which the shore-line is laid. The hard rocks of the high north, because of their resistance to the action of the waves, yield but slowly to the sea. The water next the shore is deep and the bottom either of firm stone, close-set pebbles, or dense clay; all these conditions are opposed to the formation of sandy shores. Although the pebbly beaches grind up a great deal of rocky matter, they convert the greater part of it to fine material which forms clay. In the region south of New York, and generally in the regions neighboring to the tropics, the beds assailed by the sea are of more friable nature than those of high latitudes and yield vast quantities of sand, which are distributed far and wide over a rather shallow sea floor. The greater part of the vast accumulations of sand along our southern coasts come to the shore from the bottom of the neighboring shallow sea. The way in which this sand works in against the coast can easily be understood through a knowledge of the processes which are brought into action by the movements of the sea-waves over the shallow continental shelf. First, as to this continental shelf or fringe of shallows which skirts the ocean shores.

If the reader will take the admirable general charts of the Atlantic shore and neighboring sea which have been prepared by the United States Coast Survey, he will find, on examining the soundings of the district from the St. Lawrence to Florida, that the water very gradually deepens from the sea-margin

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for a varying distance, amounting in places to as much as one hundred miles, declining generally at the rate of only four to six feet in a mile, for a distance from the shore, and then plunges down steeply to the abysmal depths of the sea. On the coast of Europe there is a similar shelf, and researches in other parts of the ocean seem to indicate that this broad platform is a frequent feature of the continental margins, being present along all parts of the great lands which have long been elevated above the sea and thus much exposed to the action of the tides and waves. This shelf is doubtless in the main composed of the waste from the neighboring land which has been taken to sea by the rivers, or contributed by the sea-waves to the ocean bottom. These contributions of sediment have been borne to their places mainly by the action of the tidal currents, which are the principal agents serving to distribute sediments next the shores. The action of the tide is in brief as follows: In the profounder depths of the ocean, say in water three miles deep, the water in a tidal swing moves to and fro for only a few hundred feet of distance twice each day. This rate of movement is so slow that it does not disturb the finest mud. As the tidal wave moves in toward the shallower parts of the ocean floor, the swing of the sea increases with every stage in the decrease of the depth, until on the higher part of the continental shelf the current which it creates becomes strong enough to move the grains of sand to and fro with each oscillation which the heavenly bodies communicate to the water. In the shoals next the shore the movement is often strong enough to roll even the pebbles about.

In order to conceive the effects of this tidal movement, the student should imagine a billiard-table slightly tilted at one end and a number of balls pushed with the same amount of force up and down the slope. He will easily understand that the balls will, when thus pushed up and down the table with equal impetus in each direction, gradually work toward its lower end, and this for the reason that the force of gravitation acts ever to diminish their upward movement and to increase their downward journey. The seaward slope of the continental shelf may then in the mind's eye be given the place of the billiard-table, the grains of sand that of the balls, and in lieu of the force applied by the hand we have the alternating push of the tide. There, age by age, the swinging of the water in the tidal flow and ebb, each movement acting with equal force, gradually, with the daily journeys, works the particles of sand from the shore where they are formed out into the deeper water, where the currents can no longer stir them, and where they are quickly bound to the bottom by the organic ooze or slime which abounds on the ocean floor. In this manner, by the endless procession of tide-borne sand, the greater part of the continental shelves are formed.

The work of the tides in conveying the sediments from the shore out toward the margin of these great submerged sand-plains, is directly and rather effectively opposed by the movement of the sea-waves. These surges, like the inconceivably wider tidal oscillations, have little effect upon the bottom of the ocean in its deeper parts. If the abysmal sea-floor were inhabited by a race of philosophical fishes, and they were provided with the most accurate appliances for observation which have been invented by men of science, they would hardly be able to detect the effect of the waves, however high, when they rolled over the surface three miles above the ocean-floor; at most they would find the water lifted a fraction of an inch as the wave advanced, and lowered by the same amount as it passed by. The trifling currents thus induced would not disturb the finest mud upon the bottom; but if the imagined aquatic observers carried their studies to higher levels of the sea floor, they would find an ever-increasing dragging action produced by the waves upon the base of the ocean. When they came to the shallows of the continental shelf, they would find that the water under each successive wave swung toward the shore with sufficient energy, where the surges were high, to drag the sand up the declivity. The less the depth of the water, the stronger this movement would be, and next the beach, where the water

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was not more than fifty feet deep, the action would be strong enough to urge coarse sand or even fine pebbles to the margin where the breakers would commit it to the strand. The result is that the waves, which are only strong when they run toward the shore, oppose the work of the tides and tend to return to the margin of the continent the fine detritus which the tides labor to carry away.

While these two irregular classes of marine movements of tides and waves are contending with the grains of sand and mud, the ocean currents in their continuous, though slow, pace share in determining the fate of the wandering bits of stony matter. Almost all parts of the shallow water near the shore are the seat of these oceanic rivers, which flow with tolerable steadiness in one direction. In their currents, which generally flow at right angles with the run of the tides and waves, the particles of sand and mud are given a decided set in one direction. Thus on the eastern coast of North America there is a prevailing, though variable, southerly current which skirts near the shore over the surface of the continental shelf, and to a certain extent operates to convey all the sandy matter from the northern part of the continent to the southern part of its shallow waters next the coast. It is now contributing to the growth of the vast submerged sand-plains which extend from Cape Cod to Cape Florida, and in past geological ages has doubtless helped to bring to their place the extensive deposits of sand and clay once a part of the continental shelf but now uplifted into the dry land of the Southern States. We may recognize the fact that these lowlands were originally portions of the continental shelf by their gently undulating surface, which is exactly like that of the neighboring sea-floors, by the nature of the fossils in their beds, as well as by other indications of a more recondite nature. In fact, the greater part of the surface of the continents was doubtless originally formed as shore shelves near the old lands, then elevated above the sea, folded into mountains, and worn into hills, until we can no longer, or with difficulty, recognize their original aspect.

If the relative level of the sea and land remained steadfast for a considerable geologic time, the detritus of a continental shelf would, under the unceasing action of the tides, and despite the perturbing effect of the waves in occasional storms, grow steadfastly to the seaward; but all our study of the relations of sea and land tends to convince us that they are peculiarly unstable. It seems likely that nowhere in the world is the sea-margin at exactly the same height in any two successive centuries. In general this variation is so slowly brought about that in the brief moment of time for which we have any account, in the case of the longest-known shores, we do not have evidence of it, and the sea-level is said to be permanent. Again, it is sufficiently rapid to be observable in the duration of a single human life. Thus on the coast of New Jersey there is a tolerably rapid subsidence of the land, which is sinking at the rate of near two feet in a century. Along the shores from Eastport, southward, there have been many ups and downs of the shore since the glacial period; within a range of from a few score to a few hundred feet the last variations appear generally to have lowered the shore in the regions south of New Brunswick. In those regions where the later movements of the coast-line have been of an uprising nature the effect is to bring a great deal of sand, which had been in too deep water for the waves to affect the particles, within the power of the surges. In these cases the coast-line becomes inundated with sand swept in from the sea.

It is characteristic of the typical sandy shores that their materials are apt to be in a state of continued instability; their materials are generally moving with considerable speed in the direction in which they are borne by the shore currents. The march of the sands along the shore continues until they have attained the extremity of the coast or found their farther progress obstructed by some strong ocean current which sweeps the incoherent matter away into the depths. Thus along the Atlantic shore from Cape Hatteras to Cape Florida the sands are constant-

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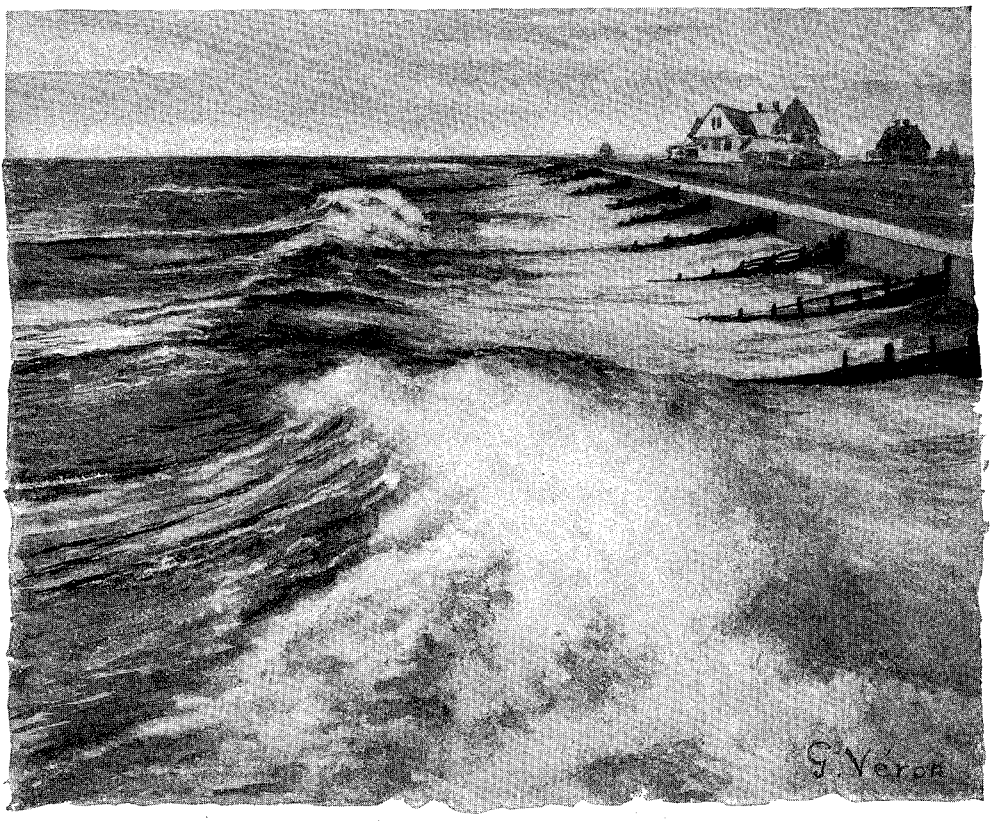

Moderate Surges seen along Their Crests.

The shore is in its nature alluvial and the most approved method of protection by means of sea-wall, together with spur breakwaters, is shown. The object of these breakwaters is to keep the sand and pebbles from working along the beach under the influence of the waves and currents.

ly and rather rapidly moving to the southward. At the last-named cape the coral reefs carry the shore out to the edge of the northward-flowing Gulf Stream, which speedily conveys a great part of the mobile waste into the deep valley between the Bahama Islands and the margin of the continent. Where these coast-moving sands abound the beaches usually lie upon the seaward face of long, low, sandy islands separated from the shore by lagoons. These sand-bar islands are a very conspicuous feature along all the shore from Portsmouth, N. H., to Cape Florida, and again along the Gulf of Mexico from the western coast of Florida to the mouth of the Rio Grande. This peculiar type of beaches appears to be originated under the following diverse conditions: Whenever by an elevation of the shore line a new beach line is to be formed farther out to sea than that which previously existed, the construction is begun, not at the very water's edge, but at a distance out from the shore at the depth where the storm-waves break, in perhaps twenty feet of water. When the wave topples over in the surf all the sand which it has swept forward from the seaward falls down, and each successive wave adds to the supply, until the mass reaches to the top of the water and forms a new bar. Upon this elevation the storms build yet more sand, grasses take root, and low dunes are formed. As the waves bring in not only sand but much shelly matter and the bones of fishes, the deposit may make tolerably fertile land, such as is found on the long beach islands which border the great lagoon known as Indian River in eastern Florida. In other cases,

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where the sea-shore slowly sinks, similar islands may be formed in a rather different way. If the continental land is low, as it is next the sea in all the Southern States in this country, the beach-wall may in time be built to a considerably greater height than the shore upon which it lies. If, now, the land sinks down the waves and winds may constantly add to the height of this growing beach, so that its crown is kept well above the surface of the water, while the interior land, having no such means of adding to its mass, slowly subsides below the level of the sea.

Heavy Surges on Beach Shore.

Showing successive lines of advancing breakers and the process of retreat of a surge which has broken upon the shore. The parallel lines on the strand represent the swash swiftly flowing down the slope, dragging the sands and pebbles with it.

These outlying beaches, especially where they are swept by strong, coast-wise-running currents, are apt to work rapidly in toward the land. Thus on the southern shore of the island of Martha's Vineyard, where an extensive series of lagoons is shut out from the open water by a low sand barrier, the coast current constantly cuts away the sand next the shore and conveys it to the eastward until it is discharged around the end of the island to form the great promontory of Cape Pogue. This leads to the deepening of the water next the shore so that the waves have very free access to it. In times of great storms the swash from the surf sweeps clear over the beach, and in its movement conveys a great quantity of sand from its outer to its inner wall. In this manner a beach moves inward in precisely the same way as a sand-dune, rolling over and over itself in its forward motion. On the coast of Martha's Vineyard the inward march of the beach is now at the rate of about three feet per annum. It is now probably near a thousand feet from the place it occupied when the land was first seen by the whites.

These barrier-beaches, arising, as we

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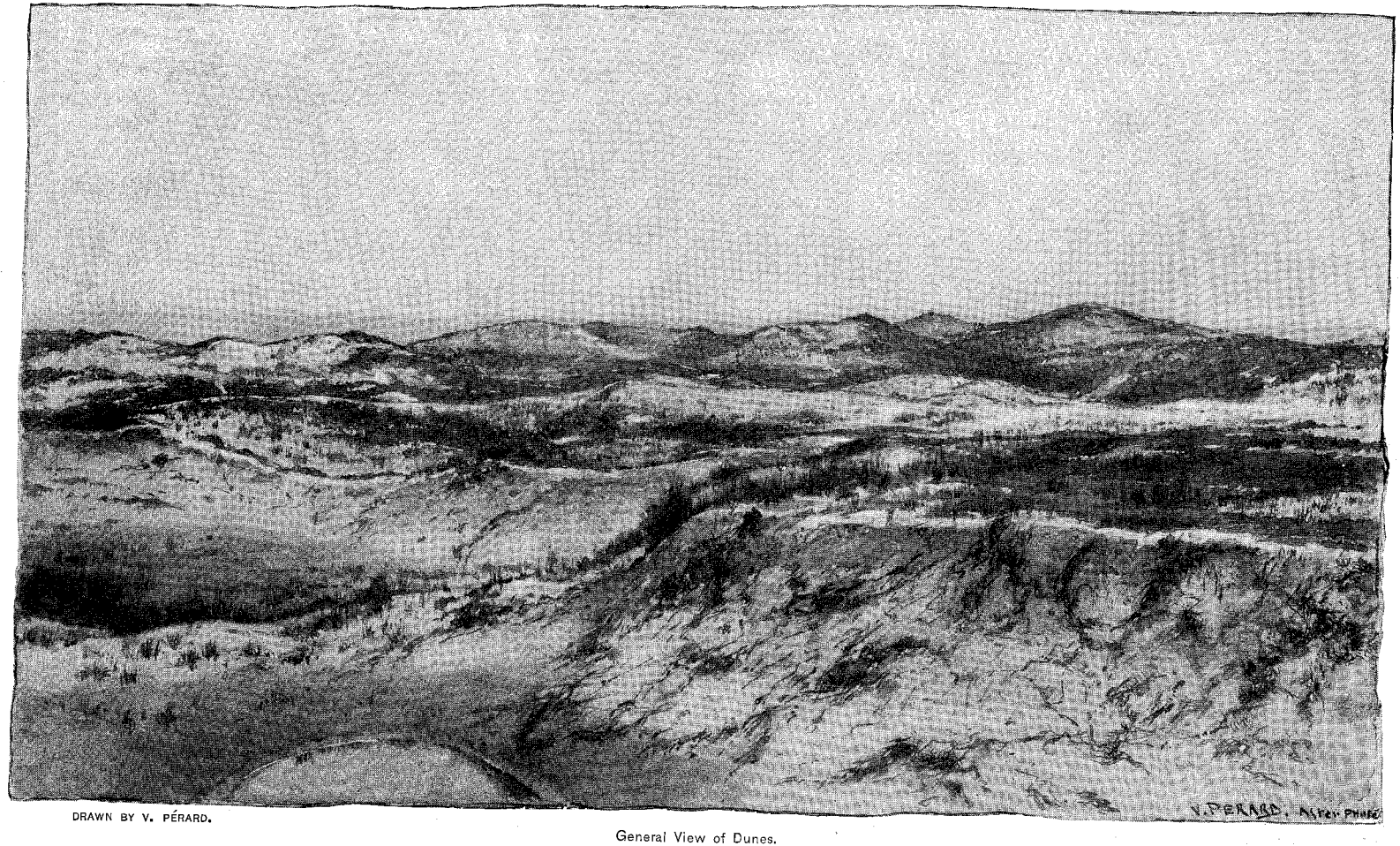

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

General View of Dunes.

From photographs taken on the sea-shore in Essex, Mass.

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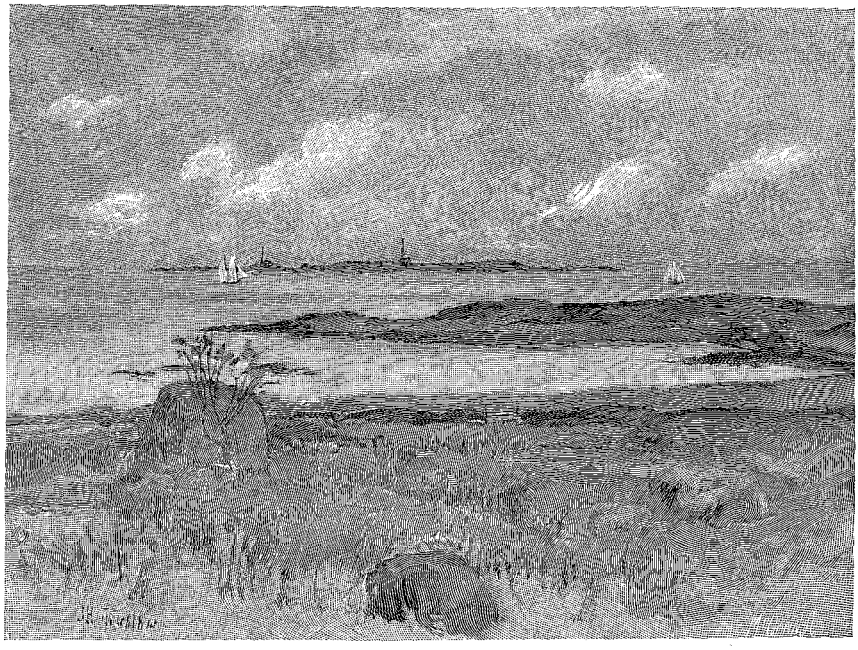

Eastern Shore of Cape Ann.

Showing small re-entrant with pocket-beach. Thatcher's Island in the distance.

have seen they may, from either the uprising or the downsinking of the continent, are extremely common features of the ocean coasts; probably near one-fourth of the continental shores are fringed by them. They are of much interest to man, not only because they afford numerous harbors but for the reason that they lead to the production of certain groups of marine marshes, which may be readily converted into very rich arable land. Some of the most fertile of the dyked lands of Holland were originally of this nature; and on the eastern shore of the United States there is awaiting the thrift which shall win it to agriculture an area far greater than that occupied by all the Netherlands. These marshes, the products of the sea-beaches, afford such promise of good harvests in the generations to come that we may devote a portion of this chapter on the history of the shore to a brief account of their curious phenomena.

As soon as a space of tidal waters is protected by a barrier-beach from the incursions of the sea-waves, its bottom is occupied by various species of marine plants, of which the well-known eel-grass is the most common. These forms make a network in which the currents of the tides, or those of the rivers which may discharge into the embayed area from the land, are deadened and lay down such sediments as they may be bearing. A host of animals dwell in this vegetation and contribute to the deposits which rapidly shallow the water. When by these accumulations the surface is brought to the level of low tide, several kinds of true grasses and other flowering plants, as well as certain sea-weeds, continue the construction of the sedimentary deposit until the surface is brought to a level a little below high-tide mark. This growth of the higher tidal marshes usually begins next the shore, while that of the eel-grass flats, which never rise above the retreating tide, may take place anywhere in the basin where the currents are not strong enough to sweep the plants away. Starting at the shore the grassed marshes extend gradually outward until they leave only narrow channels for the entrance and exit of the tidal currents, as for the escape of

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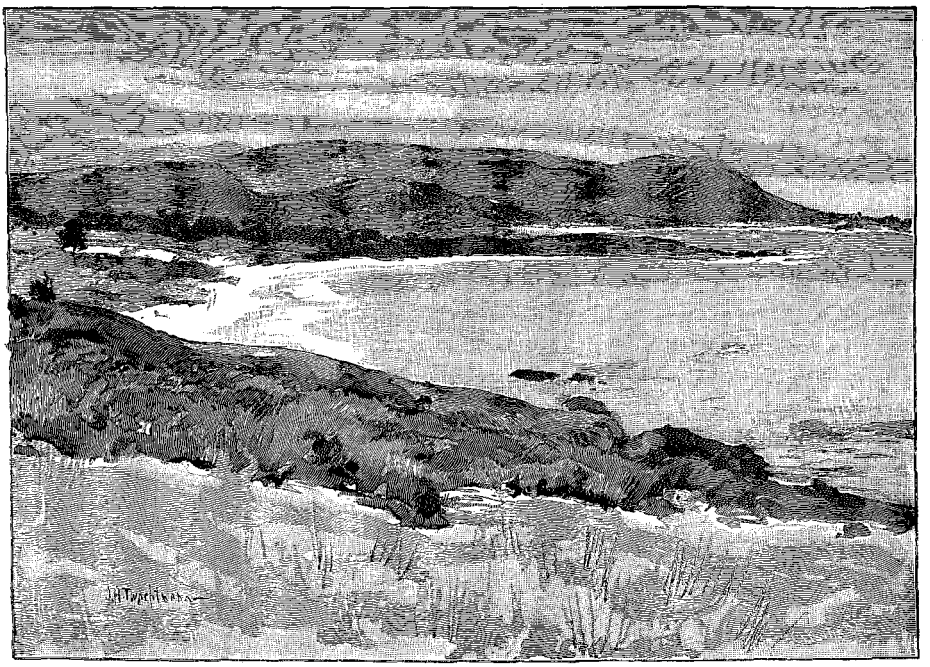

Carmel Beach, Cal.

Showing extensive sand-flat with slight dunes above the water level. The foreground also shows traces of blown sand partly imprisoned by herbage.

the land waters. In this manner bays originally of many square miles in extent appear as grassed plains, except for a few hours at high tide, when they have a foot or two of water on their surfaces. Thus the great marine marshes which have grown in the quiet waters land-locked by Plum Island, near Newburyport, Mass., have an area of about sixteen thousand acres, and there are many others in New England which exceed a thousand acres in area. Between New York and Portland, Me., a careful study has shown that there are over three hundred thousand acres of these lands, all of which are reclaimable and will make exceedingly fertile fields.

In the region south of New York, in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas there are other and far more extensive marshes of the same general nature. It seems probable that ultimately not far from two million acres, or over three thousand square miles, of excellent land will be won from these fringes of the sea to agriculture, and this with a relatively slight expense for the necessary engineering work. With more costly contrivances the area to win to the best uses of men may be brought to more than three times this amount. There are, in other words, the agricultural possibilities of a Holland in these inundated lands awaiting the time when the increased population of this country shall make it necessary to utilize these naturally productive areas.

The process of subjugating these fields where the tidal rise and fall exceeds four or five feet is simple. The beach which protects the embayment from the sea usually constitutes a most effective dyke against the ocean waters. There is generally a single beach in this wall through which the tide gains ingress and through which the land waters pass into the sea. If the outflowing streams of fresh water are small, as is generally the case, it is only necessary to place a dam at this exit, provided with gates which open at low tide to allow the fresh water to escape and close as soon as the tide begins to flow in. In this way the surface of the

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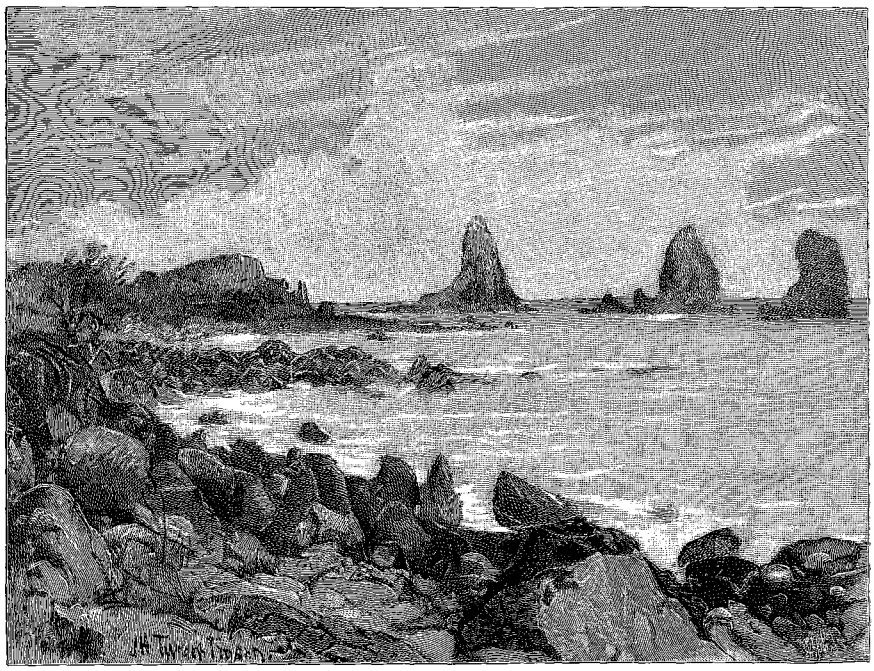
soil once overflowed at each tide is kept permanently from three to six feet above the level of the water in the river channel. It requires some time and care to take out the saline matter from the marsh, but within a few years the soil will produce luxuriant and varied crops. Its fertility is greater than that of the prairies, and from its depth and the variety of its natural constituents it seems almost inexhaustible. An excellent example of the possibilities of this interesting means of winning land from the sea is afforded by the Green Harbor lands of Marshfield, Mass., where a district of about fifteen hundred acres was freed from the sea by a dam costing a few thousand dollars.

Before we close this imperfect story of the sea-beaches we may well note the common fact that the sand of which the bulk of their masses is composed is vastly more durable than the seemingly more resisting pebbles. As we have seen, pebbles wear out rapidly. Scarcely any, even the hardest, can stand a year of steady thrashing on the shore, but these sands endure for ages. The reasons for this are simple. In the first place, each grain of sand is an admirable illustration of the principle of the survival of the fittest. If it be not perfectly coherent and very hard it will not be carried far before its weakness is found out and it is broken into mud



The Isles of the Cyclops, near Catania, Sicily.

Showing the extremity of a lava stream much carved by the sea. The bowlders in the foreground and middle distance constitute a natural sand-factory.

Where the tidal fall and rise is less than five feet it is difficult to secure the necessary dryness for tillage by any automatic system of drainage. In these districts recourse will probably have to be had to pumping by means of windmills, a method of drainage which has been found effective and economical in the low countries about the mouth of the Rhine.

on the pebble-beaches, where it is generally made and borne away by the sea to the deeper water. Then, because of their smallness, the grains lie with so little interspaces between them that they hold the water next their faces by capillary attraction. When a wave strikes the shore the grains of sand are

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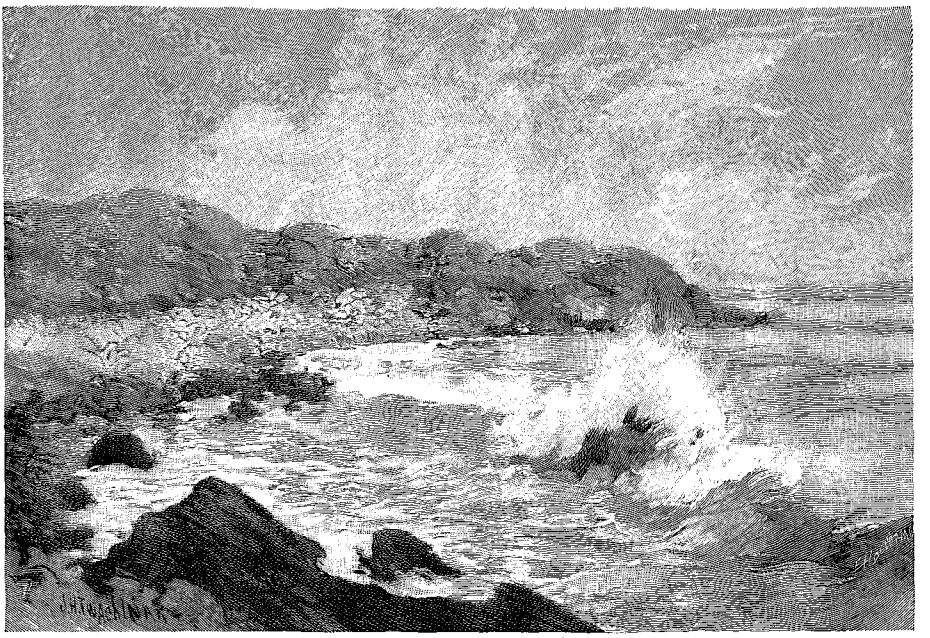
pounded together, but they do not touch each other. If we press on the wet sand with the foot we see that the mass whi-



Eastern Side of Cape Ann, Mass.

Bowlder beach of the rudest type, showing large stones plucked from the neighboring shore, which are beaten against each other when heavy surges roll against the shore.

tens as the pressure is applied and a part of the interstitial water is poured out: take the foot away and the water returns to the crevices between the grains. Only dry sand will rub grain against grain and give the audible sound which when it is sharp and clear is called singing. No beach will thus creak or sing beneath the feet when it is wet.

This curious endurance of rocky matter, in its comminuted form, to the erosive force of the sea makes the sand the natural protector of the land against the fierce assaults of the sea. If sand were easily pulverized, if it were readily floated away, if it had, indeed, any other than its actual assemblage of properties, it is doubtful if the lands could have made good their place in the contest with the ocean. These doughty little champions have certainly kept for our use empires which but for their good work would long ago have vanished beneath the waves. Thus a process which begins with swift wasting of the land on the exposed cliffs of the sea, and is continued in the wearing of the pebble-beaches, ends in the protective work of the sand-beaches. So it is with nearly all the processes of nature; however destructive the work may seem to be in its inception, the end, if we can but see it, is ever creative.

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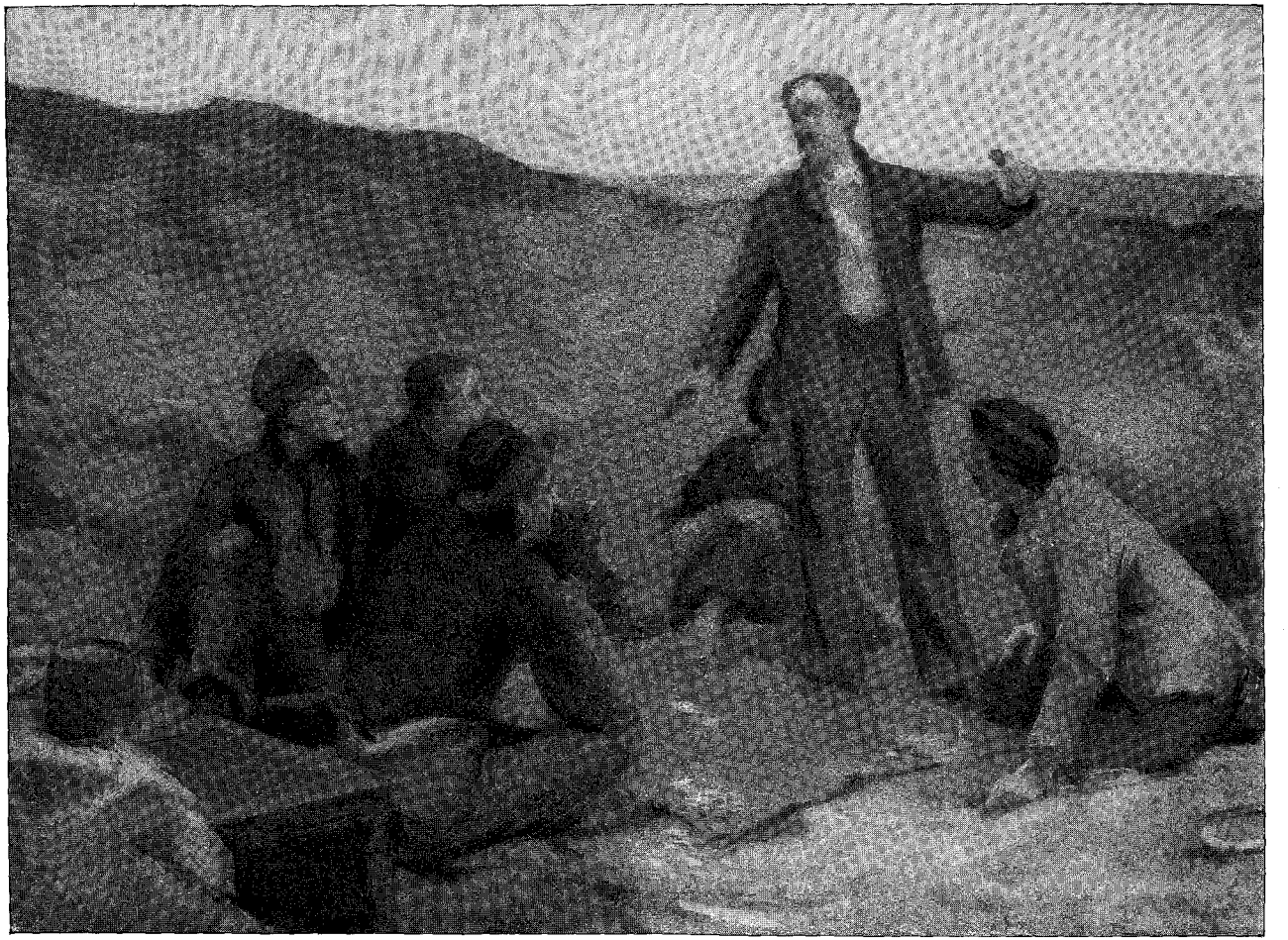

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"Now he rose mechanically, shaking and stumbling like a drunkard after a debauch."—Page 788.

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THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BUDGET OF THE *"Currency Lass."*

BEFORE noon on the 26th November, there cleared from the port of Sydney the schooner, *Currency Lass.* The owner, Norris Carthew, was on board in the somewhat unusual position of mate; the master's name purported to be William Kirkup; the cook was a Hawaiian boy, Joseph Amalu; and there were two hands before the mast, Thomas Hadden and Richard Hemstead, the latter chosen partly because of his humble character, partly because he had an odd-job-man's handiness with tools. The *Currency Lass* was bound for the South Sea Islands, and first of all for Butaritari in the Gilberts, on a register; but it was understood about the harbor that her cruise was more than half a pleasure trip. A friend of the late Grant Sanderson (of Auchentroon and Kilclarty) might have recognized in that tall-masted ship, the transformed and rechristened *Dream;* and a Lloyd's surveyor, had the services of such an one been called in requisition, must have found abundant subject of remark.

For time, during her three years' inaction, had eaten deep into the *Dream* and her fittings; she had sold in consequence a shade above her value as old junk; and the three adventurers had scarce been able to afford even the most vital repairs. The rigging, indeed, had been partly renewed, and the rest set up; all Grant Sanderson's old canvas had been patched together into one decently serviceable suit of sails; Grant Sanderson's masts still stood, and might have wondered at themselves. "I haven't the heart to tap them," Captain Wicks used to observe, as he squinted up their height or patted their rotundity; and "as rotten as our foremast" was an accepted metaphor in the ship's company. The sequel rather suggests it may have been sounder than was thought; but no one knew for certain, just as no one except the captain appreciated the dangers of the cruise. The captain, indeed, saw with clear eyes and spoke his mind aloud; and though a man of an astonishing hot-blooded courage, following life and taking its dangers in the spirit of a hound upon the slot, he had made a point of a big whaleboat. "Take your choice," he had said; "either new masts and rigging or that boat. I simply aint going to sea without the one or the other. Chicken coops are good enough, no doubt, and so is a dingy; but they aint for Joe." And his partners had been forced to consent, and saw six and thirty pounds of their small capital vanish in the turn of a hand.

All four had toiled the best part of six weeks getting ready; and though Captain Wicks was of course not seen or heard of, a fifth was there to help them, a fellow in a bushy red beard, which he would sometimes lay aside when he was below, and who strikingly resembled Captain Wicks in voice and character. As for Captain Kirkup, he did not appear till the last moment, when he proved to be a burly mariner, bearded like Abou Ben Adhem. All the way down the harbor and through the Heads, his milk-white whiskers blew in the wind and were conspicuous from

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shore; but the *Currency Lass* had no sooner turned her back upon the lighthouse, than he went below for the inside of five seconds and reappeared clean shaven. So many doublings and devices were required to get to sea with an unseaworthy ship and a captain that was "wanted." Nor might even these have sufficed, but for the fact that Hadden was a public character, and the whole cruise regarded with an eye of indulgence as one of Tom's engaging eccentricities. The ship, besides, had been a yacht before; and it came the more natural to allow her still some of the dangerous liberties of her old employment.

A strange ship they had made of it, her lofty spars disfigured with patched canvas, her panelled cabin fitted for a trade-room with rude shelves. And the life they led in that anomalous schooner was no less curious than herself. Amalu alone berthed forward; the rest occupied state-rooms, camped upon the satin divans, and sat down in Grant Sanderson's parquetry smoking-room to meals of junk and potatoes, bad of their kind and often scant in quantity. Hemstead grumbled; Tommy had occasional moments of revolt and increased the ordinary by a few haphazard tins or a bottle of his own brown sherry. But Hemstead grumbled from habit, Tommy revolted only for the moment, and there was underneath a real and general acquiescence in these hardships. For besides onions and potatoes, the *Currency Lass* may be said to have gone to sea without stores. She carried two thousand pounds' worth of assorted trade, advanced on credit, their whole hope and fortune. It was upon this that they subsisted—mice in their own granary. They dined upon their future profits; and every scanty meal was so much in the savings bank.

Republican as were their manners, there was no practical, at least no dangerous, lack of discipline. Wicks was the only sailor on board, there was none to criticise; and besides, he was so easy-going, and so merry-minded, that none could bear to disappoint him. Carthew did his best, partly for the love of doing it, partly for love of the captain; Amalu was a willing drudge, and even Hemstead and Hadden turned to upon occasion with a will. Tommy's department was the trade and trade-room: he would work down in the hold or over the shelves of the cabin, till the Sydney dandy was unrecognizable; come up at last, draw a bucket of sea-water, bathe, change, and lie down on deck over a big sheaf of Sydney *Heralds* and *Dead Birds*, or perhaps with a volume of Buckle's "History of Civilization," the standard work selected for that cruise. In the latter case, a smile went round the ship, for Buckle almost invariably laid his student out, and when Tom awoke again he was almost always in the humor for brown sherry. The connection was so well established that "a glass of Buckle" or "a bottle of civilization" became current pleasantries on board the *Currency Lass*.

Hemstead's province was that of the repairs, and he had his hands full. Nothing on board but was decayed in a proportion; the lamps leaked; so did the decks; door-knobs came off in the hand, mouldings parted company with the panels, the pump declined to suck, and the defective bath-room came near to swamp the ship. Wicks insisted that all the nails were long ago consumed, and that she was only glued together by the rust. "You shouldn't make me laugh so much, Tommy," he would say. "I'm afraid I'll shake the sternpost out of her." And, as Hemstead went to and fro with his tool basket on an endless round of tinkering, Wicks lost no opportunity of chaffing him upon his duties. "If you'd turn to at sailoring, or washing paint, or something useful, now," he would say, "I could see the fun of it. But to be mending things that haven't no insides to them, appears to me the height of foolishness." And doubtless these continual pleasantries helped to reassure the landsmen, who went to and fro unmoved, under circumstances that might have daunted Nelson.

The weather was from the outset splendid, and the wind fair and steady. The ship sailed like a witch. "This *Currency Lass* is a powerful old girl, and has more complaints than I would care to put a name on," the captain

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would say, as he pricked the chart; "but she could show her blooming heels to anything of her size in the Western Pacific." To wash decks, relieve the wheel, do the day's work after dinner on the smoking-room table, and take in kites at night—such was the easy routine of their life. In the evening—above all, if Tommy had produced some of his civilization—yarns and music were the rule. Amalu had a sweet Hawaiian voice; and Hemstead, a great hand upon the banjo, accompanied his own quavering tenor with effect. There was a sense in which the little man could sing. It was great to hear him deliver "My Boy Tammie" in Austrylian; and the words (some of the worst of the ruffian Macneil's) were hailed in his version with inextinguishable mirth.

Where hye ye been a' dye?

he would ask, and answer himself:

I've been by burn and flowery brye,
Meadow green an' mountain grye,
Courtin' o' this young thing,
Just come frye her mammie.

It was the accepted jest for all hands to greet the conclusion of this song with the simultaneous cry: "My word!" thus winging the arrow of ridicule with a feather from the singer's wing. But he had his revenge with "Home, Sweet Home," and "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"—ditties into which he threw the most intolerable pathos. It appeared he had no home, nor had ever had one, nor yet any vestige of a family, except a truculent uncle, a baker in Newcastle, N. S. W. His domestic sentiment was therefore wholly in the air, and expressed an unrealized ideal. Or perhaps, of all his experiences, this of the *Currency Lass*, with its kindly, playful, and tolerant society, approached it the most nearly.

It is, perhaps, because I know the sequel, but I can never think upon this voyage without a profound sense of pity and mystery; of the ship (once the whim of a rich blackguard) faring with her battered fineries and upon her homely errand, across the plains of ocean, and past the gorgeous scenery of dawn and sunset; and the ship's company, so strangely assembled, so Britishly chuckle-headed, filling their days with chaff in place of conversation; no human book on board with them except Hadden's Buckle, and not a creature fit either to read or to understand it; and the one mark of any civilized interest, being when Carthew filled in his spare hours with the pencil and the brush; the whole unconscious crew of them posting in the meanwhile toward so tragic a disaster.

Twenty-eight days out of Sydney, on Christmas-eve, they fetched up to the entrance of the lagoon, and plied all that night outside, keeping their position by the lights of fishers on the reef and the outlines of the palms against the cloudy sky. With the break of day, the schooner was hove to, and the signal for a pilot shown. But it was plain her lights must have been observed in the darkness by the native fishermen, and word carried to the settlement, for a boat was already under way. She came toward them across the lagoon under a great press of sail, lying dangerously down, so that at times, in the heavier puffs, they thought she would turn turtle; covered the distance in fine style, luffed up smartly alongside, and emitted a haggard-looking white man in pyjamas.

"Good-mornin', Cap'n," said he, when he had made good his entrance. "I was taking you for a Fiji man-of-war, what with your flush decks and them spars. Well, gen'lemen all, here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," he added, and lurched against a stay.

"Why, you're never the pilot?" exclaimed Wicks, studying him with a profound disfavor. "You've never taken a ship in—don't tell me!"

"Well, I should guess I have," returned the pilot. "I'm Captain Dobbs, I am; and when I take charge, the captain of that ship can go below and shave."

"But, man alive! you're drunk, man!" cried the captain.

"Drunk!" repeated Dobbs. "You can't have seen much life if you call me drunk. I'm only just beginning. Come night, I won't say; I guess I'll be properly full by then. But now I'm the soberest man in all Big Muggin."

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"It won't do," retorted Wicks. "Not for Joseph, sir. I can't have you piling up my schooner."

"All right," said Dobbs, "lay and rot where you are, or take and go in and pile her up for yourself like the captain of the *Leslie*. That's business, I guess; grudged me twenty dollars' pilotage, and lost twenty thousand in trade and a brand new schooner; ripped the keel right off of her, and she went down in the inside of four minutes, and lies in twenty fathom, trade and all."

"What's all this?" cried Wicks. "Trade? What vessel was this *Leslie*, anyhow?"

"Consigned to Cohen & Co., from 'Frisco," returned the pilot, "and badly wanted. There's a barque inside filling up for Hamburg—you see her spars over there; and there's two more ships due, all the way from Germany, one in two months, they say, and one in three; and Cohen & Co.'s agent (that's Mr. Topelius) has taken and lain down with the jaundice on the strength of it. I guess most people would, in his shoes; no trade, no copra, and twenty hundred ton of shipping due. If you've any copra on board, Cap'n, here's your chance. Topelius will buy, gold down, and give three cents. It's all found money to him, the way it is, whatever he pays for it. And that's what come of going back on the pilot."

"Excuse me one moment, Captain Dobbs. I wish to speak with my mate," said the captain, whose face had begun to shine and his eyes to sparkle.

"Please yourself," replied the pilot. "You couldn't think of offering a man a nip, could you? just to brace him up. This kind of thing looks damned inhospitable, and gives a schooner a bad name."

"I'll talk about that after the anchor's down," returned Wicks, and he drew Carthew forward. "I say," he whispered, "here's a fortune."

"How much do you call that?" asked Carthew.

"I can't put a figure on it yet—I daren't!" said the captain. "We might cruise twenty years and not find the match of it. And suppose another ship came in to-night? Everything's possible! And the difficulty is this Dobbs. He's as drunk as a marine. How can we trust him? We ain't insured, worse luck!"

"Suppose you took him aloft and got him to point out the channel?" suggested Carthew. "If he tallied at all with the chart, and didn't fall out of the rigging, perhaps we might risk it."

"Well, all's risk here," returned the captain. "Take the wheel yourself, and stand by. Mind, if there's two orders, follow mine, not his. Set the cook for'ard with the heads'ls, and the two others at the main sheet, and see they don't sit on it." With that he called the pilot; they swarmed aloft in the fore rigging, and presently after there was bawled down the welcome order to ease sheets and fill away.

At a quarter before nine o'clock on Christmas morning, the anchor was let go.

The first cruise of the *Currency Lass* had thus ended in a stroke of fortune almost beyond hope. She had brought two thousand pounds' worth of trade, straight as a homing pigeon, to the place where it was most required. And Captain Wicks (or, rather, Captain Kirkup) showed himself the man to make the best of his advantage. For hard upon two days he walked a verandah with Topelius; for hard upon two days his partners watched from the neighboring public-house the field of battle; and the lamps were not yet lighted on the evening of the second before the enemy surrendered. Wicks came across to the *Sans Souci*, as the saloon was called, his face nigh black, his eyes almost closed and all bloodshot, and yet bright as lighted matches.

"Come out here, boys," he said; and when they were some way off among the palms, "I hold twenty-four," he added, in a voice scarce recognizable, and doubtless referring to the venerable game of cribbage.

"What do you mean?" asked Tommy.

"I've sold the trade," answered Wicks; "or, rather, I've sold only some of it, for I kept back all the mess beef and half the flour and biscuit; and, by God, we're still provisioned for four months! By God, it's as good as stolen!"

"My word!" cried Hemstead.

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"But what have you sold it for?" gasped Carthew, the captain's almost insane excitement shaking his nerve.

"Let me tell it my own way," cried Wicks, loosening his neck. "Let me get at it gradual, or I'll explode. I've not only sold it, boys, I've wrung out a charter on my own terms to 'Frisco and back; on my own terms. I made a point of it. I fooled him first by making believe I wanted copra, which of course I knew he wouldn't hear of—couldn't, in fact; and whenever he showed fight, I trotted out the copra, and that man dived! I would take nothing but copra, you see; and so I've got the blooming lot in specie—all but two short bills on 'Frisco. And the sum? Well, this whole adventure, including two thousand pounds of credit, cost us two thousand seven hundred and some odd. That's all paid back; in thirty days' cruise we've paid for the schooner and the trade. Heard ever any man the match of that? And it's not all! For besides that," said the captain, hammering his words, "we've got Thirteen Blooming Hundred Pounds of profit to divide. I bled him in four Thou.!" he cried, in a voice that broke like a schoolboy's.

For a moment the partners looked upon their chief with stupefaction, incredulous surprise their only feeling. Tommy was the first to grasp the consequences.

"Here!" he said, in a hard, business tone. "Come back to that saloon. I've got to get drunk."

"You must please excuse me, boys," said the captain, earnestly. "I daren't taste nothing. If I was to drink one glass of beer, it's my belief I'd have the apoplexy. The last scrimmage, and the blooming triumph, pretty nigh hand done me."

"Well, then, three cheers for the captain!" proposed Tommy.

But Wicks held up a shaking hand. "Not that either, boys," he pleaded. "Think of the other buffer, and let him down easy. If I'm like this, just fancy what Topelius is! If he heard us singing out, he'd have the staggers."

As a matter of fact, Topelius accepted his defeat with a good grace; but the crew of the wrecked *Leslie*, who were in the same employment and loyal to their firm, took the thing more bitterly. Rough words and ugly looks were common. Once even they hooted Captain Wicks from the saloon verandah; the Currency Lasses drew out on the other side; for some minutes there had like to have been a battle in Butaritari; and though the occasion passed off without blows, it left on either side an increase of ill-feeling.

No such small matter could affect the happiness of the successful traders. Five days more the ship lay in the lagoon, with little employment for anyone but Tommy and the captain—for Topelius's natives discharged cargo and brought ballast; the time passed like a pleasant dream; the adventurers sat up half the night debating and praising their good fortune, or strayed by day in the narrow isle, gaping like Cockney tourists; and on the first of the new year, the *Currency Lass* weighed anchor for the second time and set sail for 'Frisco, attended by the same fine weather and good luck. She crossed the doldrums with but small delay; on a wind and in ballast of broken coral, she outdid expectations; and what added to the happiness of the ship's company, the small amount of work that fell on them to do, was now lessened by the presence of another hand. This was the boatswain of the *Leslie;* he had been on bad terms with his own captain, had already spent his wages in the saloons of Butaritari, had wearied of the place, and while all his shipmates coldly refused to set foot on board the *Currency Lass*, he had offered to work his passage to the coast. He was a north of Ireland man, between Scotch and Irish, rough, loud, humorous, and emotional, not without sterling qualities, and an expert and careful sailor. His frame of mind was different indeed from that of his new shipmates; instead of making an unexpected fortune, he had lost a berth; and he was besides disgusted with the rations, and really appalled at the condition of the schooner. A state-room door had stuck, the first day at sea, and Mac (as they called him) laid his strength to it and plucked it from the hinges.

"Glory!" said he, "this ship's rotten."

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"I believe you, my boy," said Captain Wicks.

The next day the sailor was observed with his nose aloft.

"Don't you get looking at these sticks," the captain said, "or you'll have a fit and fall overboard."

Mac turned toward the speaker with rather a wild eye. "Why, I see what looks like a patch of dry rot up yonder, that I bet I could stick my fist into," said he.

"Looks as if a fellow could stick his head into it, don't it?" returned Wicks. "But there's no good prying into things that can't be mended."

"I think I was a *Currency Ass* to come on board of her!" reflected Mac.

"Well, I never said she was seaworthy," replied the captain: "I only said she could show her blooming heels to anything afloat. And besides, I don't know that it's dry rot; I kind of sometimes hope it isn't. Here; turn to and heave the log; that'll cheer you up."

"Well, there's no denying it, you're a holy captain," said Mac.

And from that day on, he made but the one reference to the ship's condition; and that was whenever Tommy drew upon his cellar. "Here's to the junk trade!" he would say, as he held out his can of sherry.

"Why do you always say that?" asked Tommy.

"I had an uncle in the business," replied Mac, and launched at once into a yarn, in which an incredible number of the characters were "laid out as nice as you would want to see," and the oaths made up about two-fifths of every conversation.

Only once he gave them a taste of his violence; he talked of it, indeed, often; "I'm rather a voilent man," he would say, not without pride; but this was the only specimen. Of a sudden, he turned on Hemstead in the ship's waist, knocked him against the foresail boom, then knocked him under it, and had set him up and knocked him down once more, before any one had drawn a breath.

"Here! Belay that!" roared Wicks, leaping to his feet. "I won't have none of this."

Mac turned to the captain with ready civility. "I only want to learn him manners," said he. "He took and called me Irishman."

"Did he?" said Wicks. "O, that's a different story! What made you do it, you tomfool? You ain't big enough to call any man that."

"I didn't call him it," spluttered Hemstead, through his blood and tears. "I only mentioned like he was."

"Well, let's have no more of it," said Wicks.

"But you *are* Irish, ain't you?" Carthew asked of his new shipmate shortly after.

"I may be," replied Mac, "but I'll allow no Sydney duck to call me so. No," he added, with a sudden heated countenance, "nor any Britisher that walks! Why, look here," he went on, "you're a young swell, aren't you? Suppose I called you that! 'I'll show you,' you would say, and turn to and take it out of me straight."

On the 28th of January, when in lat. 23° 50′ N., long. 177° W., the wind chopped suddenly into the west, not very strong, but puffy and with flaws of rain. The captain, eager for easting, made a fair wind of it and guyed the booms out wing and wing. It was Tommy's trick at the wheel, and as it was within half an hour of the relief (seven thirty in the morning), the captain judged it not worth while to change him.

The puffs were heavy but short; there was nothing to be called a squall, no danger to the ship, and scarce more than usual to the doubtful spars. All hands were on deck in their oilskins, expecting breakfast; the galley smoked, the ship smelt of coffee, all were in good humor to be speeding eastward a full six; when the rotten foresail tore suddenly between two cloths and then split to either hand. It was for all the world as though some archangel with a huge sword had slashed it with the figure of a cross; all hands ran to secure the slatting canvas; and in the sudden uproar and alert, Tommy Hadden lost his head. Many of his days have been passed since then in explaining how the thing happened; of these explanations it will be sufficient to say that they were all different and none satisfactory;

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and the gross fact remains that the main boom gybed, carried away the tackle, broke the mainmast some three feet above the deck and whipped it overboard. For near a minute the suspected foremast gallantly resisted; then followed its companion; and by the time the wreck was cleared, of the whole beautiful fabric that enabled them to skim the seas, two ragged stumps remained.

In these vast and solitary waters, to be dismasted is perhaps the worst calamity. Let the ship turn turtle and go down, and at least the pang is over. But men chained on a hulk may pass months scanning the empty sea-line and counting the steps of death's invisible approach. There is no help but in the boats, and what a help is that! There heaved the *Currency Lass*, for instance, a wingless lump, and the nearest human coast (that of Kauai in the Sandwiches) lay about a thousand miles to south and east of her. Over the way there, to men contemplating that passage in an open boat, all kinds of misery, and the fear of death and of madness, brooded.

A serious company sat down to breakfast; but the captain helped his neighbors with a smile.

"Now, boys," he said, after a pull at the hot coffee, "we're done with this *Currency Lass*, and no mistake. One good job: we made her pay while she lasted, and she payed first rate; and if we care to try our hand again, we can try in style. Another good job: we have a fine, stiff, roomy boat, and you know who you have to thank for that. We've got six lives to save, and a pot of money; and the point is, where are we to take 'em?"

"It's all two thousand miles to the nearest of the Sandwiches, I fancy," observed Mac.

"No, not so bad as that," returned the captain. "But it's bad enough: rather better'n a thousand."

"I know a man who once did twelve hundred in a boat," said Mac, "and he had all he wanted. He fetched ashore in the Marquesas, and never set a foot on anything floating from that day to this. He said he would rather put a pistol to his head and knock his brains out."

"Ay, ay!" said Wicks. "Well, I remember a boat's crew that made this very island of Kauai, and from just about where we lie, or a bit further. When they got up with the land, they were clean crazy. There was an iron-bound coast and an Old Bob Ridley of a surf on. The natives hailed 'em from fishing-boats, and sung out it couldn't be done at the money. Much they cared! there was the land, that was all they knew; and they turned to and drove the boat slap ashore in the thick of it, and was all drowned but one. No; boat trips are my eye," concluded the captain, gloomily.

The tone was surprising in a man of his indomitable temper. "Come, Captain," said Carthew, "you have something else up your sleeve; out with it."

"It's a fact," admitted Wicks. "You see there's a raft of little mouldy reefs about here, kind of chicken-pox on the chart. Well, I looked 'em all up, and there's one—Midway or Brooks they call it, not forty mile from our assigned position—that I got news of. It turns out it's a coaling station of the Pacific Mail," he said, simply.

"Well, and I know it ain't no such a thing," said Mac. "I been quartermaster in that line myself."

"All right," returned Wicks. "There's the book. Read what Hoyt says—read it aloud and let the others hear."

Hoyt's falsehood (as readers know) was explicit; incredulity was impossible, and the news itself delightful beyond hope. Each saw in his mind's eye the boat draw in to a trim island with a wharf, coal-sheds, gardens, the stars and stripes, and the white cottage of the keeper; saw themselves idle a few weeks in tolerable quarters, and then step on board the China mail, romantic waifs, and yet with pocketsful of money, calling for champagne and waited on by troops of stewards. Breakfast, that had begun so dully, ended amid sober jubilation, and all hands turned immediately to prepare the boat.

Now that all spars were gone, it was no easy job to get her launched. Some of the necessary cargo was first stowed on board; the specie, in particular, being packed in a strong chest and secured with lashings to the afterthwart in case

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of a capsize. Then a piece of the bulwark was razed to the level of the deck, and the boat swung thwart-ship, made fast with a slack line to either stump, and successfully run out. For a voyage of forty miles to hospitable quarters, not much food or water was required; but they took both in superfluity. Amalu and Mac, both ingrained sailor-men, had chests which were the headquarters of their lives; two more chests with hand-bags, oilskins, and blankets supplied the others; Hadden, amid general applause, added a case of the brown sherry; the captain brought the log, instruments, and chronometer; nor did Hemstead forget the banjo or a pinned handkerchief of Butaritari shells.

It was about three P. M. when they pushed off, and (the wind being still westerly) fell to the oars. "Well, we've got the guts out of *you!*" was the captain's nodded farewell to the hulk of the *Currency Lass,* which presently shrank and faded in the sea. A little after a calm succeeded with much rain; and the first meal was eaten, and the watch below lay down to their uneasy slumber on the bilge under a roaring shower-bath. The twenty-ninth dawned overhead from out of ragged clouds; there is no moment when a boat at sea appears so trenchantly black and so conspicuously little; and the crew looked about them at the sky and water with a thrill of loneliness and fear. With sunrise the trade set in, lusty and true to the point; sail was made; the boat flew; and by about four of the afternoon they were well up with the closed part of the reef, and the captain standing on the thwart, and holding by the mast, was studying the island through the binoculars.

"Well, and where's your station?" cried Mac.

"I don't someway pick it up," replied the captain.

"No, nor never will!" retorted Mac, with a clang of despair and triumph in his tones.

The truth was soon plain to all. No buoys, no beacons, no lights, no coal, no station; the castaways pulled through a lagoon and landed on an isle, where was no mark of man but wreckwood, and no sound but of the sea. For the seafowl that harbored and lived there at the epoch of my visit were then scattered into the uttermost parts of the ocean, and had left no traces of their sojourn besides dropped feathers and addled eggs. It was to this they had been sent, for this they had stooped all night over the dripping oars, hourly moving further from relief. The boat, for as small as it was, was yet eloquent of the hands of men, a thing alone indeed upon the sea but yet in itself all human; and the isle, for which they had exchanged it, was ingloriously savage, a place of distress, solitude, and hunger unrelieved. There was a strong glare and shadow of the evening over all; in which they sat or lay, not speaking, careless even to eat, men swindled out of life and riches by a lying book. In the great good nature of the whole party, no word of reproach had been addressed to Hadden, the author of these disasters. But the new blow was less magnanimously borne, and many angry glances rested on the captain.

Yet it was himself who roused them from their lethargy. Grudgingly they obeyed, drew the boat beyond tide-mark, and followed him to the top of the miserable islet, whence a view was commanded of the whole wheel of the horizon, then part darkened under the coming night, part dyed with the hues of the sunset and populous with the sunset clouds. Here the camp was pitched and a tent run up with the oars, sails, and mast. And here Amalu, at no man's bidding, from the mere instinct of habitual service, built a fire and cooked a meal. Night was come, and the stars and the silver sickle of new moon beamed overhead, before the meal was ready. The cold sea shone about them, and the fire glowed in their faces, as they ate. Tommy had opened his case, and the brown sherry went the round; but it was long before they came to conversation.

"Well, is it to be Kauai after all?" asked Mac, suddenly.

"This is bad enough for me," said Tommy. "Let's stick it out where we are."

"Well, I can tell ye one thing," said Mac, "if ye care to hear it. When I was in the China mail, we once made

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this island. It's in the course from Honolulu."

"Deuce it is!" cried Carthew. "That settles it, then. Let's stay. We must keep good fires going; and there's plenty wreck."

"Lashings of wreck!" said the Irishman. "There's nothing here but wreck and coffin boards."

"But we'll have to make a proper blyze," objected Hemstead. "You can't see a fire like this, not any wye awye, I mean."

"Can't you?" said Carthew. "Look round."

They did, and saw the hollow of the night, the bare, bright face of the sea, and the stars regarding them; and the voices died in their bosoms at the spectacle. In that huge isolation, it seemed they must be visible from China on the one hand and California on the other.

"My God, it's dreary!" whispered Hemstead.

"Dreary?" cried Mac, and fell suddenly silent.

"It's better than a boat, anyway," said Hadden. "I've had my bellyful of boat."

"What kills me is that specie!" the captain broke out. "Think of all that riches, four thousand in gold, bad silver, and short bills—all found money, too! and no more use than that much dung!"

"I'll tell you one thing," said Tommy. "I don't like it being in the boat—I don't care to have it so far away."

"Why, who's to take it?" cried Mac, with a guffaw of evil laughter.

But this was not at all the feeling of the partners, who rose, clambered down the isle, brought back the inestimable treasure-chest slung upon two oars, and set it conspicuous in the shining of the fire.

"There's my beauty!" cried Wicks, viewing it with a cocked head. "That's better than a bonfire. What! we have a chest here, and bills for close upon two thousand pounds; there's no show to that—it would go in your vest pocket—but the rest! upwards of forty pounds avoirdupois of coined gold, and close on two hundred-weight of Chile silver! What! aint that good enough to fetch a fleet? Do you mean to say that won't affect a ship's compass? Do you mean to tell me the lookout won't turn to and *smell* it?" he cried.

Mac, who had no part or lot in the bills, the forty pounds of gold, or the two hundredweight of silver, heard this with impatience, and fell into a bitter, choking laughter. "You'll see!" he said, harshly. "You'll be glad to feed them bills into the fire before you're through with ut!" And he turned, passed by himself out of the ring of the firelight, and stood gazing seaward.

His speech and his departure extinguished instantly those sparks of better humor kindled by the dinner and the chest. The group fell again to an ill-favored silence, and Hemstead began to touch the banjo, as was his habit of an evening. His repertory was small: the chords of *Home, Sweet Home* fell under his fingers; and when he had played the symphony, he instinctively raised up his voice. "Be it never so 'umble, there's no plyce like 'ome," he sang. The last word was still upon his lips, when the instrument was snatched from him and dashed into the fire; and he turned with a cry to look into the furious countenance of Mac.

"I'll be damned if I stand this!" cried the captain, leaping up belligerent.

"I told ye I was a voilent man," said Mac, with a movement of deprecation very surprising in one of his character. "Why don't he give me a chance, then? Haven't we enough to bear the way we are?" And to the wonder and dismay of all, the man choked upon a sob. "It's ashamed of meself I am," he said presently, his Irish accent twenty-fold increased. "I ask all your pardons for me voilence; and especially the little man's, who is a harmless crayture, and here's me hand to'm, if he'll condescind to take me by't."

So this scene of barbarity and sentimentalism passed off, leaving behind strange and incongruous impressions. True, every one was perhaps glad when silence succeeded to that all too appropriate music; true, Mac's apology and subsequent behaviour rather raised him in the opinion of his fellow-castaways. But the discordant note had been struck, and its harmonies tingled in the brain. In that savage, houseless isle, the passions of man had sounded, if

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only for the moment, and all men trembled at the possibilities of horror.

It was determined to stand watch and watch in case of passing vessels; and Tommy, on fire with an idea, volunteered to stand the first. The rest crawled under the tent, and were soon enjoying that comfortable gift of sleep, which comes everywhere and to all men, quenching anxieties and speeding time. And no sooner were all settled, no sooner had the drone of many snorers begun to mingle with and overcome the surf, than Tommy stole from his post with the case of sherry, and dropped it in a quiet cove in a fathom of water. But the stormy inconstancy of Mac's behavior had no connection with a gill or two of wine; his passions, angry and otherwise, were on a different sail plan from his neighbors'; and there were possibilities of good and evil in that hybrid Celt beyond their prophecy.

About two in the morning, the starry sky—or so it seemed, for the drowsy watchman had not observed the approach of any cloud—brimmed over in a deluge; and for three days it rained without remission. The islet was a sponge, the castaways sops; the view all gone, even the reef concealed behind the curtain of the falling water. The fire was soon drowned out; after a couple of boxes of matches had been scratched in vain, it was decided to wait for better weather: and the party lived in wretchedness on raw tins and a ration of hard bread.

By the 2d of February, in the dark hours of the morning watch, the clouds were all blown by; the sun rose glorious; and once more the castaways sat by a quick fire, and drank hot coffee with the greed of brutes and sufferers. Thenceforward their affairs moved in a routine. A fire was constantly maintained; and this occupied one hand continuously, and the others for an hour or so in the day. Twice a day, all hands bathed in the lagoon, their chief, almost their only pleasure. Often they fished in the lagoon with good success. And the rest was empty time, lolling, strolling, yarns, and disputation. The time of the China steamers was calculated to a nicety; which done, the thought was rejected and ignored. It was one that would not bear consideration. The boat voyage having been tacitly set aside, the desperate part chosen to wait there for the coming of help or of starvation, no man had courage left to look his bargain in the face, far less to discuss it with his neighbors. But the unuttered terror haunted them; in every hour of idleness, at every moment of silence, it returned, and breathed a chill about the circle, and carried men's eyes to the horizon. Then, in a panic of self-defence, they would rally to some other subject. And in that lone spot, what else was to be found to speak of but the treasure?

That was indeed the chief singularity, the one thing conspicuous in their island life; the presence of that chest of bills and specie dominated the mind like a cathedral; and there were besides connected with it, certain irking problems well fitted to occupy the idle. Two thousand pounds were due to the Sydney firm; two thousand pounds were clear profit, and fell to be divided in varying proportions among six. It had been agreed how the partners were to range; every pound of capital subscribed, every pound that fell due in wages, was to count for one "lay." Of these, Tommy could claim five hundred and ten, Carthew one hundred and seventy, Wicks one hundred and forty, and Hemstead and Amalu ten apiece: eight hundred and forty "lays" in all. What was the value of a lay? This was at first debated in the air and chiefly by the strength of Tommy's lungs. Then followed a series of incorrect calculations; from which they issued, arithmetically foiled, but agreed from weariness upon an approximate value of £2 7*s.* 7¼*d.* The figures were admittedly incorrect; the sum of the shares came not to £2000, but to £1996 6*s.*: £3 14*s.* being thus left unclaimed. But it was the nearest they had yet found, and the highest as well, so that the partners were made the less critical by the contemplation of their splendid dividends. Wicks put in £100 and stood to draw captain's wages for two months; his taking was £333 3*s.* 6¾*d.* Carthew had put in £150: he was to take out £401 18*s.* 6½*d.* Tommy's £500 had grown to be £1213 12*s.* 9¾*d.*; and Amalu and

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Hemstead, ranking for wages only, had £22 16s. 0½*d.*, each.

From talking and brooding on these figures, it was but a step to opening the chest; and once the chest open, the glamour of the cash was irresistible. Each felt that he must see his treasure separate with the eye of flesh, handle it in the hard coin, mark it for his own, and stand forth to himself the approved owner. And here an insurmountable difficulty barred the way. There were some seventeen shillings in English silver: the rest was Chile; and the Chile dollar, which had been taken at the rate of six to the pound sterling, was practically their smallest coin. It was decided, therefore, to divide the pounds only, and to throw the shillings, pence, and fractions in a common fund. This, with the three pound fourteen already in the heel, made a total of seven pounds one shilling.

"I'll tell you," said Wicks. "Let Carthew and Tommy and me take one pound apiece, and Hemstead and Amalu split the other four, and toss up for the odd bob."

"O, rot!" said Carthew. "Tommy and I are bursting already. We can take half a sov' each, and let the other three have forty shillings."

"I'll tell you now—it's not worth splitting," broke in Mac. "I've cards in my chest. Why don't you play for the slump sum?"

In that idle place, the proposal was accepted with delight. Mac, as the owner of the cards, was given a stake; the sum was played for in five games of cribbage; and when Amalu, the last survivor in the tournament, was beaten by Mac, it was found the dinner hour was past. After a hasty meal, they fell again immediately to cards, this time (on Carthew's proposal) to Van John. It was then probably two P.M. of February 9th; and they played with varying chances for twelve hours, slept heavily, and rose late on the morrow to resume the game. All day of the 10th, with grudging intervals for food, and with one long absence on the part of Tommy from which he returned dripping with the case of sherry, they continued to deal and stake. Night fell: they drew the closer to the fire. It was maybe two in the morning, and Tommy was selling his deal by auction, as usual with that timid player; when Carthew, who didn't intend to bid, had a moment of leisure and looked round him. He beheld the moonlight on the sea, the money piled and scattered in that incongruous place, the perturbed faces of the players; he felt in his own breast the familiar tumult; and it seemed as if there rose in his ears a sound of music, and the moon seemed still to shine upon a sea, but the sea was changed, and the Casino towered from among lamplit gardens, and the money clinked on the green board. "Good God!" he thought, "am I gambling again?" He looked the more curiously about the sandy table. He and Mac had played and won like gamblers; the mingled gold and silver lay by their places in the heap. Amalu and Hemstead had each more than held their own: but Tommy was cruel far to leeward, and the captain was reduced to perhaps fifty pounds.

"I say, let's knock off," said Carthew.

"Give that man a glass of sherry," said some one, and a fresh bottle was opened, and the game went inexorably on.

Carthew was himself too heavy a winner to withdraw or to say more: and all the rest of the night he must look on at the progress of this folly, and make gallant attempts to lose with the not uncommon consequence of winning more. The first dawn of February 11th, found him well-nigh desperate. It chanced he was then dealer, and still winning. He had just dealt a round of many tens; every one had staked heavily; the captain had put up all that remained to him, twelve pounds in gold and a few dollars; and Carthew, looking privately at his cards before he showed them, found he held a natural.

"See here, you fellows," he broke out, "this is a sickening business, and I'm done with it for one." So saying, he showed his cards, tore them across, and rose from the ground.

The company stared and murmured in mere amazement; but Mac stepped gallantly to his support.

"We've had enough of it, I do believe," said he. "But of course it was all fun, and here's my counters back.

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All counters in, boys!" and he began to pour his winnings into the chest, which stood fortunately near him.

Carthew stepped across and wrung him by the hand. "I'll never forget this," he said.

"And what are ye going to do with the Highway boy and the plumber?" inquired Mac, in a low tone of voice. "They've both wan, ye see."

"That's true!" said Carthew aloud. "Amalu and Hemstead, count your winnings; Tommy and I pay that."

It was carried without speech; the pair glad enough to receive their winnings, it mattered not from whence; and Tommy, who had lost about five hundred pounds, delighted with the compromise.

"And how about Mac?" asked Hemstead. "Is he to lose all?"

"I beg your pardon, plumber. I'm sure ye mean well," returned the Irishman, "but you'd better shut your face, for I'm not that kind of a man. If I t'ought I had wan that money fair, there's never a soul there could get it from me. But I t'ought it was in fun; that was my mistake, ye see; and there's no man big enough upon this island to give a present to my mother's son. So there's my opinion to ye, plumber, and you can put it in your pocket till required."

"Well, I will say, Mac, you're a gentleman," said Carthew, as he helped him to shovel back his winnings into the treasure chest.

"Divil a fear of it, sir! a drunken sailor-man," said Mac.

The captain had sat somewhile with his face in his hands; now he rose mechanically, shaking and stumbling like a drunkard after a debauch. But as he rose, his face was altered, and his voice rang out over the isle, "Sail, ho!"

All turned at the cry, and there, in the wild light of the morning, heading straight for Midway Reef, was the brig *Flying Scud*, of Hull.

(To be continued.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE American man of leisure has been in evidence this spring in such a way, and so many times, as to make his friends more anxious than ever that he should find some satisfactory employment for his time. The situation that confronts him has a certain amount of novelty about it. Other people have got rich before the Americans, and been freed from the necessity of drudging for a livelihood; but in most other countries military life, for one thing, has given enforced occupation to many well-to-do gentlemen; and though with us politics levy with increasing success upon the ranks of the unemployed, it is one thing to talk about going into politics for an occupation, and another thing to be able to get in.

There is one sort of occupation for the well-to-do, though, which does not get the credit that fairly belongs to it. It is a prevalent sentiment that men who have money enough should get out of business. What is the use, the feeling is, of going on and making more money when you have enough already? But though a business at which money is not made is not a good business to be in, there is a great deal more in business than mere money making. A man who buys and sells, or manufactures and sells, is bound to keep in touch with his fellow-beings. He is bound, too, to keep his wits about him and to stay alive; so long as he has control of important commercial interests he has power, and the more complete his control, and the greater the interests subject to it, the greater the power. There is no other high inducement for a man of leisure to go into politics, except to acquire power and use it wisely; and if he can get more power in selling groceries or meat, or making paper or cloth or soap, or running railroads or banks, it seems a bootless change for him to abandon those occupations, or fail to train his sons in them, merely because they are money-making employments and he has money enough.

No family is so rich that it can afford not to work. If its members cannot work at what they wish to, they should do what poorer people have to do, and work at what they can. The American sentiment that everyone ought to have something to do, is a sound sentiment, and the Americans who live up to it are the ones who are the most useful to their country at home and most creditable to it abroad. Accordingly, a family with an hereditary business seems to be in an exceptionally felicitous situation. Such a family not only has possession of a great industrial machine that will produce an income, but it has a training-school for its young men, and a constant incentive to perpetuate itself and keep up its standard as a family. It is an advantage about a business that it is exacting. A family may own townships in the country, or squares in town, or have advantageous collections of securities in the vaults of a bank. Either of these possessions will stand a reasonable amount of neglect without very serious detriment, but a family with a business has got to sit up with it. Such a family can have its full share of play, but it cannot give itself over wholly to the demoralizing

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pursuit of pleasure. It has responsibilities, neglect of which is too perilous to be risked. Fortune has its hostages. It must keep up with the times or be run over.

To be sure, the brains of the family may run out, or its energies fail; and in that case the business that has been its feeder may quickly become a drain. If the family has gone hopelessly to seed, of course the sooner it gets out of active life the better. To close out its business then, is common sense. It is quite a different matter to cut loose from it while the family is still strong, and shows no signs of enfeeblement. That is to invite degeneration, to throw away the apparatus by which the family has got its strength, and wait for sloth to overwhelm it.

We talk a great deal about the want of originality nowadays in anything; we say that everything seems to be vamped up and made over out of something old; all the ideas in literature and art, and to a great degree in science, have been used over and over again until they are threadbare; even the men and women we meet in daily life are cut after one pattern; talent is plentiful, but the genius that creates and originates is almost extinct.

So we talk, while we look back upon the creative past with wistful longing, upon the stagnant present with contempt, and upon an uncreative future with gloomy forebodings. At least we think we do all this; but, as an actual fact, we do nothing of the kind, and we do not take at all kindly to originality and novelty. Witness our aversion or contempt for "cranks," and yet these are the present creative and original specimens of our race, the only ones who march out of the dead level and do something novel. Think of the derision cast upon the first man who carried an umbrella, upon the first woman who wore a hoop, and, later, upon the first woman who did not wear one. There has never been an invention for the good of man that has not been forced upon him against his will, there has never been a movement for the elevation of either sex that has not had to fight its way into favor, and is gratefully accepted only when well worn.

I was led into this train of thought the other night when I went to see a new play. It was an "adaptation" from some foreign source, and was very clever, well constructed and amusing. The house was packed with people who enjoyed the play to the utmost; in fact they were overwhelmed with delight and mirth. I enjoyed it myself, immensely, and it was not until I had been at home some time that I began to philosophize about it. And then I could not but wonder as I reviewed it. That play not only had absolutely not one original thought, word, or scene, but the plot and situations were so very, very old that no written record of the drama goes back to the time when they were not. I do not of course mean this assertion to be taken in the broad sense of human emotions and passions, which must be the same in all ages, but in the restricted sense of literary and dramatic conception and ingenuity of construction. To go back but a few hundred years, our English ancestors found these self-same situations, and schemes, and dialogues, and plots intensely diverting. They abound in the plays of those times; and it is a strange thing, when one thinks of it seriously, to hear that laugh ringing down through all the political and social eras, surviving all the changes brought about by human progress, not drowned by the roar of cannon, and heard above all the clang of machinery and the screaming of steam-whistles on a winter's night in 1892 in the metropolis of a new world, the same hearty laugh at the same old thing.

And so it is with pictures. We stare and gape at the paintings on the gallery walls produced by original thinkers, and stammer about purple lights and nature's true coloring, and then we are glad to get away to the corners where hang the same sort of pictures we have seen ever since we came into the world, and before them we feel a throb of genuine pleasure, and talk freely and enjoy to our hearts' content.

Nor do we give more than a passing regard to truly original fiction. We are always asking for it, but we don't want it. We submitted to the ugly heroine for a time, but now we have the pretty one of the centuries back again and we mean to hold on to her. She is not as sentimental as she was, and knows more Greek and philosophy, but in all essential particulars she is the same love-beset damsel who has

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charmed us for five hundred years. Ditto the hero; ditto the plot.

I am afraid we love the is more than the might be, or even the ought to be.

NOTWITHSTANDING the multitude of human infirmities, it is happily still the rule that men have the use of five senses that they know of, besides the possibility that they benefit by others of whose existence they are not conscious. The great majority of people can see, hear, smell, taste, and touch. For the last three senses to be seriously impaired is uncommon. Multitudes of people have imperfect vision, but most of them are so helped by eye-glasses that they make out very well. Imperfect hearing is much less common than imperfect sight, but it is a much worse scrape when it exists, because so little has been done to help it. If a man has any sight left in him at all, the spectacle-makers can fit him to enjoy the society and share the amusements of his fellows; but if he is deaf, even in moderation, he may as well make up his mind to be in a considerable measure independent of society. It was a deaf person who was asked in what he took the most pleasure, and replied: "In reading, eating and drinking, the sight of my children, games and sports, and in the prospect of death." It was another deaf man who spoke of the measure of satisfaction he found in talking with a single companion; but he added, "But hell comes into the room with the third person."

To be handsomely and agreeably deaf is a very elegant accomplishment, fit to exercise social talents of a high order. The person who aspires to it must check, in a considerable measure, a deaf person's natural tendency to shun society and flock by himself. He must continue to mix with his fellows, and when he does so must in so far conceal his infirmity as to make it a cause of discomfort to none but himself. However little he hears he must never seem unduly desirous to hear more, or yet indifferent to what is being said. However impossible it may be for him to take part in conversation he must neither permit himself to be bored nor to appear so. It is his business always to have the means of entertaining himself in his own head, so that while he continues in company his mind may be constantly and agreeably occupied, however little he may hear. In almost any company a deaf man to whom things that have been said have to be repeated is a check to free discourse; a deaf man who is eager to hear and cannot is a discomforting sight; a deaf man who is bored and wishes himself elsewhere is a depressing influence; in either case he had better go elsewhere. The tolerable deaf man is one who, being in congenial company, can give pleasure by his mere presence, as he can take pleasure in merely having his friends about him. His thoughts must run, not on what he cannot hear, but on what he sees and feels, and upon the ideas that come into his own mind. A deaf man who is always able to entertain himself, and who is always glad, and never over-anxious, to know what is going on about him, has reasonable grounds for believing that at least he is not an incubus upon society. If to his negative accomplishments he can add the habit of having something worth hearing to say, he can even hope to be considered agreeable, and to have his society as welcome to ordinary selfish people as to the more benevolent.

Whether general society is worth cultivating on these terms is another question, and the opinion that there is more of self-discipline in it than amusement seems not without some basis. Still, deaf people are bound to keep as much alive as they can, and it does not do for people who want to keep alive to live a life of too much solitude. Therefore it is a good plan for deaf people to cultivate a taste for anything that has a social side to it, but to the successful prosecution of which good hearing is not essential. Women, on whom deafness doubtless bears more hardly than on men, and who usually bear it with better grace, are likely to find profit in cultivating, for one thing, a taste for dress; for good clothes look as well on a deaf woman as on another, and give as much pleasure to the wearer as if she could hear. Moreover, the gratification incident to fine raiment being incomplete until it has been shown, the possession of ravishing toilets is a constant and wholesome incentive to their owner to brave the discomforts of her infirmity and go among people who have eyes in their heads. The cultivation of the dress faculty is less important, but not unimportant, for men.

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Both men and women who are deaf do well to cultivate a taste for all sorts of games, intellectual and athletic. So, too, he can ride a horse, pull an oar, wield a tennis-bat, shoot, bowl, golf, and, with proper coaching, be a useful member of a base-ball nine.

Deafness tends to the formation of fixed habits of life. It is less exasperating at home than abroad, among familiar scenes and faces than where every sight suggests a question, and reminds the would-be questioner that whatever answer he gets he will not hear it. The traveller needs all his faculties. The more he sees the more questions he wants to ask; and the more new people he comes across, the more eager he is to test their quality. That is why the fool's paradise has a special snake in it for the deaf man. He can travel, of course, and get pleasure out of it, but he does it at a disadvantage, and will hardly choose it as an amusement exceptionally fit for him to cultivate.

THACKERAY says in "The Roundabout Papers," "Montaigne and Howel's Letters are my bedside books. If I wake at night I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again. I read them in the dozy hours and only half remember them." Then, after a page or two, he adds, "I should like to write a night-cap book—a book that you can muse over, that you can smile over, that you can yawn over."

I have so hearty a belief in Mr. Thackeray that I think he would have been more or less pleased to know that he *had* written a "night-cap book;" that the "Roundabout Papers," with their whimsical gentleness, their rambling fancy, have more than once vanquished the devil of Insomnia in a sick-room.

This is no small triumph, for His Insomniac Highness is a most exacting genius; and nerves worn by illness need a peculiar correspondence of soothing thought with musical diction, for a satisfactory lullaby. Nothing can serve so well as books, be they but the right books. Those who have tested the varied and complicated possibilities of insomnia learn to value these far above the kindergarten expedients of saying the alphabet backward, counting sheep jumping over a stone wall, and so on.

Not long ago, I played nurse to a friend who was suffering from nervous prostration, and who purchased moments of sleep with hours of effort. I started in, like the most professional of nurses, with my own little theory that a very stupid article read in a more or less clerical monotone would answer the purpose, and my poor friend would succumb to the double influence. I chose a book of historical research, loaded with dates, heavy with information packed and pressed until the human interest was fairly squeezed out of it. It worked very badly, the patient not being sufficiently enlisted to lose a sense of nervous effort that defeated sleep. Perceiving where the difficulty lay, we hit upon a modern serial, sparkling as champagne, vivid and clear, and the result was a frenzy of wakefulness. Gradually, it dawned upon us that a number of requirements must be complied with in order that a book should be genuinely a night-cap book, and that the sum of these demanded a high order of merit. The article read must be reflective in character, with the quieting influences of flat landscapes and wide horizons. The language must flow, not in a series of tempestuous falls as a mountain brook, but full and limpid as a river; there must be a certain continuity of thought, and the thought must not be feverish, or argumentative, or low, or sorrowful, or gay. It is not an easy thing to be a night-cap author!

Our sedative library, which became a sure resource, contains a varied series, but all answer, in a greater or less degree, to the stern demands made upon them. Copies of the London *Spectator*, Phillips Brooks's sermons, the friendly talks at Dr. Holmes's breakfast and tea tables, the fireside travels of that clear thinker who left us only yesterday, Emerson's lofty essays; and I have just now covertly enriched the shelf by adding "Prue and I," thinking that its fragrant breath of spring life and its unsullied English should make it a slumber song for the weariest heart and most unresting brain.

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